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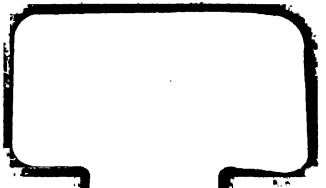

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

RICHARD SAVAGE.

WITH THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM A. DAVIS,

No. 39 William-Street.

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1805.

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THE LIFE

OF

RICHARD SAVAGE.

IT has been observed in all ages, that the advantages of nature or of fortune have contributed very little to the promotion of happiness; and that those whom the splendor of their rank, or the extent of their capacity, have placed upon the summits of human life, have not often given any just occasion to envy in those who look up to them from a lower station. Whether it be that apparent superiority incites great designs, and great designs are naturally liable to fatal miscarriages; or that the general lot of mankind is misery, and the misfortunes of those whose eminence drew upon them an universal attention, have been more carefully recorded, because they were more generally observed, and have in reality been only more conspicuous than those of others, not more frequent, or more severe.

That affluence and power, advantages extrinsic and adventitious, and therefore easily separable from those by whom they are possessed, should very often flatter the mind with expectations of felicity which they cannot give, raises no astonishment: but it seems rational to hope, that intellectual greatness should produce better effects; that minds qualified for great attainments should first endeavour their own benefit; and that they who are most able to teach others the way to happiness, should with most certainty follow it themselves.

But this expectation, however plausible, has been very frequently disappointed. The heroes of literary as well as civil

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history have been very often no less remarkable for what they have suffered, than for what they have achieved; and volumes have been written only to enumerate the miseries of the learned, and relate their unhappy lives, and untimely deaths.

To these mournful narratives, I am about to add the Life of Richard Savage, a man whose writings entitle him to an eminent rank in the classes of learning, and whose misfortunes claim a degree of compassion, not always due to the unhappy, as they were often the consequences of the crimes of others, rather than his own.

In the year 1697, Anne Countess of Macclesfield, having lived for some time upon very uneasy terms with her husband, thought a public confession of adultery the most obvious and expeditious method of obtaining her liberty; and therefore declared, that the child, with which she was then great, was begotten by the Earl Rivers. This, as may be easily imagined, made her husband no less desirous of a separation than herself, and he prosecuted his design in the most effectual manner; for he applied not to the ecclesiastical courts for a divorce, but to the parliament for an act, by which his marriage might be dissolved, the nuptial contract totally annulled, and the children of his wife illegitimated. This act, after the usual deliberation, he obtained, though without the approbation of some, who considered marriage as an affair only cognizable by ecclesiastical judges;* and on March 3d was separated from his wife, whose fortune, which was very great, was repaid her; and

* *This year was made remarkable by the dissolution of a marriage solemnized in the face of the church.* SALMON'S REVIEW.

The following protest is registered in the books of the House of Lords.

Dissentient.

Because we conceive that this is the first bill of that nature that hath passed, where there was not a divorce first obtained in the Spiritual Court; which we look upon as an ill precedent, and may be of dangerous consequence in the future.

HALIFAX. ROCHESTER.

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who having, as well as her husband, the liberty of making another choice, was in a short time married to Colonel Brett.

While the Earl of Macclesfield was prosecuting this affair, his wife was, on the 10th of January 1697-8, delivered of a son, and the Earl Rivers, by appearing to consider him as his own, left none any reason to doubt of the sincerity of her declaration; for he was his godfather, and gave him his own name, which by his direction was inserted in the register of St. Andrew's parish in Holborn, but unfortunately left him to the care of his mother, whom, as she was now set free from her husband, he probably imagined likely to treat with great tenderness the child that had contributed to so pleasing an event. It is not indeed easy to discover what motives could be found to over-balance that natural affection of a parent, or what interest could be promoted by neglect or cruelty. The dread of shame or of poverty, by which some wretches have been incited to abandon or to murder their children, cannot be supposed to have affected a woman who had proclaimed her crime, and solicited reproach, and on whom the clemency of the legislature had undeservedly bestowed a fortune, which would have been very little diminished by the expences which the care of her child could have brought upon her. It was therefore not likely that she would be wicked without temptation, that she would look upon her son from his birth with a kind of resentment and abhorrence; and, instead of supporting, assisting, and defending him, delight to see him struggling with misery, or that she would take every opportunity of aggravating his misfortunes, and obstructing his resources, and with an implacable and restless cruelty continue her persecution from the first hour of his life to the last.

But whatever were her motives, no sooner was her son born, than she discovered a resolution of disowning him; and in a very short time removed him from her sight, by committing him to the care of a poor woman, whom she directed to educate him as her own, and enjoined never to inform him of his true parents.

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Such was the beginning of the life of Richard Savage: Born with a legal claim to honor and to affluence, he was in two months illegitimated by the parliament, and disowned by his mother, doomed to poverty and obscurity, and launched upon the ocean of life, only that he might be swallowed by its quicksands, or dashed upon its rocks.

His mother could not indeed infect others with the same cruelty. As it was impossible to avoid the enquiries which the curiosity or tenderness of her relations made after her child, she was obliged to give some account of the measures that she had taken; and her mother, the Lady Mason, whether in approbation of her design, or to prevent more criminal contrivances, engaged to transact with the nurse, to pay her for her care, and to superintend the education of the child.

In this charitable office she was assisted by his godmother Mrs. Lloyd, who, while she lived, always looked upon him with that tenderness, which the barbarity of his mother made peculiarly necessary; but her death, which happened in his tenth year, was another of the misfortunes of his childhood; for though she kindly endeavoured to alleviate his loss by a legacy of three hundred pounds, yet, he had none to prosecute his claim, to shelter him from oppression, or call in law to the assistance of justice, her will was eluded by the executors, and no part of the money was ever paid.

He was, however, not yet wholly abandoned. The Lady Mason still continued her care, and directed him to be placed at a small grammar-school near St. Alban's, where he was called by the name of his nurse, without the least intimation that he had a claim to any other.

Here he was initiated in literature, and passed through several of the classes, with what rapidity or what applause cannot now be known. As he always spoke with respect of his master, it is probable that the mean rank, in which he then appeared, did not hinder his genius from being distinguished, or his industry from being rewarded; and if in so low a state

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he obtained distinction and rewards, it is not likely that they were gained but by genius and industry.

It is very reasonable to conjecture, that his application was equal to his abilities, because his improvement was more than proportioned to the opportunities which he enjoyed; nor can it be doubted, that if his earliest productions had been preserved, like those of happier students, we might in some have found vigorous sallies of that sprightly humour which distinguishes *The Author to be let*, and in others, strong touches of that ardent imagination which painted the solemn scenes of THE WANDERER.

While he was thus cultivating his genius, his father the Earl Rivers was seized with a distemper, which in a short time put an end to his life. He had frequently enquired after his son, and had always been amused with fallacious and evasive answers; but being now in his own opinion on his death-bed, he thought it his duty to provide for him among his other natural children, and therefore demanded a positive account of him, with an importunity not to be diverted or denied. His mother, who could no longer refuse an answer, determined at least to give such as should put him off for ever from that happiness which competence affords, and therefore declared that he was dead; which is perhaps the first instance of a lie invented by a mother to deprive her son of a provision which was designed him by another, and which she could not expect herself, though he should lose it.

This was therefore an act of wickedness which could not be defeated, because it could not be suspected; the Earl did not imagine, that there could exist in a human form a mother that would ruin a son without enriching herself, and therefore bestowed upon some other person six thousand pounds, which he had in his will bequeathed to Savage.

The same cruelty which incited his mother to intercept this provision which had been intended him, prompted her in a short time to another project, a project worthy of such a disposition. She endeavoured to rid herself from the danger of

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being at any time made known to him, by sending him secretly to the American plantations.*

By whose kindness this scheme was counteracted, or by what interposition she was induced to lay aside her design, I know not; it is not improbable that the Lady Mason might persuade or compel her to desist, or perhaps she could not easily find accomplices wicked enough to concur in so cruel an action; for it may be conceived, that those who had by a long gradation of guilt hardened their hearts against the sense of common wickedness, would yet be shocked at the design of a mother to expose her son to slavery and want, to expose him without interest, and without provocation; and Savage might on this occasion find protectors and advocates among those who had long traded in crimes, and whom compassion had never touched before.

Being hindered, by whatever means, from banishing him into another country, she formed soon after a scheme for burying him in poverty and obscurity in his own; and that his station of life, if not the place of his residence, might keep him for ever at a distance from her, she ordered him to be placed with a shoemaker in Holborn, that after the usual time of trial, he might become his apprentice.†

It is generally reported, that this project was for some time successful, and that Savage was employed at the awl longer than he was willing to confess; nor was it perhaps any great advantage to him, that an unexpected discovery determined him to quit his occupation.

About this time his nurse, who had always treated him as her own son, died; and it was natural for him to take care of those effects, which by her death were, as he imagined, become his own; he therefore went to her house, opened her boxes, and examined her papers, among which he found some

* *Savage's Preface to his Miscellany.*

† *Preface to Savage's Miscellanies.*

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letters written to her by the Lady Mason, which informed him of his birth, and the reasons for which it was concealed.

He was now no longer satisfied with the employment which had been allotted him, but thought he had a right to share the affluence of his mother, and therefore without scruple applied to her as her son, and made use of every art to awaken her tenderness, and attract her regard. But neither his letters, nor the interposition of those friends which his merit or his distress procured him, made any impression upon her mind: She still resolved to neglect, though she could no longer disown him.

It was to no purpose that he frequently solicited her to admit him to see her; she avoided him with the most vigilant precaution, and ordered him to be excluded from her house, by whomsoever he might be introduced, and what reason soever he might give for entering it.

Savage was at the same time so touched with the discovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings * for several hours before her door, in hopes of seeing her as she might come by accident to the window, or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand.

But all his assiduity and tenderness were without effect, for he could neither soften her heart, nor open her hand, and was reduced to the utmost miseries of want, while he was endeavouring to awaken the affection of a mother: He was therefore obliged to seek some other means of support, and having no profession, became, by necessity, an author.

At this time the attention of all the literary world was engrossed by the Bangorian controversy, which filled the press with pamphlets, and the coffee-houses with disputants. Of this subject, as most popular, he made choice for his first attempt, and without any other knowledge of the question, than he had casually collected from conversation, published a poem against the bishop.

* *See the Plain Dealer.*

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What was the success or merit of this performance I know not; it was probably lost among the innumerable pamphlets to which that dispute gave occasion. Mr. Savage was himself in a little time ashamed of it, and endeavoured to suppress it, by destroying all the copies he could collect.

He then attempted a more gainful kind of writing,* and, in his eighteenth year offered to the stage a comedy borrowed from a Spanish plot, which was refused by the players, and was therefore given by him to Mr. Bullock, who, having more interest, made some slight alterations, and brought it upon the stage, under the title of † WOMAN'S A RIDDLE, but allowed the unhappy author no part of the profit.

Not discouraged however at his repulse, he wrote two years afterwards LOVE IN A VEIL, another comedy, borrowed likewise from the Spanish, but with little better success than before; for though it was received and acted, yet it appeared so late in the year, that the author obtained no other advantage from it, than the acquaintance of Sir Richard Steele, and Mr. Wilkes; by whom he was pitied, caressed, and relieved.

Sir Richard Steele having declared in his favour with all the ardor of benevolence which constituted his character, promoted his interest with the utmost zeal, related his misfortunes, applauded his merit, took all opportunities of recommending him, and asserted, ‡ that 'the inhumanity of his mother had given him a right to find every good man his father.'

Nor was Mr. Savage admitted to his acquaintance only, but to his confidence, of which he sometimes related an instance too extraordinary to be omitted, as it affords a very just idea of his patron's character.

He was once desired by Sir Richard, with an air of the utmost importance, to come very early to his house the next

* *Jacob's lives of Dramatic Poets.*

† *This play was first printed in* 8vo. *afterwards in* 12mo. *the fifth edition.*

‡ *See the Plain Dealer.*

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morning. Mr. Savage came as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to enquire; but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard; the coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde-Park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him, that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon.

Mr. Savage then imagined his task over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning, and return home: but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him, that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer their new production to sale for two guineas, which with some difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning.

Mr. savage related another fact equally uncommon, which, though it has no relation to his life, ought to be preserved. Sir Richard Steele having one day invited to his house a great number of persons of the first quality, they were surprised at the number of liveries which surrounded the table; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had set them free from the observation of rigid ceremony, one of them enquired of Sir Richard, how such an expensive train of domestics could be consistent with his fortune. Sir Richard very frankly confessed,

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that they were fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid. And being then asked, why he did not discharge them, declared that they were bailiffs who had introduced themselves with an execution, and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him credit while they staid.

His friends were diverted with the expedient, and, by paying the debt, discharged their attendance, having obliged Sir Richard, to promise that they should never again find him graced with a retinue of the same kind.

Under such a tutor, Mr. Savage was not likely to learn prudence or frugality; and perhaps many of the misfortunes, which the want of those virtues brought upon him in the following parts of his life, might be justly imputed to so unimproving an example.

Nor did the kindness of Sir Richard end in common favours. He proposed to have established him in some settled scheme of life, and to have contracted a kind of alliance with him, by marrying him to a natural daughter, on whom he intended to bestow a thousand pounds. But though he was always lavish of future bounties, he conducted his affairs in such a manner, that he was very seldom able to keep his promises, or execute his own intentions; and as he was never able to raise the sum which he had offered, the marriage was delayed. In the mean time he was officiously informed, that Mr. Savage had ridiculed him; by which he was so much exasperated, that he withdrew the allowance which he had paid him, and never afterwards admitted him to his house.

It is not indeed unlikely that Savage might, by his imprudence, expose himself to the malice of a tale-bearer; for his patron had many follies, which, as his discernment easily discovered, his imagination might sometimes incite him to mention too ludicrously. A little knowledge of the world is sufficient to discover that such weakness is very common, and that there are few who do not sometimes, in the wantonness of thoughtless mirth, or the heat of transient resentment, speak of their

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friends and benefactors with levity and contempt, though in their cooler moments they want neither sense of their kindness, nor reverence for their virtue. The fault therefore of Mr. Savage was rather negligence than ingratitude; but Sir Richard must likewise be acquitted of severity, for who is there that can patiently bear contempt from one whom he has relieved and supported, whose establishment he has laboured, and whose interest he has promoted?

He was now again abandoned to fortune, without any other friend than Mr Wilkes; a man who, whatever were his abilities or skill as an actor, deserves at least to be remembered for his virtues,* which are not often to be found in the world, and perhaps less often in his profession than in others. To be humane, generous, and candid, is a very high degree of merit in any case; but those qualities deserve still greater praise, when they are found in that condition, which makes almost every other man, for whatever reason, contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal.

* *As it is a loss to mankind when any good action is forgotten, I shall insert another instance of Mr. Wilkes' generosity very little known. Mr. Smith, a gentleman educated at Dublin, being hindered by an impediment in his pronunciation from engaging in orders, for which his friends designed him, left his own country, and came to London in quest of employment, but found his solicitations fruitless, and his necessities every day more pressing. In this distress he wrote a tragedy, and offered it to the players, by whom it was rejected. Thus were his last hopes defeated, and he had no other prospect than of the most deplorable poverty. But Mr. Wilkes thought his performance, though not perfect, at least worthy of some reward, and therefore offered him a benefit. This favour he improved with so much diligence, that the house afforded him a considerable sum, with which he went to Leyden, applied himself to the study of physic, and prosecuted his design with so much diligence and success, that, when Dr. Boerhaave was desired by the Czarina to recommend proper persons to introduce into Russia the practice and study of physic, Dr. Smith was one of those whom he selected. He had a considerable pension settled on him at his arrival, and was one of the chief physicians of the Russian court.*

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As Mr. Wilkes was one of those to whom calamity seldom complained without relief, he naturally took an unfortunate wit into his protection, and not only assisted him in any casual distresses, but continued an equal and steady kindness to the time of his death.

By his interposition Mr. Savage once obtained from his mother * fifty pounds, and a promise of one hundred and fifty more; but it was the fate of this unhappy man, that few promises of any advantage to him were performed. His mother was infected among others with the general madness of the South Sea traffic; and, having been disappointed in her expectations, refused to pay what perhaps nothing but the prospect of sudden affluence prompted her to promise.

Being thus obliged to depend upon the friendship of Mr. Wilkes, he was consequently an assiduous frequenter of the theatres; and in a short time the amusements of the stage took such possession of his mind, that he never was absent from a play in several years.

This constant attendance naturally procured him the acquaintance of the players, and, among others, of Mrs. Oldfield, who was so much pleased with his conversation, and touched with his misfortunes, that she allowed him a settled pension of fifty pounds a year, which was during her life regularly paid.

That this act of generosity may receive its due praise, and that the good actions of Mrs. Oldfield may not be sullied by her general character, it is proper to mention what Mr. Savage often declared on the strongest terms, that he never saw her alone, or in any other place than behind the scenes.

At her death he endeavoured to shew his gratitude in the most decent manner, by wearing mourning as for a mother; but did not celebrate her in elegies, because he knew that too great profusion of praise would only have revived those faults which his natural equity did not allow him to think less, be-

* *This I write upon the credit of the author of his life, which was published* 1727.

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cause they were committed by one who favoured him; but of which, though his virtue would not endeavour to palliate them, his gratitude would not suffer him to prolong the memory, or diffuse the censure.

In his WANDERER, he has indeed taken an opportunity of mentioning her, but celebrates her not for her virtue, but her beauty, an excellence which none ever denied her: this is the only encomium with which he has rewarded her liberality, and perhaps he has even in this been too lavish of his praise. He seems to have thought, that never to mention his benefactress would have an appearance of ingratitude, though to have dedicated any particular performance to her memory would have only betrayed an officious partiality, that without exalting her character, would have depressed his own.

He had sometimes, by the kindness of Mr Wilkes, the advantage of a benefit, on which occasions he often received uncommon marks of regard and compassion; and was once told by the Duke of Dorset, that it was just to consider him as an injured nobleman, and that in his opinion the nobility ought to think themselves obliged, without solicitation, to take every opportunity of supporting him by their countenance and patronage. But he had generally the mortification to hear that the whole interest of his mother was enployed to frustrate his applications, and that she never left any expedient untried, by which he might be cut off from the possibility of supporting life. The same disposition she endeavoured to diffuse among all those over whom nature or fortune gave her any influence, and indeed succeeded too well in her design; but could not always propagate her effrontery with her cruelty, for some of those, whom she incited against him, were ashamed of their own conduct, and boasted of that relief which they never gave him.

In this censure I do not indiscriminately involve all his relations; for he has mentioned with gratitude the humanity of one Lady, whose name I am now unable to recollect, and to whom therefore I cannot pay the praises which she deserves

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for having acted well in opposition to influence, precept, and example.

The punishment which our laws inflict upon those parents who murder their infants is well known, nor has its justice ever been contested; but if they deserve death, who destroy a child in its birth, what pains can be severe enough for her who forbears to destroy him only to inflict sharper miseries upon him; who prolongs his life only to make it miserable; and who exposes him, without care and without pity, to the malice of oppression, the caprices of chance, and the temptations of poverty; who rejoices to see him overwelmed with calamities; and, when his own industry, or the charity of others, has enabled him to rise for a short time above his miseries, plunges him again into his former distress?

The kindness of his friends not affording him any constant supply, and the prospect of improving his fortune, by enlarging his acquaintance necessarily leading him to places of expence, he found it necessary * to endeavour once more at dramatic poetry, for which he was now better qualified by a more extensive knowledge, and longer observation. But having been unsuccessful in comedy, though rather for want of opportunities than genius, he resolved now to try whether he should not be more fortunate in exhibiting a tragedy.

The story which he chose for the subject was that of Sir Thomas Overbury, a story well adapted to the stage, though perhaps not far enough removed from the present age, to admit properly the fictions necessary to complete the plan: for the mind, which naturally loves truth, is always most offended with the violation of those truths of which we are most certain; and we of course conceive those facts most certain, which approach nearest to our own time.

Out of this story he formed a tragedy, which, if the circumstances in which he wrote it be considered, will afford at once an uncommon proof of strength of genius, and evenness of

* *In* 1724.

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mind, of a serenity not to be ruffled, and an imagination not to be suppressed.

During a considerable part of the time in which he was employed upon this performance, he was without lodging, and often without meat; nor had he any other conveniencies for study than the fields or the street allowed him; there he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a few moments the use of the pen and ink, and write down what he had composed, upon paper which he had picked up by accident.

If the performance of a writer thus distressed is not perfect, its faults ought surely to be imputed to a cause very different from want of genius, and must rather excite pity than provoke censure.

But when under these discouragements the tragedy was finished, there yet remained the labour of introducing it on the stage, an undertaking, which, to an ingenuous mind, was in a very high degree vexatious and disgusting; for, having little interest or reputation, he was obliged to submit himself wholly to the players, and admit, with whatever reluctance, the emendations of Mr. Cibber, which he always considered as the disgrace of his performance.

He had indeed in Mr. Hill another critic of a very different class, from whose friendship he received great assistance on many occasions, and whom he never mentioned but with the utmost tenderness and regard. He had been for some time distinguished by him with very particular kindness, and on this occasion it was natural to apply to him as an author of an established character. He therefore sent this tragedy to him, with a short copy of verses, in which he desired his correction. Mr. Hill, whose humanity and politeness are generally known, readily complied with his request; but as he is remarkable for singularity of sentiment, and bold experiments in language, Mr. Savage did not think his play much improved by his innovation, and had even at that time the courage to reject several passages which he could not approve;

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and, what is still more laudable, Mr. Hill had the generosity not to resent the neglect of his alterations, but wrote the prologue and epilogue, in which he touches on the circumstances of the author with great tenderness.

After all these obstructions and compliances, he was only able to bring his play upon the stage in the summer, when the chief actors had retired, and the rest were in possession of the house for their own advantage. Among these, Mr Savage was admitted to play the part of Sir Thomas Overbury, by which he gained no great reputation, the theatre being a province for which nature seemed not to have designed him; for neither his voice, look, nor gesture, were such as were expected on the stage; and he was so much ashamed of having been reduced to appear as a player, that he always blotted out his name from the list, when a copy of his tragedy was to be shown to his friends.

In the publication of his performance he was more successful, for the rays of genius that glimmered in it, that glimmered through all the mists which poverty and Cibber had been able to spread over it, procured him the notice and esteem of many persons eminent for their rank, their virtue, and their wit.

Of this play, acted, printed, and dedicated, the accumulated profits arose to an hundred pounds, which he thought at that time a very large sum, having been never master of so much before.

In the dedication,* for which he received ten guineas, there is nothing remarkable. The preface contains a very liberal encomium on the blooming excellencies of Mr. Theophilus Cibber, which Mr. Savage could not in the latter part of his life see his friends about to read without snatching the play out of their hands. The generosity of Mr. Hill did not end on this occasion; for afterwards, when Mr. Savage's necessities returned, he encouraged a subscription to a Miscellany of Poems

* *To Herbert Tryst, Esq. of Herefordshire.*

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in a very extraordinary manner, by publishing his story in the PLAIN DEALER,* with some affecting lines, which he asserts to have been written by Mr. Savage upon the treatment received by him from his mother, but of which he was himself the author, as Mr. Savage afterwards declared. The lines, and the paper in which they were inserted, had a very powerful effect upon all but his mother, whom, by making her cruelty more public, they only hardened in her aversion.

Mr. Hill not only promoted the subscription to the Miscellany, but furnished likewise the greatest part of the Poems of which it is composed, and particularly THE HAPPY MAN, which he published as a specimen.

The subscriptions of those whom these papers should influence to patronise merit in distress, without any other solicitation, were directed to be left at Button's coffee-house; and Mr. Savage going thither a few days afterwards, without expectation of any effect from his proposal, found to his surprise seventy guineas,† which had been sent him in consequence of the compassion excited by Mr. Hill's pathetic representation.

To this Miscellany he wrote a preface, in which he gives an account of his mother's cruelty in a very uncommon strain of humour, and with a gaiety of imagination, which the success of his subcription probably produced.

* *The* PLAIN DEALER, *was a periodical paper, written by Mr. Hill and Mr. Bond, whom Mr. Savage called the two contending powers of light and darkness. They wrote by turns each six Essays; and the character of the work was observed regularly to rise in Mr. Hill's weeks and fall in Mr. Bond's.*

† *The names of those who so generously contributed to his relief, having been mentioned in a former account, ought not to be omitted here. They were the Dutchess of Cleveland, Lady Cheyney, Lady Castlemain, Lady Gower, Lady Lechmere, the Dutchess Dowager and Dutchess of Rutland, Lady Strafford, the Countess Dowager of Warwick, Mrs. Mary Floyer, Mrs. Sofial Noel, Duke of Rutland, Lord Gainsborough, Lord Milsington, Mr. John Savage.*

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The dedication is addressed to the Lady Mary Wortly Montague, whom he flatters without reserve, and, to confess the truth, with very little * art. The same observation may be extended to all his descriptions: his compliments are constrained and violent, heaped together without the grace of order, or the decency of introduction: he seems to have written his panegyrics for the perusal only of his patrons, and to have imagined that he had no other task than to pamper them with praises however gross, and that flattery would make its way to the heart, without the assistance of elegance or invention.

Soon afterwards the death of the king furnished a general subject for a poetical contest, in which Mr. Savage engaged, and is allowed to have carried the prize of honour from his competitors; but I know not whether he gained by his performance any other advantage than the increase of his reputation; though it must certainly have been with farther views that he prevailed upon himself to attempt a species of writing, of which all the topics had been long before exhausted, and which was made at once difficult by the multitudes that had failed in it, and those that had succeeded.

He was now advancing in reputation, and though frequently involved in very distressful perplexities, appeared however to

* *This the following extract from it will prove.*

—"*Since our Country has been honoured with the glory of "your wit, as elevated and immortal as your soul, it no longer "remains a doubt whether your sex have strength of mind in pro- "portion to their sweetness. There is something in your verses "as distinguished as your air.—They are as strong as truth, as "deep as reason, as clear as innocence, and as smooth as beau- "ty.—They contain a nameless and peculiar mixture of force and "grace, which is at once so movingly serene, and so majestically "lovely, that it is too amiable to appear any where but in your eyes "and in your writings.*

"*As fortune is not more my enemy than I am the enemy of "flattery, I know not how I can forbear this application to your "Ladyship, because there is scarce a possibility that I should say "more than I believe, when I am speaking of your Excellence.*"

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be gaining upon mankind, when both his fame and his life were endangered by an event, of which it is not yet determined, whether it ought to be mentioned as a crime or a calamity.

On the 20th of November 1727, Mr. Savage came from Richmond, where he then lodged, that he might pursue his studies with less interruption, with an intent to discharge another lodging which he had in Westminster; and accidentally meeting two gentlemen his acquaintances, whose names were Merchant and Gregory, he went in with them to a neighbouring coffee-house, and sat drinking till it was late, it being in no time of Mr. Savage's life any part of his character to be the first of the company that desired to separate. He would willingly have gone to bed in the same house, but there was not room for the whole company, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the streets, and divert themselves with such amusements as should offer themselves till morning.

In their walk they happened unluckily to discover a light in Robinson's coffee-house, near Charing-cross, and therefore went in. Merchant, with some rudeness, demanded a room, and was told that there was a good fire in the next parlour, which the company were about to leave, being then paying their reckoning. Merchant, not satisfied with this answer, rushed into the room, and was followed by his companions. He then petulantly placed himself between the company and the fire, and soon after kicked down the table. This produced a quarrel, swords were drawn on both sides, and one Mr. James Sinclair was killed. Savage, having wounded likewise a maid that held him, forced his way with Merchant out of the house; but being intimidated and confused, without resolution either to fly or stay, they were taken in a back-court by one of the company and some soldiers, whom he had called to his assistance.

Being secured and guarded that night, they were in the morning carried before three justices, who committed them to the Gatehouse, from whence, upon the death of Mr. Sinclair, which

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happened the same day, they were removed in the night to Newgate, where they were, however treated with some distinction, exempted from the ignominy of chains, and confined, not among the common criminals, but in the Pressyard.

When the day of trial came, the court was crowded in a very unusual manner, and the public appeared to interest itself as in a cause of general concern. The witnesses against Mr. Savage and his friends were, the woman who kept the house, which was a house of ill fame, and her maid, the men who were in the room with Mr. Sinclair, and a woman of the town, who had been drinking with them, and with whom one of them had been seen in bed. They swore in general, that Merchant gave the provocation, which Savage and Gregory drew their swords to justify; that Savage drew first, and that he stabbed Sinclair when he was not in a posture of defence, or while Gregory commanded his sword; that after he had given the thrust he turned pale, and would have retired, but that the maid clung round him, and one of the company endeavoured to detain him, from whom he broke, by cutting the maid on the head, but was afterwards taken in a court.

There was some difference in their depositions; one did not see Savage give the wound, another saw it given when Sinclair held his point towards the ground; and the woman of the town asserted, that she did not see Sinclair's sword at all: this difference however was very far from amounting to inconsistency; but it was sufficient to shew, that the hurry of the dispute was such, that it was not easy to discover the truth with relation to particular circumstances, and that therefore some deductions were to be made from the credibility of the testimonies.

Sinclair had declared several times before his death, that he received his wound from Savage, nor did Savage at his trial deny the fact, but endeavoured partly to extenuate it, by urging the suddenness of the whole action, and the impossibility of any ill design, or premeditated malice, and partly to justify it by the necessity of self-defence, and the hazard of his own life, if he had lost that opportunity of giving the thrust: he ob-

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served, that neither reason nor law obliged a man to wait for the blow which was threatened, and which, if he should suffer it, he might never be able to return; that it was always allowable to prevent an assault, and to preserve life by taking away that of the adversary, by whom it was endangered.

With regard to the violence with which he endeavoured to escape, he declared, that it was not his design to fly from justice, or decline a trial, but to avoid the expences and severities of a prison; and that he intended to have appeared at the bar without compulsion.

This defence, which took up more than an hour, was heard by the multitude that thronged the court with the most attentive and respectful silence: those who thought he ought not to be acquitted, owned that applause could not be refused him; and those who before pitied his misfortunes, now reverenced his abilities.

The witnesses which appeared against him were proved to be persons of characters which did not entitle them to much credit; a common strumpet, a woman by whom strumpets were entertained, and a man by whom they were supported; and the character of Savage was by several persons of distinction asserted to be that of a modest inoffensive man, not inclined to broils, or to insolence, and who had, to that time, been only known for his misfortunes and his wit.

Had his audience been his judges, he had undoubtedly been acquitted; but Mr. Page, who was then upon the bench, treated him with his usual insolence and severity, and when he had summed up the evidence, endeavoured to exasperate the jury, as Mr. Savage used to relate it, with this eloquent harangue:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you are to consider that Mr. Sav-"age is a very great man, a much greater man than you or I, "gentlemen of the jury; that he wears very fine clothes, much "finer clothes, than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he "has abundance of money in his pocket, much more money "than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; but, gentlemen of the

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"jury, is it not a very hard case, gentlemen of the jury, "that Mr. Savage should therefore kill you or me, gentlemen "of the jury?"

Mr. Savage, hearing his defence thus misrepresented, and the men who were to decide his fate incited against him by invidious comparisons, resolutely asserted, that his cause was not candidly explained, and began to recapitulate what he had before said with regard to his condition, and the necessity of endeavouring to escape the expences of imprisonment; but the judge having ordered him to be silent, and repeated his orders without effect, commanded that he should be taken from the bar by force.

The jury then heard the opinion of the judge, that good characters were of no weight against positive evidence, though they might turn the scale where it was doubtful, and that though, when two men attack each other, the death of either is only man-slaughter; but where one is the aggressor, as in the case before them, and, in pursuance of his first attack, kills the other, the law supposes the action, however sudden, to be malicious. They then deliberated upon their verdict, and determined that Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory were guilty of murder, and Mr. Merchant, who had no sword, only of man-slaughter.

Thus ended this memorable trial, which lasted eight hours. Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory were conducted back to prison, where they were more closely confined, and loaded with irons of fifty pounds weight: four days afterwards they were sent back to the court to receive sentence; on which occasion Mr. Savage made, as far as it could be retained in memory, the following speech.

"It is now, my Lord, too late to offer any thing by way of "defence or vindication; nor can we expect from your Lord-"ships, in this court, but the sentence which the law requires "you, as judges, to pronounce against men of our calamitous "condition.———But we are also persuaded, that as mere "men, and out of this seat of rigorous justice, you are sus-

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"ceptive of the tender passions, and too humane, not to com-
"miserate the unhappy situation of those, whom the law
"sometimes perhaps———exacts———from you to pro-
"nounce upon. No doubt you distinguish between offences,
"which arise out of premeditation, and a disposition habituated
"to vice or immorality, and transgressions, which are the un-
"happy and unforeseen effects of casual absence of reason,
"and sudden impulse of passion: we therefore hope you will
"contribute all you can to an extension of that mercy, which
"the gentlemen of the jury have been pleased to shew Mr.
"Merchant, who (allowing facts as sworn against us by the
"evidence) has led us into this our calamity. I hope this will
"not be construed, as if we meant to reflect upon that gentle-
"man, or remove any thing from us upon him, or that we re-
"pine the more at our fate, because he has no participation
"of it. No, my Lord! For my part, I declare nothing
"could more soften my grief, than to be without any compa-
"nion in so great a misfortune."*

Mr. Savage had now no hopes of life, but from the mercy of the crown, which was very earnestly solicited by his friends, and which, with whatever difficulty the story may obtain belief, was obstructed only by his mother.

To prejudice the Queen against him, she made use of an incident, which was omitted in the order of time, that it might be mentioned together with the purpose which it was made to serve. Mr. Savage, when he had discovered his birth, had an incessant desire to speak to his mother, who always avoided him in public, and refused him admission into her house. One evening walking, as it was his custom, in the street that she inhabited, he saw the door of her house by accident open; he entered it, and finding no person in the passage to hinder him, went up stairs to salute her. She discovered him before he could enter her chamber, alarmed the family with the most distressful outcries, and when she had by her screams gathered

* *Mr. Savage's Life.*

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them about her, ordered them to drive out of the house that villain, who had forced himself in upon her, and endeavoured to murder her. Savage, who had attempted with the most submissive tenderness to soften her rage, hearing her utter so detestable an accusation, thought it prudent to retire, and, I believe, never attempted afterwards to speak to her.

But shocked as he was with her falshood and her cruelty, he imagined, that she intended no other use of her lie than to set herself free from his embraces and solicitations, and was very far from suspecting that she would treasure it in her memory, as an instrument of future wickedness, or that she would endeavour for this fictitious assault to deprive him of his life.

But when the Queen was solicited for his pardon, and informed of the severe treatment which he had suffered from his judge, she answered, that however unjustifiable might be the manner of his trial, or whatever extenuation the action for which he was condemned might admit, she could not think that man a proper object of the King's mercy, who had been capable of entering his mother's house in the night, with an intent to murder her.

By whom this atrocious calumny had been transmitted to the Queen; whether she that invented had the front to relate it; whether she found any one weak enough to credit it, or corrupt enough to concur with her in her hateful design, I know not: but methods had been taken to persuade the Queen so strongly of the truth of it, that she for a long time refused to hear any of those who petitioned for his life.

Thus had Savage perished by the evidence of a bawd, a strumpet, and his mother, had not justice and compassion procured him an advocate of rank too great to be rejected unheard, and of virtue too eminent to be heard without being believed. His merit and his calamities happened to reach the ear of the Countess of Hertford, who engaged in his support with all the tenderness that is excited by pity, and all the zeal which is kindled by generosity, and, demanding an audience of the Queen, laid before her the whole series of his mother's cruelty,

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exposed the improbability of an accusation by which he was charged with an intent to commit a murder, that could produce no advantage, and soon convinced her how little his former conduct could deserve to be mentioned as a reason for extraordinary severity.

The interposition of this Lady was so successful, that he was soon after admitted to bail, and on the 9th of March 1728, pleaded the King's pardon.

It is natural to enquire upon what motives his mother could persecute him in a manner so outrageous and implacable; for what reason she could employ all the arts of malice, and all the snares of calumny, to take away the life of her own son, of a son who never injured her, who was never supported by her expence, nor obstructed any prospect of pleasure or advantage; why she should endeavour to destroy him by a lie; a lie which could not gain credit, but must vanish of itself at the first moment of examination, and of which only this can be said to make it probable, that it may be observed from her conduct, that the most execrable crimes are sometimes committed without apparent temptation.

This mother is still alive, and may perhaps even yet, though her malice was so often defeated, enjoy the pleasure of reflecting, that the life which she often endeavoured to destroy, was at least shortened by her maternal offices; that though she could not transport her son to the plantations, bury him in the shop of a mechanic, or hasten the hand of the public executioner, she has yet had the satisfaction of imbittering all his hours, and forcing him into exigencies, that hurried on his death.

It is by no means necessary to aggravate the enormity of this woman's conduct, by placing it in opposition to that of the Countess of Hertford; no one can fail to observe how much more amiable it is to relieve, than to oppress, and to rescue innocence from destruction, than to destroy without an injury.

Mr. Savage, during his imprisonment, his trial, and the time in which he lay under sentence of death, behaved

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with great firmness and equality of mind, and confirmed by his fortitude the esteem of those, who before admired him for his abilities. The peculiar circumstances of his life were made more generally known by a short account,* which was then published, and of which several thousands were in a few weeks dispersed over the nation; and the compassion of mankind operated so powerfully in his favour, that he was enabled, by frequent presents, not only to support himself, but to assist Mr. Gregory in prison; and when he was pardoned and released, he found the number of his friends not lessened.

The nature of the act for which he had been tried was in itself doubtful; of the evidences which appeared against him, the character of the man was not unexceptionable, that of the woman notoriously infamous: she whose testimony chiefly influenced the jury to condemn him, afterwards retracted her assertions. He always himself denied that he was drunk, as had been generally reported. Mr. Gregory, who is now Collector of Antigua, is said to declare him far less criminal than he was imagined, even by some who favoured him: And Page himself afterwards confessed, that he had treated him with uncommon rigor. When all these particulars are rated together, perhaps the memory of Savage may not be much sullied by his trial.

Some time after he had obtained his liberty, he met in the street the woman that had sworn with so much malignity against him. She informed him, that she was in distress, and, with a degree of confidence not easily attainable, desired him to relieve her. He, instead of insulting her misery, and taking pleasure in the calamities of one who had brought his life into danger, reproved her gently for her perjury, and changing the only guinea that he had, divided it equally between her and himself.

This is an action which in some ages would have made a saint, and perhaps in others a hero, and which, without any hyperbolical encomiums, must be allowed to be an instance of

* *Written by Mr. Beckingham and another gentleman.*

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uncommon generosity, an act of complicated virtue; by which he at once relieved the poor, corrected the vicious, and forgave an enemy; by which he at once remitted the strongest provocations, and exercised the most ardent charity.

Compassion was indeed the distinguishing quality of Savage; he never appeared inclined to take advantage of weakness, to attack the defenceless, or to press upon the falling: whoever was distressed was certain at least of his good wishes; and when he could give no assistance, to extricate them from misfortunes, he endeavoured to sooth them by sympathy and tenderness.

But when his heart was not softened by the sight of misery, he was sometimes obstinate in his resentment, and did not quickly lose the remembrance of an injury. He always continued to speak with anger of the insolence and partiality of Page, and a short time before his death revenged it by a satire.

It is natural to enquire in what terms Mr. Savage spoke of this fatal action, when the danger was over, and he was under no necessity of using any art to set his conduct in the fairest light. He was not willing to dwell upon it, and if he transiently mentioned it, appeared neither to consider himself as a murderer, nor as a man wholly free from the guilt of blood.* How much and how long he regretted it, appeared in a poem which he published many years afterwards. On occasion of a copy of verses, in which the failings of good men were recounted, and in which the author had endeavoured to illustrate his position, that, 'the best may sometimes deviate from virtue,' by an instance of murder committed by Savage in the heat of wine, Savage remarked, that it was no very just representation of a good man, to suppose him liable to drunkenness, and disposed in his riots to cut throats.

He was now indeed at liberty, but was, as before, without any other support than accidental favours and uncertain patronage afforded him; sources by which he was sometimes

** In one of his letters he styles it "a fatal quarrel, but too well known."*

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very liberally supplied, and which at other times were suddenly stopped; so that he spent his life between want and plenty, or, what was yet worse, between beggary and extravagance; for as whatever he received was the gift of chance, which might as well favour him at one time as another, he was tempted to squander what he had, because he always hoped to be immediately supplied.

Another cause of his profusion was the absurd kindness of his friends, who at once rewarded and enjoyed his abilities, by treating him at taverns, and habituated him to pleasures which he could not afford to enjoy, and which he was not able to deny himself, though he purchased the luxury of a single night by the anguish of cold and hunger for a week.

The experience of these inconveniences determined him to endeavour after some settled income, which, having long found submission and intreaties fruitless, he attempted to extort from his mother by rougher methods. He had now as he acknowledged, lost that tenderness for her, which the whole series of her cruelty had not been able wholly to repress, till he found, by the efforts which she made for his destruction, that she was not content with refusing to assist him, and being neutral in his struggles with poverty, but was as ready to snatch every opportunity of adding to his misfortunes, and that she was to be considered as an enemy implacably malicious, whom nothing but his blood could satisfy. He therefore threatened to harass her with lampoons, and to publish a copious narrative of her conduct, unless she consented to purchase an exemption from imfamy, by allowing him a pension.

This expedient proved successful. Whether shame still survived, though virtue was extinct, or whether her relations had more delicacy than herself, and imagined that some of the darts which satire might point at her would glance upon them: Lord Tyrconnel, whatever were his motives, upon his promise to lay aside his design of exposing the cruelty of his mother, received him into his family, treated him as his equal, and engaged to allow him a pension of two hundred pounds a year.

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This was the golden part of Mr. Savage's life; and for some time he had no reason to complain of fortune; his appearance was splendid, his expences large, and his acquaintance extensive. He was courted by all who endeavoured to be thought men of genius, and caressed by all who valued themselves upon a refined taste. To admire Mr. Savage was a proof of discernment, and to be acquainted with him was a title to poetical reputation. His presence was sufficient to make any place of public entertainment popular; and his approbation and example constituted the fashion. So powerful is genius, when it is invested with the glitter of affluence! Men willingly pay to fortune that regard which they owe to merit, and are pleased when they have an opportunity at once of gratifying their vanity, and practising their duty.

This interval of prosperity furnished him with opportunities of enlarging his knowledge of human nature, by contemplating life from its highest gradations to its lowest, and had he afterwards applied to dramatic poetry he would perhaps not have had many superiors; for as he never suffered any scene to pass before his eyes without notice, he had treasured in his mind all the different combinations of passions, and the innumerable mixtures of vice and virtue, which distinguish one character from another; and, as his conception was strong, his expressions were clear, he easily received impressions from objects, and very forcibly transmitted them to others.

Of his exact observations on human life he has left a proof, which would do honour to the greatest names, in a small pamphlet, called, THE AUTHOR TO BE LET, where he introduces Iscariot Hackney, a prostitute scribbler, giving an account of his birth, his education, his disposition and morals, habits of life, and maxims of conduct. In the introduction are related many secret histories of the petty writers of that time, but sometimes mixed with ungenerous reflections on their birth, their circumstances, or those of their relations;

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nor can it be denied, that some passages are such as Iscariot Hackney might himself have produced.

He was accused likewise of living in an appearance of friendship with some whom he satirised, and of making use of the confidence which he gained by a seeming kindness to discover failings and expose them: it must be confessed, that Mr. Savage's esteem was no very certain possession, and that he would lampoon at one time those whom he had praised at another.

It may be alledged that the same man may change his principles, and that he who was once deservedly commended, may be afterwards satirised with equal justice, or that the poet was dazzled with the appearance of virtue, and found the man whom he had celebrated, when he had an opportunity of examining him more nearly, unworthy of the panegyric which he had too hastily bestowed; and that, as a false satire ought to be recanted, for the sake of him whose reputation may be injured, false praise ought likewise to be obviated, lest the distinction between vice and virtue should be lost, lest a bad man should be trusted upon the credit of his encomiast, or lest others should endeavour to obtain the like praises by the same means.

But though these excuses may be often plausible, and sometimes just, they are very seldom satisfactory to mankind; and the writer, who is not constant to his subject, quickly sinks into contempt, his satire loses its force, and his panegyric its value, and he is only considered at one time as a flatterer, and as a calumniator at another.

To avoid these imputations, it is only necessary to follow the rules of virtue, and to preserve an unvaried regard to truth. For though it is undoubtedly possible, that a man, however cautious, may be sometimes deceived by an artful appearance of virtue, or by false evidences of guilt, such errors will not be frequent; and it will be allowed, that the name of an author would never have been made contemptible, had no man

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ever said what he did not think, or misled others, but when he was himself deceived.

If THE AUTHOR TO BE LET was first published in a single pamphlet, and afterwards inserted in a collection of pieces relating to the Dunciad, which were addressed by Mr. Savage to the Earl of Middlesex, in a dedication which he was prevailed upon to sign, though he did not write it, and in which there are some positions, that the true author would perhaps not have published under his own name, and on which Mr. Savage afterwards reflected with no great satisfaction; the enumeration of the bad effects of the uncontrolled freedom of the press, and the assertion that the 'Liberties taken by the writers of Journals with their superiors were exorbitant and unjustifiable,' very ill became men, who have themselves not always shewn the exactest regard to the laws of subordination in their writings, and who have often satirised those that at least thought themselves their superiors, as they were eminent for their hereditary rank, and employed in the highest offices of the kingdom. But this is only an instance of that partiality which almost every man indulges with regard to himself; the liberty of the press is a blessing when we are inclined to write against others, and a calamity when we find ourselves overborne by the multitude of our assailants; as the power of the crown is always thought too great by those who suffer by its influence, and too little by those in whose favour it is exerted; and a standing army is generally accounted necessary by those who command, and dangerous and oppressive by those who support it.

Mr. Savage was likewise very far from believing, that the letters annexed to each species of bad poets in the Bathos, were, as he was directed to assert, 'set down at random;' for when he was charged by one of his friends with putting his name to such an improbability, he had no other answer to make, than that 'he did not think of it,' and his friend had too much tenderness to reply, that next to the crime of wri-

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ting contrary to what he thought, was that of writing without thinking.

After having remarked what is false in this dedication, it is proper that I observe the impartiality which I recommend, by declaring what Savage asserted, that the account of the circumstances which attended the publication of the Dunciad, however strange and improbable, was exactly true.

The publication of this piece at this time raised Mr. Savage a great number of enemies among those that were attacked by Mr. Pope, with whom he was considered as a kind of confederate, and whom he was suspected of supplying with private intelligence and secret incidents: so that the ignominy of an informer was added to the terror of a satirist.

That he was not altogether free from literary hypocrisy, and that he sometimes spoke one thing, and wrote another, cannot be denied; because he himself confessed, that when he lived in great familiarity with Dennis, he wrote an epigram * against him.

Mr. Savage however set all the malice of all the pigmy writers at defiance, and thought the friendship of Mr. Pope cheaply purchased by being exposed to their censure and hatred; nor had he any reason to repent of the preference, for he found Mr. Pope a steady and unalienable friend almost to the end of his life.

About this time, notwithstanding his avowed neutrality with regard to party, he published a panegyric on Sir Robert Walpole, for which he was rewarded by him with twenty guineas,

* *This epigram was I believe never published.*

Should Dennis publish you had stabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had,
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad?
On one so poor you cannot take the law,
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw:
Uncag'd, then, let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

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a sum not very large, if either the excellence of the performance, or the affluence of the patron be considered; but greater than he afterwards obtained from a person of yet higher rank, and more desirous in appearance of being distinguished as a patron of literature.

As he was very far from approving the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole, and in conversation mentioned him sometimes with acrimony, and generally with contempt; as he was one of those who were always zealous in their assertions of the justice of the late opposition, jealous of the rights of the people, and alarmed by the long-continued triumph of the court; it was natural to ask him what could induce him to employ his poetry in praise of that man who was, in his opinion, an enemy to liberty, and an oppressor of his country? He alleged, that he was then dependent upon the Lord Tyrconnel, who was an implicit follower of the ministry, and that being enjoined by him, not without menaces, to write in praise of his leader, he had not resolution sufficient to sacrifice the pleasure of affluence to that of integrity.

On this, and on many other occassions, he was ready to lament the misery of living at the tables of other men, which was his fate from the beginning to the end of his life; for I know not whether he ever had, for three months together, a settled habitation, in which he could claim a right of residence.

To this unhappy state it is just to impute much of the inconstancy of his conduct; for though a readiness to comply with the inclination of others was no part of his natural character, yet he was sometimes obliged to relax his obstinacy, and submit his own judgment and even his virtue to the government of those by whom he was supported: so that if his miseries were sometimes the consequences of his faults, he ought not yet to be wholly excluded from compassion, because his faults were very often the effects of his misfortunes.

In this gay period * of his life, while he was surrounded by

* 1729.

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affluence and pleasure, he published THE WANDERER, a moral Poem, of which the design is comprised in these lines:

I fly all public care, all venal strife,
To try the still compar'd with active life;
To prove, by these the sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
That e'en calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind.

And more distinctly in the following passage:

By woe, the soul to daring action swells;
By woe, in plaintless patience it excels;
From patience, prudent clear experience springs,
And traces knowledge thro' the course of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and caress.

This performance was always considered by himself as his master-piece; and Mr. Pope, when he asked his opinion of it, told him, that he read it once over, and was not displeased with it, that it gave him more pleasure at the second perusal, and delighted him still more at the third.

It has been generally objected to THE WANDERER, that the disposition of the parts is irregular, that the design is obscure, and the plan perplexed, that the images however beautiful, succeed each other without order; and that the whole performance is not so much a regular fabric, as a heap of shining materials thrown together by accident, which strikes rather with the solemn magnificence of a stupendous ruin, than the elegant grandeur of a finished pile.

This criticism is universal, and therefore it is reasonable to believe it at least in a great degree just; but Mr. Savage was always of a contrary opinion, and thought his drift could only be missed by negligence or stupidity, and that the whole plan was regular, and the parts distinct.

It was never denied to abound with strong representations of nature, and just observations upon life, and it may easily be

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observed, that most of his pictures have an evident tendency to illustrate his first great position, 'that good is the consequence of evil.' The sun that burns up the mountains, fructifies the vales; the deluge that rushes down the broken rocks with dreadful impetuosity, is separated into purling brooks; and the rage of the hurricane purifies the air.

Even in this poem he has not been able to forbear one touch upon the cruelty of his mother, which, though remarkably delicate and tender, is a proof how deep an impression it had upon his mind.

This must be at least acknowledged, which ought to be thought equivalent to many other excellencies, that this poem can promote no other purposes than those of virtue, and that it is written with a very strong sense of the efficacy of religion.

But my province is rather to give the history of Mr. Savage's performances, than to display their beauties, or to obviate the criticisms which they have occasioned, and therefore I shall not dwell upon the particular passages which deserve applause: I shall neither show the excellence of his descriptions, nor expatiate on the terrific portrait of suicide, nor point out the artful touches, by which he has distinguished the intellectual features of the rebels, who suffer death in his last canto. It is, however, proper to observe, that Mr. Savage always declared the characters wholly fictitious, and without the least allusion to any real persons or actions.

From a poem so diligently laboured, and so successfully finished, it might be reasonably expected that he should have gained considerable advantage; nor can it, without some degree of indignation and concern, be told, that he sold the copy for ten guineas, of which he afterwards returned two, that the two last sheets of the work might be reprinted, of which he had in his absence intrusted the correction to a friend, who was too indolent to perform it with accuracy.

A superstitious regard to the correction of his sheets was one of Mr. Savage's peculiarities: he often altered, revised, recurred to his first reading or punctuation, and again adopted the

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the alteration; he was dubious and irresolute without end, as on a question of the last importance, and at last was seldom satisfied: the intrusion or omission of a comma was sufficient to discompose him, and he would lament an error of a single letter as a heavy calamity. In one of his letters relating to an impression of some verses, he remarks, that he had, with regard to the correction of the proof, 'a spell upon him;' and indeed the anxiety with which he dwelt upon the minutest and most trifling nicetics, deserved no other name than that of fascination.

That he sold so valuable a performance for so small a price was not to be imputed either to necessity, by which the learned and ingenious are often obliged to submit to very hard conditions, or to avarice, by which the booksellers are frequently incited to oppress that genius by which they are supported, but to that intemperate desire of pleasure, and habitual slavery to his passions, which involved him in many perplexities; he happened at that time to be engaged in the pursuit of some trifling gratification, and being without money for the present occasion, sold his poem to the first bidder, and perhaps for the first price that was proposed, and would probably have been content with less, if less had been offered him.

This poem was addressed to the Lord Tyrconnel not only in the first lines, but in a formal dedication filled with the highest strains of panegyric, and the warmest professions of gratitude, but by no means remarkable for delicacy of connection or elegance of stile.

These praises in a short time he found himself inclined to retract, being discarded by the man on whom he had bestowed them, and whom he then immediately discovered not to have deserved them. Of this quarrel, which every day made more bitter, Lord Tyrconnel and Mr. Savage assigned very different reasons, which might perhaps all in reality concur, though they were not all convenient to be alleged by either party. Lord Tyrconnel affirmed, that it was the constant practice of Mr. Savage to enter a tavern with any company that proposed

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it, drink the most expensive wines with great profusion, and when the reckoning was demanded, to be without money: If, as it often happened, his company were willing to defray his part, the affair ended, without any ill consequences; but if they were refractory, and expected that the wine should be paid for by him that drank it, his method of composition was, to take them with him to his own apartment, assume the government of the house, and order the butler in an imperious manner to set the best wine in the cellar before his company, who often drank till they forgot the respect due to the house in which they were entertained, indulged themselves in the utmost extravagance of merriment, practised the most licentious frolics, and committed all the outrages of drunkenness.

Nor was this the only charge which Lord Tyrconnel brought against him: Having given him a collection of valuable books, stamped with his own arms, he had the mortification to see them in a short time exposed to sale upon the stalls, it being usual with Mr. Savage when he wanted a small sum, to take his books to the pawnbroker.

Whoever was acquainted with Mr. Savage easily credited both these accusations; for having been obliged from his first entrance into the world to subsist upon expedients, affluence was not able to exalt him above them; and so much was he delighted with wine and conversation, and so long had he been accustomed to live by chance, that he would at any time go to the tavern without scruple, and trust for his reckoning to the liberality of his company, and frequently of company to whom he was very little known. This conduct indeed very seldom drew upon him those inconveniences that might be feared by any other person; for his conversation was so entertaining, and his address so pleasing, that few thought the pleasure which they received from him dearly purchased, by paying for his wine. It was his peculiar happiness, that he scarcely ever found a stranger, whom he did not leave a friend; but it must likewise be added, that he had not often a friend long, without obliging him to become a stranger.

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Mr. Savage, on the other hand, declared, that Lord Tyrconnel * quarrelled with him, because he would subtract from his own luxury and extravagance what he had promised to allow him, and that his resentment was only a plea for the violation of his promise: He asserted, that he had done nothing that ought to exclude him from that subsistence which he thought not so much a favour, as a debt, since it was offered him upon conditions which he had never broken; and that his only fault was, that he could not be supported with nothing.

He acknowledged, that Lord Tyrconnel often exhorted him to regulate his method of life, and not to spend all his nights in taverns, and that he appeared very desirous, that he would pass those hours with him, which he so freely bestowed upon others. This demand Mr. Savage considered as a censure of his conduct, which he could never patiently bear; and which in the latter and cooler part of his life was so offensive to him, that he declared it as his resolution, 'to spurn that friend who should presume to dictate to him;' and it is not likely, that in his earlier years he received admonitions with more calmness.

He was likewise inclined to resent such expectations, as tending to infringe his liberty, of which he was very jealous, when it was necessary to the gratification of his passions, and declared, that the request was still more unreasonable, as the company to which he was to have been confined was insupportably disagreeable. This assertion affords another instance of that inconsistency of his writings with his conversation, which was so often to be observed. He forgot how lavishly he had in his Dedication to THE WANDERER, extolled the delicay and penetration, the humanity and generosity, the candor and politeness of the man, whom, when he no longer loved him, he declared to be a wretch without understanding, without good nature, and without justice;

* *His expression in one of his letters, was, 'that Lord T—l 'had involved his estate, and therefore poorly sought an occasion 'to quarrel with him.'*

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of whose name he thought himself obliged to leave no trace in any future edition of his writings; and accordingly blotted it out of that copy of THE WANDERER which was in his hands.

During his continuance with the Lord Tyrconnel, he wrote THE TRIUMPH OF HEALTH AND MIRTH, on the recovery of Lady Tyrconnel from a languishing illness. This performance is remarkable, not only for the gaiety of the ideas, and the melody of the numbers, but for the agreeable fiction upon which it is formed. Mirth, overwhelmed with sorrow for the sickness of her favourite, takes a flight in quest of her sister Health, whom she finds reclined upon the brow of a lofty mountain, amidst the fragrance of perpetual spring, with the breezes of the morning sporting about her. Being solicited by her sister Mirth, she readily promises her assistance, flies away in a cloud, and impregnates the waters of Bath with new virtues, by which the sickness of Belinda is relieved.

As the reputation of his abilities, the particular circumstances of his birth and life, the splendor of his appearance, and the distinction which was for some time paid him by Lord Tyrconnel, intitled him to familiarity with persons of higher rank, than those to whose conversation he had been before admitted, he did not fail to gratify that curiosity, which induced him to take a nearer view of those whom their birth, their employments, or their fortunes, necessarily place at a distance from the greatest part of mankind, and to examine whether their merit was magnified or diminished by the medium through which it was contemplated; whether the splendor with which they dazzled their admirers was inherent in themselves, or only reflected on them by the objects that surrounded them; and whether great men were selected for high stations, or high stations made great men.

For this purpose he took all opportunities of conversing familiarly with those who were most conspicuous at that time for their power or their influence; he watched their looser moments, and examined their domestic behaviour with that acuteness which nature had given him, and which the uncommon

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variety of his life had contributed to increase, and that inquisitiveness which must always be produced in a vigorous mind, by an absolute freedom from all pressing or domestic engagements. His discernment was quick, and therefore he soon found in every person, and in every affair, something that deserved attention; he was supported by others, without any care for himself, and was therefore at leisure to pursue his observations.

More circumstances to constitute a critic on human life could not easily concur, nor indeed could any man, who assumed from accidental advantages more praise than he could justly claim from his real merit, admit an acquaintance more dangerous than that of Savage; of whom likewise it muft be confessed, that abilities really exalted above the common level, or virtue refined from passion, or proof against corruption, could not easily find an abler Judge, or a warmer advocate.

What was the result of Mr. Savage's enquiry, though he was not much accustomed to conceal his discoveries, it may not be entirely safe to relate, because the persons whose characters he criticised are powerful; and power and resentment are seldom strangers; nor would it perhaps be wholly just, because what he asserted in conversation might, though true in general, be heightened by some momentary ardor of imagination, and, as it can be delivered only from memory, may be imperfectly represented; so that the picture at first aggravated, and then unskilfully copied, may be justly suspected to retain no great resemblance of the original.

It may however be observed, that he did not appear to have formed very elevated ideas of those to whom the administration of affairs, or the conduct of parties, has been intrusted; who have been considered as the advocates of the crown, or the guardians of the people, and who have obtained the most implicit confidence, and the loudest applauses. Of one particular person, who has been at one time so popular as to be generally esteemed, and at another so formidable as to be universally detested, he observed, that his acquisitions had

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been small, or that his capacity was narrow, and that the whole range of his mind was from obscenity to politics, and from politics to obscenity.

But the opportunity of indulging his speculations on great characters was now at an end. He was banished from the table of Lord Tyrconnel, and turned again adrift upon the world, without prospect of finding quickly any other harbor. As prudence was not one of the virtues by which he was distinguished, he had made no provision against a misfortune like this. And though it is not to be imagined, but the separation must for some time have been preceded by coldness, peevishness, or neglect, though it was undoubtedly the consequence of accumulated provocations on both sides, yet every one that knew Savage will readily believe, that to him it was sudden as a stroke of thunder; that though he might have transiently suspected it, he had never suffered any thought so unpleasing to sink into his mind, but that he had driven it away by amusements, or dreams of future felicity and affluence, and had never taken any measures by which he might prevent a precipitation from plenty to indigence.

This quarrel and separation, and the difficulties to which Mr. Savage was exposed by them, were soon known both to his friends and enemies; nor was it long before he perceived, from the behaviour of both, how much is added to the lustre of genius, by the ornaments of wealth.

His condition did not appear to excite much compassion; for he had not always been careful to use the advantages he enjoyed with that moderation, which ought to have been with more than usual caution preserved by him, who knew, if he had reflected, that he was only a dependant on the bounty of another, whom he could expect to support him no longer than he endeavoured to preserve his favour, by complying with his inclinations, and whom he nevertheless set at defiance, and was continually irritating by negligence or encroachments.

Examples need not be sought at any great distance to prove, that superiority of fortune has a natural tendency to kindle

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pride, and that pride seldom fails to exert itself in contempt and insult; and if this is often the effect of hereditary wealth, and of honours enjoyed only by the merit of others, it is some extenuation of any indecent triumphs to which this unhappy man may have been betrayed, that his prosperity was heightened, by the force of novelty, and made more intoxicating by a sense of the misery in which he had so long languished, and perhaps of the insults which he had formerly borne, and which he might now think himself entitled to revenge. It is too common for those who have unjustly suffered pain, to inflict it likewise in their turn, with the same injustice, and to imagine that they have a right to treat others as they have themselves been treated.

That Mr. Savage was too much elevated by any good fortune, is generally known; and some passages of his introduction to THE AUTHOR TO BE LET sufficiently shew, that he did not wholly refrain from such satire as he afterwards thought very unjust, when he was exposed to it himself; for when he was afterwards ridiculed in the character of a distressed poet, he very easily discovered, that distress was not a proper subject for merriment, or topic of invective. He was then able to discern, that if misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be reverenced; if of ill-fortune, to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be insulted, because it is perhaps itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced. And the humanity of that man can deserve no panegyric, who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.

But these reflections, though they readily occurred to him in the first and last parts of his life, were, I am afraid, for a long time forgotten; at least they were, like many other maxims, treasured up in his mind, rather for shew than use, and operated very little upon his conduct, however elegantly he might sometimes explain, or however forcibly he might inculcate them.

His degradation therefore from the condition which he had enjoyed with such wanton thoughtlessness, was considered by

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many as an occasion of triumph. Those who had before paid their court to him, without success, soon returned the contempt which they had suffered, and they who had received favours from him, for of such favours as he could bestow he was very liberal, did not always remember them. So much more certain are the effects of resentment than of gratitude: it is not only to many more pleasing to recollect those faults which place others below them, than those virtues by which they are themselves comparatively depressed; but it is likewise more easy to neglect, than to recompence; and though there are few who will practise a laborious virtue, there will never be wanting multitudes that will indulge an easy vice.

Savage however was very little disturbed at the marks of contempt which his ill-fortune brought upon him, from those whom he never esteemed, and with whom he never considered himself as levelled by any calamities; and though it was not without some uneasiness that he saw some, whose friendship he valued, change their behaviour; he yet observed their coldness without much emotion, considered them as the slaves of fortune and the worshippers of prosperity; and was more inclined to despise them, than to lament himself.

It does not appear, that after this return of his wants, he found mankind equally favourable to him, as at his first appearance in the world. His story, though in reality not less melancholy, was less affecting, because it was no longer new; it therefore procured no new friends, and those that had formerly relieved him thought they might now consign him to others. He was now likewise considered by many rather as a criminal, than as unhappy; for the friends of Lord Tyrconnel, and of his mother, were sufficiently industrious to publish his weaknesses, which were indeed very numerous, and nothing was forgotten, that might make him either hateful or ridiculous.

It cannot but be imagined, that such representations of his faults must make great numbers less sensible of his distress; many who had only an opportunity to hear one part, made no

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scruple to propagate the account which they received; many assisted their circulation from malice or revenge, and perhaps many pretended to credit them, that they might with a better grace withdraw their regard, or with-hold their assistance.

Savage however was not one of those, who suffered himself to be injured without resistance, nor was less diligent in exposing the faults of Lord Tyrconnel, over whom he obtained at least this advantage, that he drove him first to the practice of outrage and violence; for he was so much provoked by the wit and virulence of Savage, that he came with a number of attendants, that did no honour to his courage, to beat him at a coffee-house. But it happened that he had left the place a few minutes, and his lordship had without danger the pleasure of boasting, how he would have treated him. Mr. Savage went next day to repay his visit at his own house, but was prevailed on by his domestics, to retire without insisting upon seeing him.

Lord Tyreonnel was accused by Mr. Savage of some actions, which scarcely any provocations will be thought sufficient to justify; such as seizing what he had in his lodgings, and other instances of wanton cruelty, by which he increased the distress of Savage, without any advantage to himself.

These mutual accusations were retorted on both sides for many years, with the utmost degree of virulence and rage, and time seemed rather to augment then diminish their resentment. That the anger of Mr. Savage should be kept alive is not strange, because he felt every day the consequences of the quarrel; but it might reasonably have been hoped, that Lord Tyrconnel might have relented, and at length have forgot those provocations, which however they might have once inflamed him, had not in reality much hurt him.

The spirit of Mr. Savage indeed never suffered him to solicit a reconciliation; he returned reproach for reproach, and insult for insult; his superiority of wit supplied the disadvantages of his fortune, and enabled him to form a party, and prejudice great numbers in his favour.

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But though this might be some gratification of his vanity, it afforded very little relief to his necessities, and he was very frequently reduced to uncommon hardships, of which, however, he never made any mean or importunate complaints, being formed rather to bear misery with fortitude, than enjoy prosperity with moderation.

He now thought himself again at liberty to expose the cruelty of his mother, and therefore, I believe, about this time, published THE BASTARD, a poem remarkable for the vivacious sallies of thought in the beginning, where he makes a pompous enumeration of the imaginary advantages of base brith, and the pathetic sentiments at the end, where he recounts the real calamities which he suffered by the crime of his parents.

The vigor and spirit of the verses, the peculiar circumstance of the author, the novelty of the subject, and the notoriety of the story, to which the allusions are made, procured this performance a very favourable reception; great numbers were immediately dispersed, and editions were multiplied with unusual rapidity.

One circumstance attended the publication, which Savage used to relate with great satisfaction. His mother, to whom the poem was with 'due reverence inscribed,' happened then to be at Bath, where she could not conveniently retire from censure, or conceal herself from observation; and no sooner did the reputation of the poem begin to spread, than she heard it repeated in all places of concourse, nor could she enter the assembly-rooms, or cross the walks without being saluted with some lines from THE BASTARD.

This was perhaps the first time that ever she discovered a sense of shame, and on this occasion the power of wit was very conspicuous; the wretch who had, without scruple, proclaimed herself an adultress, and who had first endeavored to starve her son, then to transport him, and afterwards to hang him, was not able to bear the representation of her own conduct, but fled from reproach, though she felt no pain from guilt, and

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left Bath with the utmost haste, to shelter herself among the crowds of London.

Thus Savage had the satisfaction of finding, that though he could not reform his mother, he could punish her, and that he did not always suffer alone.

The pleasure which he received from this increase of his poetical reputation, was sufficient for some time to overbalance the miseries of want, which this performance did not much alleviate, for it was sold for a very trivial sum to a bookseller, who, though the success was so uncommon that five impressions were sold, of which many undoubtedly were very numerous, had not the generosity sufficient to admit the unhappy writer any part of the profit.

The sale of this poem was always mentioned by Savage with the utmost elevation of heart, and referred to by him as an incontestable proof of a general acknowledgment of his abilities. It was indeed the only production of which he could justly boast a general reception.

But though he did not lose the opportunity which success gave him of setting a high rate on his abilities, but paid due deference to the suffrages of mankind when they were given in his favour, he did not suffer his esteem of himself to depend upon others, nor found any thing sacred in the voice of the people when they were inclined to censure him; he then readily shewed the folly of expecting that the public should judge right, observed how slowly poetical merit had often forced its way into the world; he contented himself with the applause of men of judgment, and was somewhat disposed to exclude all those from the character of men of judgment, who did not applaud him.

But he was at other times more favourable to mankind, than to think them blind to the beauties of his works, and imputed the slowness of their sale to other causes; either they were published at a time when the town was empty, or when the attention of the public was engrossed by some struggle in the parliament, or some other object of general concern;

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or they were by the neglect of the publisher not diligently dispersed, or by his avarice not advertised with sufficient frequency. Address, or industry, or liberality, was always wanting; and the blame was laid rather on any other person than on the author.

By arts like these, arts which every man practises in some degree, and to which too much of the little tranquillity of life is to be ascribed, Savage was always able to live at peace with himself. Had he indeed only made use of these expedients to alleviate the loss or want of fortune or reputation, or any other advantages, which it is not in man's power to bestow upon himself, they might have been justly mentioned as instances of a philosophical mind, and very properly proposed to the imitation of multitudes, who, for want of diverting their imaginations with the same dexterity, languish under afflictions which might be easily removed.

It were doubtless to be wished, that truth and reason were universally prevalent; that every thing were esteemed according to its real value; and that men would secure themselves from being disappointed in their endeavours after happiness, by placing it only in virtue, which is always to be obtained; but if adventitious and foreign pleasures must be pursued, it would be perhaps, of some benefit, since that pursuit must frequently be fruitless, if the practice of Savage could be taught, that folly might be an antidote to folly, and one fallacy be obviated by another.

But the danger of this pleasing intoxication must not be concealed; nor indeed can any one, after having observed the life of Savage, need to be cautioned against it. By imputing none of his miseries to himself, he continued to act upon the same principles, and to follow the same path; was never made wiser by his sufferings, nor preserved by one misfortune from falling into another. He proceeded throughout his life to tread the same steps on the same circle; always applauding his past conduct, or at least forgetting it, to amuse himself with phantoms of happiness, which were dancing before him; and wil-

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lingly turned his eyes from the light of reason, when it would have discovered the illusion, and shewn him, what he never wished to see, his real state.

He is even accused, after having lulled his imagination with those ideal opiates, of having tried the same experiment upon his conscience; and having accustomed himself to impute all deviations from the right to foreign causes, it is certain that he was upon every occasion too easily reconciled to himself, and that he appeared very little to regret those practices which had impaired his reputation. The reigning error of his life was, that he mistook the love for the practice of virtue, and was indeed not so much a good man, as the friend of goodness.

This at least must be allowed him, that he always preserved a strong sense of the dignity, the beauty, and the necessity of virtue, and that he never contributed deliberately to spread corruption amongst mankind; his actions, which were generally precipitate, were often blameable; but his writings being the productions of study, uniformly tended to the exaltation of the mind, and the propagation of morality and piety.

These writings may improve mankind, when his failings shall be forgotten, and therefore he must be considered upon the whole as a benefactor to the world; nor can his personal example do any hurt, since whoever hears of his faults, will hear of the miseries which they brought upon him, and which would deserve less pity, had not his condition been such as made his faults pardonable. He may be considered as a child exposed to all the temptations of indigence, at an age when resolution was not yet strengthened by conviction, nor virtue confirmed by habit; a circumstance, which in his BASTARD he laments in a very affecting manner.

——No Mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with pray'r:
No Father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.

THE BASTARD, however it might provoke or mortify his mother, could not be expected to melt her to compassion, so

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that he was still under the same want of the necessaries of life, and he therefore exerted all the interest which his wit, or his birth, or his misfortunes could procure, to obtain upon the death of Eusden the place of Poet Laureat, and prosecuted his application with so much diligence, that the King publicly declared it his intention to bestow it upon him; but such was the fate of Savage, that even the King, when he intended his advantage, was disappointed in his schemes; for the Lord Chamberlain, who has the disposal of the laurel, as one of the appendages of his office, either did not know the king's design, or did not approve it, or thought the nomination of the Laureat an encroachment upon his rights, and therefore bestowed the laurel upon Colly Cibber.

Mr. Savage, thus disappointed, took a resolution of applying to the Queen, that having once given him life, she would enable him to support it, and therefore published a short poem on her birth-day, to which he gave the odd title of VOLUNTEER LAUREAT. The event of this essay he has himself related in the following letter, which he prefixed to the poem, when he afterwards reprinted it in THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, from whence I have copied it entire, as this was one of the few attempts in which Mr. Savage succeeded.

'Mr. URBAN,

'In your Magazine for February you published the last 'VOLUNTEER LAUREAT, written on a very melancholy occa- 'sion, the death of the royal patroness of arts and literature 'in general, and of the author of that poem in particular: I 'now send you the first that Mr. Savage wrote under that 'title.—This gentleman, notwithstanding a very considerable 'interest, being, on the death of Mr. Eusden, disappointed 'of the Laureat's place, wrote the before-mentioned poem; 'which was no sooner published, but the late Queen sent to 'a bookseller for it: the author had not at that time a friend 'either to get him introduced, or his poem presented at 'court; yet such was the unspeakable goodness of that Prin- 'cess, that, notwithstanding this act of ceremony was wan-

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'ting, in a few days after publication, Mr. Savage received 'a Bank-bill of fifty pounds, and a gracious message from her 'Majesty, by the Lord North and Guildford, to this effect: "That her Majesty was highly pleased with the verses; that "she took particularly kind his lines there relating to the "King; that he had permission to write annually on the "same subject; and that he should yearly receive the like "present, till something better (which was her Majesty's in-"tention) could be done for him." 'After this he was per-'mitted to present one of his annual poems to her Majesty, 'had the honour of kissing her hand, and met with the most 'gracious reception. Your's &c.'

Such was the performance, and such the reception; a reception which, though by no means unkind, was yet not in the highest degree generous: to chain down the genius of a writer to an annual panegyric, shewed in the Queen too much desire of hearing her own praises, and a greater regard to herself than to him on whom her bounty was conferred. It was a kind of avaricious generosity, by which flattery was rather purchased than genius rewarded.

Mrs. Oldfield had formerly given him the same allowance with much more heroic intention; she had no other view than to enable him to prosecute his studies, and to set himself above the want of assistance, and was contented with doing good without stipulating for encomiums.

Mr. Savage however was not at liberty to make exceptions, but was ravished with the favours which he had received, and probably yet more with those which he was promised; he considered himself now as a favourite of the Queen, and did not doubt but a few annual poems would establish him in some profitable employment.

He therefore assumed the title of VOLUNTEER LAUREAT, not without some reprehensions from Cibber, who informed him, that the title of LAUREAT was a mark of honour conferred by the King, from whom all honour is derived, and which therefore no man has a right to bestow upon himself; and added,

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that he might, with equal propriety, style himself a Volunteer Lord, or Volunteer Baronet. It cannot be denied that the remark was just; but Savage did not think any title, which was conferred upon Mr. Cibber, so honourable as that the usurpation of it could be imputed to him as an instance of very exorbitant vanity, and therefore continued to write under the same title, and received every year the same reward.

He did not appear to consider these encomiums as tests of his abilities, or as any thing more then annual hints to the Queen of her promise, or acts of ceremony, by the performance of which he was intitled to his pension, and therefore did not labour them with great diligence, or print more then fifty each year, except that for some of the last years he regularly inserted them in THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, by which they were dispersed over the kingdom.

Of some of them he had himself so low an opinion, that he intended to omit them in the collection of poems, for which he printed proposals, and solicited subscriptions; nor can it seem strange, that being confined to the same subject, he should be at some times indolent, and at others unsuccessful; that he should sometimes delay a disagreeable task, till it was too late to perform it well; or that he should sometimes repeat the same sentiment on the same occasion, or at others be misled by an attempt after novelty to forced conceptions, and far-fetched images.

He wrote indeed with a double intention, which supplied him with some variety; for his business was to praise the Queen for the favours which he had received, and to complain to her of the delay of those which she had promised: in some of his pieces, therefore, gratitude is predominant, and in some discontent; in some he represents himself as happy in her patronage, and in others as disconsolate to find himself neglected.

Her promise, like other promises made to this unfortunate man, was never performed though he took sufficient care that it should not be forgotten. The publication of his VOLUNTEER

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Laureat procured him no other reward then a regular remittance of fifty pounds.

He was not so depressed by his disappointment sas to neglect any opportunity that was offered of advancing his interest. When the Princess Anne was married, he wrote a poem upon her departure, only, as he declared, 'because it was expected from him,' and he was not willing to bar his own prospects by any appearance of neglect.

He never mentioned any advantage gained by this poem, or any regard that was paid to it, and therefore it is likely that it was considered at court as an act of duty to which he was obliged by his dependence, and which it was therefore not necessary to reward by any new favour: or perhaps the Queen really intended his advancement, and therefore thought it superfluous to lavish presents upon a man whom she intended to establish for life.

About this time not only his hopes were in danger of being frustrated, but his pension likewise of being obstructed by an accidental calumny. The writer of The Daily Courant, a paper then published under the direction of the ministry, charged him with a crime, which though not very great in itself, would have been remarkably invidious in him, and might very justly have incensed the Queen against him. He was accused by name of influencing elections against the court, by appearing at the head of a tory mob; nor did the accuser fail to aggravate his crime, by representing it as the effect of the most atrocious ingratitude, and a kind of rebellion against the Queen, who had first preserved him from an infamous death, and afterwards distinguished him by her favour, and supported him by her charity. The charge, as it was open and confident, was likewise by good fortune very particular. The place of the transaction was mentioned, and the whole series of the rioter's conduct related. This exactness made Mr. Savage's vindication easy: for he never had in his life seen the place which was declared to be the scene of his wickedness, nor ever had been present in any town when its representatives were chosen. This

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answer he therefore made haste to publish, with all the circumstances necessary to make it credible, and very reasonably demanded, that the accusation should be retracted in the same paper, that he might no longer suffer the imputation of sedition and ingratitude. This demand was likewise pressed by him in a private letter to the author of the paper, who either trusting to the protection of those whose defence he had undertaken, or having entertained some personal malice against Mr. Savage, or fearing, lest, by retracting so confident an assertion he should impair the credit of his paper, refused to give him that satisfaction.

Mr. Savage therefore thought it necessary, to his own vindication, to prosecute him in the King's Bench; but as he did not find any ill effects from the accusation, having sufficiently cleared his innocence, he thought any farther procedure would have the appearance of revenge, and therefore willingly dropped it.

He saw soon afterwards a process commenced in the same court against himself, on an information in which he was accused of writing and publishing an obscene pamphlet.

It was always Mr. Savage's desire to be distinguished, and when any controversy became popular, he never wanted some reason for engaging in it with great ardor, and appearing at the head of the party which he had chosen. As he was never celebrated for his prudence, he had no sooner taken his side, and informed himself of the chief topics of the dispute, than he took all opportunities of asserting and propagating his principles, without much regard to his own interest, or any other visible design than that of drawing upon himself the attention of mankind.

The dispute between the Bishop of London and the Chancellor is well known to have been for some time the chief topic of political conversation, and therefore Mr. Savage, in pursuance of his character, endeavoured to become conspicuous among the controvertists with which every coffee-house was filled on that occasion. He was an indefatigable opposer

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of all the claims of ecclesiastical power, though he did not know on what they were founded, and was therefore no friend to the Bishop of London. But he had another reason for appearing as a warm advocate for Dr. Rundle, for he was the friend of Mr. Foster and Mr. Thompson who were the friends of Mr. Savage.

Thus remote was his interest in the question, which however, as he imagined, concerned him so nearly, that it was not sufficient to harangue and dispute, but necessary likewise to write upon it.

He therefore engaged with great ardor in a new Poem called by him, THE PROGRESS OF A DIVINE, in which he conducts a profligate priest by all the gradations of wickedness from a poor curacy in the country, to the highest preferments of the church, and describes with that humour which was natural to him, and that knowledge which was extended to all the diversities of human life, his behaviour in every station, and insinuates, that this priest, thus accomplished, found at last a patron in the Bishop of London.

When he was asked by one of his friends, on what pretence he could charge the Bishop with such an action, he had no more to say, than that he had only inverted the accusation, and that he thought it reasonable to believe, that he, who obstructed the rise of a good man without reason, would for bad reasons promote the exaltation of a villain.

The clergy were universally provoked by this satire, and Savage, who, as was his constant practice, had set his name to his performance, was censured in THE WEEKLY MISCELLANY* with severity, which he did not seem much inclined to forget.

* *A short satire was likewise published in the same paper, in which were the following lines:*

For cruel murder doom'd to hempen death,
Savage, by royal grace, prolong'd his breath.
Well might you think he spent his future years
In pray'r, and fasting, and repentant tears.

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But a return of invective was not thought a sufficient punishment. The Court of King's Bench was therefore moved against him, and he was obliged to return an answer to a charge of obscenity. It was urged in his defence, that obscenity was

—*But, O vain hope!—the truly Savage cries,*
'Priests, and their slavish doctrines, I despise.
'Shall I———
'Who, by free thinking to free action fir'd,
'In midnight brawls a deathless name acquir'd,
'Now stoop to learn of ecclesiastic men?—
'—No, arm'd with rhime, at priests I'll take my aim,
'Though prudence bids me murder but their fame.

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

An answer was published in the THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, *written by an unknown hand, from which the following lines are selected:*

Transform'd by thoughtless rage, and midnight wine,
From malice free, and push'd without design;
In equal brawl if Savage lung'd a thrust,
And brought the youth a victim to the dust;
So strong the hand of accident appears,
The royal hand from guilt and vengeance clears.
Instead of toasting 'all thy future years,
'Savage, in pray'r and vain repentant tears;'
Exert thy pen to mend a vicious age,
To curb the priest and sink his high-church rage;
To shew what frauds the holy vestments hide,
The nests of av'rice, lust, and pedant pride;
Then change the scene, let merit brightly shine,
And round the patriot twist the wreath divine;
The heavenly guide deliver down to fame;
In well-tun'd lays transmit a Foster's name.
Touch every passion with harmonious art,
Exalt the genius, and correct the heart.
Thus future times shall royal grace extol;
Thus polish'd lines thy present fame enrol.
——But grant———
Maliciously that Savage plung'd the steel,
And made the youth its shining vengeance feel;
My soul abhors the act, the man detests,
But more the bigotry in priestly breasts.

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, May 1735.

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criminal when it was intended to promote the practice of vice, but that Mr. Savage had only introduced obscene ideas, with the view of exposing them to detestation, and of amending the age, by shewing the deformity of wickedness. This plea was admitted, and Sir Philip Yorke, who then presided in that court, dismissed the information with encomiums upon the purity and excellence of Mr. Savage's writings.

The prosecution, however, answered in some measure the purpose of those by whom it was set on foot; for Mr. Savage was so far intimidated by it, that when the edition of his poem was sold, he did not venture to reprint it; so that it was in a short time forgotten, or forgotten by all but those whom it offended.

It is said, that some endeavours were used to incense the Queen against him, but he found advocates to obviate at least part of their effect; for though he was never advanced, he still continued to receive his pension.

This poem drew more infamy upon him than any incident of his life, and as his conduct cannot be vindicated, it is proper to secure his memory from reproach, by informing those whom he made his enemies, that he never intended to repeat the provocation; and that, though whenever he thought he had any reason to complain of the clergy, he used to threaten them with a new edition of THE PROGRESS OF A DIVINE, it was his calm and settled resolution to suppress it for ever.

He once intended to have made a better reparation for the folly or injustice with which he might be charged, by writing another poem, called, THE PROGRESS OF A FREETHINKER, whom he intended to lead through all the stages of vice and folly, to convert him from virtue to wickedness, and from religion to infidelity, by all the modish sophistry used for that purpose: and at last to dismiss him by his own hand into the other world.

That he did not execute this design is a real loss to mankind, for he was too well acquainted with all the scenes of debauchery to have failed in his representation of them, and too zealous

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for virtue not to have represented them in such a manner as should expose them either to ridicule or detestation.

But this plan was like others, formed and laid aside, till the vigor of his imagination was spent, and the effervescence of invention had subsided, but soon gave way to some other design, which pleased by its novelty for a while, and then was neglected like the former.

He was still in his usual exigencies, having no certain support but the pension allowed him by the Queen, which, though it might have kept an exact œconomist from want, was very far from being sufficient for Mr. Savage, who had never been accustomed to dismiss any of his appetites without the gratification which they solicited, and whom nothing but want of money with-held from partaking of every pleasure that fell within his view.

His conduct with regard to his pension was very particular. No sooner had he changed the bill, than he vanished from the sight of all his acquaintances, and lay for some time out of the reach of all the enquiries that friendship or curiosity could make after him; at length he appeared again pennyless as before, but never informed even those whom he seemed to regard most, where he had been, nor was his retreat ever discovered. This was his constant practice during the whole time that he received the pension from the Queen: He regularly disappeared and returned. He indeed affirmed, that he retired to study, and that the money supported him in solitude for many months; but his friends declared, that the short time in which it was spent sufficiently confuted his own account of his conduct.

His politeness and his wit still raised him friends, who were desirous of setting him at length free from that indigence by which he had been hitherto oppressed, and therefore solicited Sir Robert Walpole in his favour with so much earnestness, that they obtained a promise of the next place that should become vacant, not exceeding two hundred pounds a year. This promise was made with an uncommon declaration, that it was

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not the promise of a minister to a 'petitioner, but of a friend to his friend.'

Mr. Savage now concluded himself set at ease for ever, and as he observes in a poem written on that incident of his life, trusted and was trusted, but soon found that his confidence was ill-grounded, and this friendly promise was not inviolable. He spent a long time in solicitations, and at last despaired and desisted.

He did not indeed deny that he had given the minister some reason to believe that he should not strengthen his own interest by advancing him, for he had taken care to distinguish himself in coffee-houses as an advocate for the ministry of the last years of Queen Anne, and was always ready to justify the conduct, and exalt the character of Lord Bolingbroke, whom he mentions with great regard in an epistle upon authors, which he wrote about that time, but was too wise to publish, and of which only some fragments have appeared, inserted by him in the MAGAZINE after his retirement.

To despair was not, however, the character of Savage; when one patronage failed, he had recourse to another. The prince was now extremely popular, and had very liberally rewarded the merit of some writers, whom Mr. Savage did not think superior to himself, and therefore he resolved to address a poem to him.

For this purpose he made choice of a subject, which could regard only persons of the highest rank and greatest affluence, and which was therefore proper for a poem intended to procure the patronage of a prince; and having retired for some time to Richmond, that he might prosecute his design in full tranquillity, without the temptations of pleasure, or the solicitations of creditors, by which his meditations were in equal danger of being disconcerted, he produced a poem, On PUBLIC SPIRIT, WITH REGARD TO PUBLIC WORKS.

The plan of this poem is very extensive, and comprises a multitude of topics, each of which might furnish matter sufficient for a long performance, and of which some have alrea-

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dy employed more eminent writers; but as he was perhaps not fully acquainted with the whole extent of his own design, and was writing to obtain a supply of wants too pressing to admit of long or accurate enquiries, he passes negligently over many public works, which, even in his own opinion, deserved to be more elaborately treated.

But though he may sometimes disappoint his reader by transient touches upon these subjects, which have often been considered, and therefore naturally raise expectations, he must be allowed amply to compensate his omissions, by expatiating in the conclusion of his work upon a kind of beneficence not yet celebrated by any eminent poet, though it now appears more susceptible of embellishments, more adapted to exalt the ideas, and affect the passions, than many of those which have hitherto been thought most worthy of the ornaments of verse. The settlement of colonies in uninhabited countries, the establishment of those in security, whose misfortunes have made their own country no longer pleasing or safe, the acquisition of property without injury to any, the appropriation of the waste and luxuriant bounties of nature, and the enjoyment of those gifts which heaven has scattered upon regions uncultivated and unoccupied, cannot be considered without giving rise to a great number of pleasing ideas, and bewildering the imagination in delightful prospects; and, therefore, whatever speculations they may produce in those who have confined themselves to political studies, naturally fixed the attention and excited the applause of a poet. The politician, when he considers men driven into other countries for shelter, and obliged to retire to forests and deserts, and pass their lives and fix their posterity in the remotest corners of the world, to avoid those hardships which they suffer or fear in their native place, may very properly enquire why the legislature does not provide a remedy for these miseries, rather than encourage an escape from them. He may conclude, that the flight of every honest man is a loss to the community, that those who are unhappy without guilt ought to be relieved, and the life, which is overburdened by

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accidental calamities, set at ease by the care of the public; and that those, who have by misconduct forfeited their claim to favour, ought rather to be made useful to the society which they have injured, than be driven from it. But the poet is employed in a more pleasing undertaking than that of proposing laws, which, however just or expedient, will never be made, or endeavouring to reduce to rational schemes of government societies which were formed by chance, and are conducted by the private passions of those who preside in them. He guides the unhappy fugitive from want and persecution, to plenty, quiet, and security, and seats him in scenes of peaceful solitude and undisturbed repose.

Savage has not forgotten, amidst the pleasing sentiments which this prospect of retirement suggested to him, to censure those crimes which have been generally committed by the discoverers of new regions, and to expose the enormous wickedness of making war upon barbarous nations because they cannot resist, and of invading countries because they are fruitful; of extending navigation only to propagate vice, and of visiting distant lands only to lay them waste. He has asserted the natural equality of mankind, and endeavoured to suppress that pride which inclines men to imagine that right is the consequence of power.

His description of the various miseries which force men to seek for refuge in distant countries, affords another instance of his proficiency in the important and extensive study of human life, and the tenderness with which he recounts them, another proof of his humanity and benevolence.

It is observable, that the close of this poem discovers a change which experience had made in Mr. Savage's opinions. In a poem written by him in his youth, and published in his Miscellanies, he declares his contempt of the contracted views and narrow prospects of the middle state of life, and declares his resolution either to tower like the cedar, or be trampled like the shrub; but in this poem, though addressed to a prince, he mentions this state of life as comprising those

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who ought most to attract reward, those who merit most the confidence of power, and the familiarity of greatness, and accidentally mentioning this passage to one of his friends, declared, that in his opinion all the virtue of mankind was comprehended in that state.

In describing villas and gardens, he did not omit to condemn that absurd custom which prevails among the English of permitting servants to receive money from strangers for the entertainment that they receive, and therefore inserted in his poem these lines:

But what the flow'ring pride of gardens rare,
However royal, or however fair,
If gates, which to access should still give way,
Ope but, like Peter's paradise, for pay?
If perquisited varlets frequent stand,
And each new walk must a new tax demand?
What foreign eye but with contempt surveys?
What muse shall from oblivion snatch their praise?

But before the publication of his performance he recollected, that the Queen allowed her garden and cave at Richmond to be shewn for money, and that she so openly countenanced the practice, that she had bestowed the privilege of shewing them as a place of profit on a man, whose merit she valued herself upon rewarding, though she gave him only the liberty of disgracing his country.

He therefore thought, with more prudence than was often exerted by him, that the publication of these lines might be officiously represented as an insult upon the Queen, to whom he owed his life and his subsistence, and that the propriety of his observation would be no security against the censures which the unseasonableness of it might draw upon him; he therefore suppressed the passage in the first edition, but after the Queen's death thought the same caution no longer necessary, and restored it to the proper place.

The poem was therefore published without any political faults, and inscribed to the Prince; but Mr. Savage, having

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no friend upon whom he could prevail to present it to him, had no other method of attracting his observation than the publication of frequent advertisements, and therefore received no reward from his patron, however generous on other occasions.

This disappointment he never mentioned without indignation, being by some means or other confident that the Prince was not ignorant of his address to him, and insinuated, that if any advances in popularity could have been made by distinguishing him, he had not written without notice, or without reward.

He was once inclined to have presented his poem in person, and sent to the printer for a copy with that design; but either his opinion changed, or his resolution deserted him, and he continued to resent neglect without attempting to force himself into regard.

Nor was the public much more favourable than his patron, for only seventy-two were sold, though the performance was much commended by some whose judgment in that kind of writing is generally allowed. But Savage easily reconciled himself to mankind without imputing any defect to his work, by observing that his poem was unluckily published two days after the prorogation of the parliament, and by consequence at a time when all those who could be expected to regard it were in the hurry of preparing for their departure, or engaged in taking leave of others upon their dismission from public affairs.

It must be however allowed, in justification of the public, that this performance is not the most excellent of Mr. Savage's works, and that though it cannot be denied to contain many striking sentiments, majestic lines, and just observations, it is in general not sufficiently polished in the language, or enlivened in the imagery, or digested in the plan.

Thus his poem contributed nothing to the alleviation of his poverty, which was such as very few could have supported with equal patience, but to which it must likewise be confessed, that few would have been exposed who received punctually

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fifty pounds a year; a salary which though by no means equal to the demands of vanity and luxury, is yet found sufficient to support families above want, and was undoubtedly more than the necessities of life require.

But no sooner had he received his pension, than he withdrew to his darling privacy, from which he returned in a short time to his former distress, and for some part of the year generally lived by chance, eating only when he was invited to the tables of his acquaintances, from which the meanness of his dress often excluded him, when the politeness and variety of his conversation would have been thought a sufficient recompence for his entertainment.

He lodged as much by accident as he dined, and passed the night, sometimes in mean houses, which are set open at night to any casual wanderers, sometimes in cellars among the riot and filth of the meanest and most profligate of the rabble; and sometimes, when he had not money to support even the expences of these receptacles, walked about the streets till he was weary, and lay down in the summer upon a bulk, or in the winter with his associates in poverty, among the ashes of a glass-house.

In this manner were passed those days and those nights which nature had enabled him to have employed in elevated speculations, useful studies, or pleasing conversation. On a bulk, in a cellar, or in a glass-house among thieves and beggars, was to be found the Author of THE WANDERER, the man of exalted sentiments, extensive views, and curious observations; the man whose remarks on life might have assisted the statesman, whose ideas of virtue might have enlightened the moralist, whose eloquence might have influenced senates, and whose delicacy might have polished courts.

It cannot but be imagined that such necessities might sometimes force him to disreputable practices; and it is probable that these lines in THE WANDERER were occasioned by his reflections on his own conduct.

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Tho' mis'ry leads to happiness, and truth,
Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
(O, let none censure, if, untried by grief,
If, amidst woe, untempted by relief,)
He stoop'd reluctant to low arts of shame,
Which then, e'en then he scorn'd, and blush'd to name.

Whoever was acquainted with him was certain to be solicited for small sums, which the frequency of the request made in time considerable, and he was therefore quickly shunned by those who were become familiar enough to be trusted with his necessities; but his rambling manner of life, and constant appearance at houses of public resort, always procured him a new succession of friends, whose kindness had not been exhausted by repeated requests, so that he was seldom absolutely without resources, but had in his utmost exigences this comfort, that he always imagined himself sure of speedy relief.

It was observed that he always asked favours of this kind without the least submission or apparent consciousness of dependence, and that he did not seem to look upon a compliance with his request as an obligation that deserved any extraordinary acknowledgments, but a refusal was resented by him as an affront, or complained of as an injury; nor did he readily reconcile himself to those who either denied to lend, or gave him afterwards any intimation, that they expected to be repaid.

He was sometimes so far compassionated by those who knew both his merit and distresses, that they received him into their families, but they soon discovered him to be a very incommodious inmate; for being always accustomed to an irregular manner of life, he could not confine himself to any stated hours, or pay any regard to the rules of a family, but would prolong his conversation till midnight, without considering that business might require his friend's application in the morning; and, when he had persuaded himself to retire to bed, was not, without equal difficulty, called up to dinner; it was therefore impossible to pay him any distinction without the entire sub-

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version of all œconomy, a kind of establishment which, wherever he went, he always appeared ambitious to overthrow.

It must therefore be acknowledged, in justification of mankind, that it was not always by the negligence or coldness of his friends that Savage was distressed, but because it was in reality very difficult to preserve him long in a state of ease. To supply him with money was a hopeless attempt, for no sooner did he see himself master of a sum sufficient to set him free from care for a day, than he became profuse and luxurious. When once he had entered a tavern, or engaged in a scheme of pleasure, he never retired till want of money obliged him to some new expedient. If he was entertained in a family, nothing was any longer to be regarded there but amusements and jollity; wherever Savage entered he immediately expected that order and business should fly before him, that all should thenceforward be left to hazard, and that no dull principle of domestic management should be opposed to his inclination, or intrude upon his gaiety.

His distresses, however afflictive, never dejected him; in his lowest state he wanted not spirit to assert the natural dignity of wit, and was always ready to repress that insolence which superiority of fortune incited, and to trample that reputation which rose upon any other basis than that of merit: he never admitted any gross familiarities, or submitted to be treated otherwise than as an equal. Once, when he was without lodging, meat, or clothes, one of his friends, a man not indeed remarkable for moderation in his prosperity, left a message, that he desired to see him about nine in the morning. Savage knew that his intention was to assist him, but was very much disgusted that he should presume to prescribe the hour of his attendance, and, I believe, refused to visit him, and rejected his kindness.

The same invincible temper, whether firmness or obstinacy, appeared in his conduct to the Lord Tyrconnel, from whom he very frequently demanded that the allowance which was once paid him should be restored, but with whom he never appeared to entertain for a moment the thought of soliciting a

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reconciliation, and whom he treated at once with all the haughtiness of superiority, and all the bitterness of resentment. He wrote to him not in a style of supplication or respect, but of reproach, menace and contempt; and appeared determined, if ever he regained his allowance, to hold it only by the right of conquest.

As many more can discover, that a man is richer than that he is wiser than themselves, superiority of understanding is not so readily acknowledged as that of fortune; nor is that haughtiness, which the consciousness of great abilities incites, borne with the same submission as the tyranny of affluence; and therefore Savage, by asserting his claim to deference and regard, and by treating those with contempt whom better fortune animated to rebel against him, did not fail to raise a great number of enemies in the different classes of mankind. Those who thought themselves raised above him by the advantages of riches, hated him because they found no protection from the petulance of his wit. Those who were esteemed for their writings feared him as a critic, and maligned him as a rival, and almost all the smaller wits were his professed enemies.

Among these Mr. Miller so far indulged his resentment as to introduce him in a farce, and direct him to be personated on the stage in a dress like that which he then wore; a mean insult, which only insinuated that Savage had but one coat, and which was therefore despised by him rather than resented; for though he wrote a lampoon against Miller, he never printed it: and as no other person ought to prosecute that revenge from which the person who was injured desisted, I shall not preserve what Mr. Savage suppressed; of which the publication would indeed have been a punishment too severe for so impotent an assault.

The great hardships of poverty were to Savage not the want of lodging or of food, but the neglect and contempt which it drew upon him. He complained that as his affairs grew desperate, he found his reputation for capacity visibly decline; that his opinion in questions of criticism was no longer regard-

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ed, when his coat was out of fashion; and that those who in the interval of his prosperity were always encouraging him to great undertakings by encomiums on his genius and assurances of success, now received any mention of his designs with coldness, thought that the subjects on which he proposed to write were very difficult; and were ready to inform him, that the event of a poem was uncertain, that an author ought to employ much time in consideration of his plan, and not presume to sit down to write in confidence of a few cursory ideas, and a superficial knowledge; difficulties were started on all sides, and he was no longer qualified for any performance but THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

Yet even this kind of contempt never depressed him; for he always preserved a steady confidence in his own capacity, and believed nothing above his reach which he should at any time earnestly endeavour to attain. He formed schemes of the same kind with regard to knowledge and to fortune, and flattered himself with advances to be made in science, as with riches to be enjoyed in some distant period of his life. For the acquisition of knowledge he was indeed far better qualified than for that of riches; for he was naturally inquisitive and desirous of the conversation of those from whom any information was to be obtained, but by no means solicitous to improve those opportunities that were sometimes offered of raising his fortune; and he was remarkably retentive of his ideas, which, when once he was in possession of them, rarely forsook him; a quality which could never be communicated to his money.

While he was thus wearing out his life in expectation that the Queen would some time recollect her promise, he had recourse to the usual practice of writers, and published proposals for printing his works by subscription, to which he was encouraged by the success of many who had not a better right to the favour of the public; but whatever was the reason he did not find the world equally inclined to favour him, and he observed with some discontent, that though he offered his works at half a guinea, he was able to procure but a small

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number in comparison with those who subscribed twice as much to Duck.

Nor was it without indignation that he saw his proposals neglected by the Queen, who patronised Mr. Duck's with uncommon ardor, and incited a competition among those who attended the court, who should most promote his interest, and who should first offer a subscription. This was a distinction to which Mr. Savage made no scruple of asserting that his birth, his misfortunes, and his genius gave him a fairer title than could be pleaded by him on whom it was conferred.

Savage's applications were however not universally unsuccessful; for some of the nobility countenanced his design, encouraged his proposals, and subscribed with great liberality. He related of the Duke of Chandos particularly, that, upon receiving his proposals, he sent him ten guineas.

But the money which his subscriptions afforded him was not less volatile than that which he received from his other schemes; whenever a subscription was paid him he went to a tavern, and as money so collected is necessarily received in small sums, he never was able to send his poems to the press, but for many years continued his solicitation, and squandered whatever he obtained.

This project of printing his works was frequently revived, and as his proposals grew obsolete, new ones were printed with fresher dates. To form schemes for the publication was one of his favourite amusements, nor was he ever more at ease than when, with any friend who readily fell in with his schemes, he was adjusting the print, forming the advertisements, and regulating the dispersion of his new edition, which he really intended some time to publish, and which, as long as experience had shewn him the impossibility of printing the volume together, he at last determined to divide into weekly or monthly numbers, that the profits of the first might supply the expences of the next.

Thus he spent his time in mean expedients and tormenting suspense, living for the greatest part in fear of prosecutions

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from his creditors, and consequently skulking in obscure parts of the town, of which he was no stranger to the remotest corners. But wherever he came his address secured him friends, whom his necessities soon alienated, so that he had perhaps a more numerous acquaintance than any man ever before attained, there being scarcely any person eminent on any account to whom he was not known, or whose character he was not in some degree able to delineate.

To the acquisition of this extensive acquaintance every circumstance of his life contributed. He excelled in the arts of conversation, and therefore willingly practised them: He had seldom any home, or even a lodging in which he could be private, and therefore was driven into public-houses for the common conveniences of life, and supports of nature. He was always ready to comply with every invitation, having no employment to withhold him, and often no money to provide for himself; and by dining with one company, he never failed of obtaining an introduction into another.

Thus dissipated was his life, and thus casual his subsistence; yet did not the distraction of his views hinder him from reflection, nor the uncertainty of his condition depress his gaiety. When he had wandered about without any fortunate adventure by which he was led into a tavern, he sometimes retired into the fields, and was able to employ his mind in study, or amuse it with pleasing imaginations; and seldom appeared to be melancholy, but when some sudden misfortune had just fallen upon him, and even then in a few moments he would disentangle himself from his perplexity, adopt the subject of conversation, and apply his mind wholly to the object that others presented to it.

This life, unhappy as it may be already imagined, was yet imbittered in 1738, with new calamities. The death of the Queen deprived him of all the prospects of preferment with which he so long entertained his imagination; and as Sir Robert Walpole had before given him reason to believe that he

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never intended the performance of his promise, he was now abandoned again to fortune.

He was however, at that time, supported by a friend; and as it was not his custom to look out for distant calamities, or to feel any other pain than that which forced itself upon his senses, he was not much afflicted at his loss, and perhaps comforted himself that his pension would be now continued without the annual tribute of a panegyric.

Another expectation contributed likewise to support him: he had taken a resolution to write a second tragedy upon the story of Sir Thomas Overbury, in which he preserved a few lines of his former play; but made a total alteration of the plan, added new incidents, and introduced new characters; so that it was a new tragedy, not a revival of the former.

Many of his friends blamed him for not making choice of another subject; but in vindication of himself, he asserted, that it was not easy to find a better; and that he thought it his interrest to extinguish the memory of the first tragedy, which he could only do by writing one less defective upon the same story; by which he should entirely defeat the artifice of the booksellers, who after the death of any author of reputation, are always industrious to swell his works, by uniting his worst productions with his best.

In the execution of this scheme however, he proceeded but slowly, and probably only employed himself upon it when he could find no other amusement; but he pleased himself with counting the profits, and perhaps imagined, that the theatrical reputation which he was about to acquire, would be equivalent to all that he had lost by the death of his patroness.

He did not, in confidence of his approaching riches, neglect the measures proper to secure the continuance of his pension, though some of his favourers thought him culpable for omitting to write on her death; but on her birth-day next year, he gave a proof of the solidity of his judgment, and the power of his genius. He knew that the track of elegy had been so long beaten, that it was impossible to travel in it without treading

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in the footsteps of those who had gone before him; and that therefore it was necessary, that he might distinguish himself from the herd of encomiasts, to find out some new walk of funeral panegyric.

This difficult task he performed in such a manner, that his poem may be justly ranked among the best pieces that the death of princes has produced. By transferring the mention of her death to her birth-day, he has formed a happy combination of topics, which any other man would have thought it very difficult to connect in one view; but which he has united in such a manner, that the relation between them appears natural; and it may be justly said, that what no other man would have thought on, it now appears scarcely possible for any man to miss.

The beauty of this peculiar combination of images is so masterly, that it is sufficient to set this poem above censure; and therefore it is not necessary to mention many other delicate touches which may be found in it, and which would deservedly be admired in any other performance.

To these proofs of his genius may be added, from the same poem, an instance of his prudence, an excellence for which he was not so often distinguished; he does not forget to remind the King in the most delicate and artful manner of continuing his pension.

With regard to the success of this address, he was for some time in suspense; but was in no great degree solicitous about it; and continued his labor upon his new tragedy with great tranquillity, till the friend, who had for a considerable time supported him, removing his family to another place, took occasion to dismiss him. It then became necessary to enquire more diligently what was determined in his affair, having reason to suspect that no great favour was intended him, because he had not received his pension at the usual time.

It is said, that he did not take those methods of retrieving his interest, which were most likely to succeed; and some of those who were employed in the Exchequer, cautioned him against too much violence in his proceedings; but Mr. Savage

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who seldom regulated his conduct by the advice of others, gave way to his passion, and demanded of Sir Robert Walpole, at his levee, the reason of the distinction that was made between him and the other pensioners of the Queen, with a degree of roughness, which perhaps determined him to withdraw what had been only delayed.

Whatever was the crime of which he was accused or suspected, and whatever influence was employed against him, he received soon after an account that took from him all hopes of regaining his pension; and he had now no prospects of subsistence but from his play, and he knew no way of living for the time required to finish it.

So peculiar were the misfortunes of this man, deprived of an estate and title by a particular law, exposed and abandoned by a mother, defrauded by a mother of a fortune which his father had allotted him, he entered the world without a friend; and though his abilities forced themselves into esteem and reputation, he was never able to obtain any real advantage, and whatever prospects arose, were always intercepted as he began to approach them. The King's intentions in his favour were frustrated; his Dedication to the Prince, whose generosity on every other occasion was eminent, procured him no reward; Sir Robert Walpole, who valued himself upon keeping his promise to others, broke it to him without regret; and the bounty of the Queen was, after her death, withdrawn from him, and from him only.

Such were his misfortunes, which yet he bore not only with decency, but with cheerfulness, nor was his gaiety clouded even by his last disappointments, though he was in a short time reduced to the lowest degree of distress; and often wanted both lodging and food. At this time he gave another instance of the insurmountable obstinacy of his spirit; his clothes were worn out, and he received notice, that at a coffee-house some clothes and linen were left for him; the person who sent them, did not, I believe, inform him to whom he was to be obliged, that he might spare the perplexity of acknowledging the benefit;

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But though the offer was so far generous, it was made with some neglect of ceremonies, which Mr. Savage so much resented, that he refused the present, and declined to enter the house, till the clothes that had been designed for him were taken away.

His distress was now publicly known, and his friends, therefore, thought it proper to concert some measures for his relief; and one of them wrote a letter to him, in which he expressed his concern 'for the miserable withdrawing of his 'pension;' and gave him hopes, that in a short time he should find himself supplied with a competence, 'without any depen-'dance on those little creatures which we are pleased to call 'the Great.'

The scheme proposed for this happy and independent subsistence, was, that he should retire into Wales, and receive an allowance of fifty pounds a year, to be raised by subscription, on which he was to live privately in a cheap place, without aspiring any more to affluence, or having any farther care of reputation.

This offer Mr. Savage gladly accepted, though with intentions very different from those of his friends; for they proposed that he should continue an exile from London for ever, and spend all the remaining part of his life at Swansea; but he designed only to take the opportunity, which their scheme offered him, of retreating for a short time, that he might prepare his play for the stage, and his other works for the press, and then to return to London to exhibit his tragedy, and live upon the profits of his own labor.

With regard to his works, he proposed very great improvements, which would have required much time, or great application; and when he had finished them, he designed to do justice to his subscribers, by publishing them according to his proposals.

As he was ready to entertain himself with future pleasures, he had planned out a scheme of life for the country, of which he had no knowledge but from pastorals and songs. He imagined that he should be transported to scenes of flowery feli-

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city, like those which one poet has reflected to another, and had projected a perpetual round of innocent pleasures of which he suspected no interruption from pride, or ignorance, or brutality.

With these expectations he was so enchanted, that when he was once gently reproached by a friend for submitting to live upon a subscription, and advised rather by a resolute exertion of his abilities to support himself, he could not bear to debar himself from the happiness which was to be found in the calm of a cottage, or lose the opportunity of listening, without intermission, to the melody of the nightingale, which he believed was to be heard from every bramble, and which he did not fail to mention as a very important part of the happiness of a country life.

While this scheme was ripening, his friends directed him to take a lodging in the liberties of the Fleet, that he might be secure from his creditors, and sent him every Monday a guinea, which he commonly spent before the next morning, and trusted, after his usual manner, the remaining part of the week to the bounty of fortune.

He now began very sensibly to feel the miseries of dependance: Those by whom he was to be supported, began to prescribe to him with an air of authority, which he knew not how decently to resent, nor patiently to bear; and he soon discovered from the conduct of most of his subscribers, that he was yet in the hands of 'Little creatures.'

Of the insolence that he was obliged to suffer, he gave many instances, of which none appeared to raise his indignation to a greater height, than the method which was taken of furnishing him with clothes. Instead of consulting him, and allowing him to send a taylor his orders for what they thought proper to allow him, they proposed to send for a taylor to take his measure, and then to consult how they should equip him.

This treatment was not very delicate, nor was it such as Savage's humanity would have suggested to him on a like occasion; but it had scarcely deserved mention, had it not, by

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affecting him in an uncommon degree, shewn the peculiarity of his character. Upon hearing the design that was formed, he came to the lodging of a friend with the most violent agonies of rage; and being asked what it could be that gave him such disturbance, he replied with the utmost vehemence of indignation, 'That they had sent for a taylor to measure him.'

How the affair ended was never enquired, for fear of renewing his uneasiness. It is probable, that, upon recollection, he submitted with a good grace to what he could not avoid, and that he discovered no resentment where he had no power.

He was, however, not humbled to implicit and universal compliance; for when the gentleman, who had first informed him of the design to support him by a subscription, attempted to procure a reconciliation with the Lord Tyrconnel, he could by no means be prevailed upon to comply with the measures that were proposed.

A letter was written for him* to Sir William Lemon, to prevail upon him to interpose his good offices with Lord Tyrconnel, in which he solicited Sir William's assistance, 'for a man 'who really needed it as much as any man could well do;' and informed him, that he was retiring 'for ever to a place where 'he should no more trouble his relations, friends, or enemies;' he confessed, that his passion had betrayed him to some conduct with regard to Lord Tyrconnel, 'for which he could not but 'heartily ask his pardon;' and as he imagined Lord Tyrconnel's passion might be yet so high, that he would not 'receive a letter from him,' begged that Sir William would endeavour to soften him; and expressed his hopes that he would comply with his request, and that 'so small a relation would not harden 'his heart against him.'

That any man should presume to dictate a letter to him, was not very agreeable to Mr. Savage; and therefore he was, before he had opened it, not much inclined to approve it. But when he read it, he found it contained sentiments entirely

* *By Mr. Pope.*

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opposite to his own; and, as he asserted, to the truth; and therefore instead of copying it, wrote his friend a letter full of masculine resentment and warm expostulations. He very justly observed, that the style was too supplicatory, and the representation too abject, and that he ought at least to have made him complain with 'the dignity of a gentleman in distress.' He declared that he would not write the paragraph in which he was to ask Lord Tyrconnel's pardon; for 'he despised his pardon, and 'therefore could not heartily, and would not hypocritically, ask 'it.' He remarked, that his friend made a very unreasonable distinction between himself and him; for, says he, when you mention men of high rank 'in your own character,' they are 'those little creatures whom we are pleased to call the 'great;' but when you address them 'in mine,' no servility is sufficiently humble. He then with great propriety explained the ill consequences which might be expected from such a letter, which his relations would print in their own defence, and which would for ever be produced as a full answer to all that he should allege against them; for he always intended to publish a minute account of the treatment which he had received. It is to be remembered, to the honour of the gentleman by whom this letter was drawn up, that he yielded to Mr. Savage's reasons, and agreed that it ought to be suppressed.

After many alterations and delays, a subscription was at length raised, which did not amount to fifty pounds a year, though twenty were paid by one gentleman; such was the generosity of mankind, that what had been done by a player without solicitation, could not now be effected by application and interest; and Savage had a great number to court and to obey for a pension less than that which Mrs. Oldfield paid him without exacting any servilities.

Mr. Savage however was satisfied, and willing to retire, and was convinced that the allowance, though scanty, would be more than sufficient for him, being now determined to commence a regid economist, and to live according to the exactest rules of frugality; for nothing was in his opinion more

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contemptible than a man, who, when he knew his income, exceeded it; and yet he confessed, that instances of such folly were too common, and lamented that some men were not to be trusted with their own money.

Full of these salutary resolutions, he left London in July 1739, having taken leave with great tenderness of his friends, and parted from the Author of this Narrative with tears in his eyes. He was furnished with fifteen guineas, and informed, that they would be sufficient, not only for the expence of his journey, but for his support in Wales for some time; and that there remained but little more of the first collection. He promised a strict adherence to his maxims of parsimony, and went away in the stage-coach; nor did his friends expect to hear from him, till he informed them of his arrival at Swansea.

But when they least expected, arrived a letter dated the fourteenth day after his departure, in which he sent them word, that he was yet upon the road, and without money; and that he therefore could not proceed without a remittance. They then sent him the money that was in their hands, with which he was enabled to reach Bristol, from whence he was to go to Swansea by water.

At Bristol he found an embargo laid upon the shipping, so that he could not immediately obtain a passage; and being therefore obliged to stay there some time, he, with his usual felicity, ingratiated himself with many of the principal inhabitants, was invited to their houses, distinguished at their public feasts, and treated with a regard that gratified his vanity, and therefore easily engaged his affection.

He began very early after his retirement to complain of the conduct of his friends in London, and irritated many of them so much by his letters, that they withdrew, however honourably, their contributions; and it is believed, that little more was paid him than the twenty pounds a year, which were allowed him by the gentleman who proposed the subscription.

After some stay at Bristol he retired to Swansea, the place originally proposed for his residence, where he lived about a

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year very much dissatisfied with the diminution of his salary; but contracted, as in other places, acquaintance with those who were most distinguished in that country, among whom he has celebrated Mr. Powel and Mrs. Jones, by some verses which he inserted in THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Here he completed his tragedy, of which two acts were wanting when he left London, and was desirous of coming to town to bring it upon the stage. This design was very warmly opposed, and he was advised by his chief benefactor to put it into the hands of Mr. Thomson and Mr. Mallet, that it might be fitted for the stage, and to allow his friends to receive the profits, out of which an annual pension should be paid him.

This proposal he rejected with the utmost contempt. He was by no means convinced that the judgment of those to whom he was required to submit, was superior to his own. He was now determined, as he expressed it, to be 'no longer 'kept in leading strings,' and had no elevated idea of 'his 'bounty,' who proposed to 'pension him out of the profits of 'his own labor.'

He attempted in Wales to promote a subscription for his works, and had once hopes of success; but in a short time afterwards formed a resolution of leaving that part of the country, to which he thought it not reasonable to be confined for the gratification of those, who, having promised him a liberal income, had no sooner banished him to a remote corner, than they reduced his allowance to a salary scarcely equal to the necessities of life.

His resentment of this treatment, which, in his own opinion at least, he had not deserved, was such, that he broke off all correspondence with most of his contributors, and appeared to consider them as persecutors and oppressors; and in the latter part of his life declared, that their conduct toward him, since his departure from London, 'had been perfidiousness 'improving on perfidiousness, and inhumanity on inhumanity.'

It is not to be supposed, that the necessities of Mr. Savage did not sometimes incite him to satirical exaggerations of the

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behaviour of those by whom he thought himself reduced to them. But it must be granted, that the diminution of his allowance was a great hardship, and that those who withdrew their subscription from a man, who, upon the faith of their promise, had gone into a kind of banishment, and abandoned all those by whom he had been before relieved in his distresses, will find it no easy task to vindicate their conduct.

It may be alleged, and perhaps justly, that he was petulant and contemptuous, that he more frequently reproached his subscribers for not giving him more, than thanked them for what he received; but it is to be remembered, that this conduct, and this is the worst charge that can be drawn up against him, did them no real injury; and that it therefore ought rather to have been pitied than resented, at least the resentment it might provoke ought to have been generous and manly; epithets which his conduct will hardly deserve that starves the man whom he has persuaded to put himself into his power.

It might have been reasonably demanded by Savage, that they should, before they had taken away what they promised, have replaced him in his former state, that they should have taken no advantages from the situation to which the appearance of their kindness had reduced him, and that he should have been recalled to London before he was abandoned. He might justly represent, that he ought to have been considered as a lion in the toils, and demand to be released before the dogs should be loosed upon him.

He endeavoured, indeed, to release himself, and with an intent to return to London, went to Bristol, where a repetition of the kindness which he had formerly found, invited him to stay. He was not only caressed and treated, but had a collection made for him of about thirty pounds, with which it had been happy if he had immediately departed for London; but his negligence did not suffer him to consider, that such proofs of kindness were not often to be expected, and that this ardour of benevolence was in a great degree the effect of novelty, and might, probably, be every day less; and therefore he took no care to improve the happy time, but was encouraged by one

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favour to hope for another, till at length generosity was exhausted, and officiousness wearied.

Another part of his misconduct was the practice of prolonging his visits to unseasonable hours, and disconcerting all the families into which he was admitted. This was an error in a place of commerce which all the charms of his conversation could not compensate; for what trader would purchase such airy satisfaction by the loss of solid gain, which must be the consequence of midnight merriment, as those hours which were gained at night were generally lost in the morning?

Thus Mr. Savage, after the curiosity of the inhabitants, was gratified found the number of his friends daily decreasing, perhaps without suspecting for what reason their conduct was altered; for he still continued to harass, with his nocturnal intrusions, those that yet countenanced him, and admitted him to their houses.

But he did not spend all the time of his residence at Bristol in visits or at taverns, for he sometimes returned to his studies, and began several considerable designs. When he felt an inclination to write, he always retired from the knowledge of his friends, and lay hid in an obscure part of the suburbs, till he found himself again desirous of company, to which it is likely that intervals of absence made him more welcome.

He was always full of his design of returning to London to bring his tragedy upon the stage; but having neglected to depart with the money that was raised for him, he could not afterwards procure a sum sufficient to defray the expences of his journey; nor perhaps would a fresh supply have had any other effect, than, by putting immediate pleasures in his power, to have driven the thoughts of his journey out of his mind.

While he was thus spending the day in contriving a scheme for the morrow, distress stole upon him by imperceptible degrees. His conduct had already wearied some of those who were at first enamoured of his conversation; but he might perhaps, still have devolved to others, whom he might have entertained with equal success, had not the decayof his clothes made

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it no longer consistent with their vanity to admit him to their tables, or to associate with him in public places. He now began to find every man from home at whose house he called; and was therefore no longer able to procure the necessaries of life, but wandered about the town slighted and neglected in quest of a dinner which he did not always obtain.

To complete his misery he was pursued by the officers for small debts which he had contracted; and was therefore obliged to withdraw from the small number of friends from whom he had still reason to hope for favours. His custom was to lie in bed the greatest part of the day, and to go out in the dark with the utmost privacy, and after having paid his visit return again before morning to his lodging, which was in the garret of an obscure inn.

Being thus excluded on one hand, and confined on the other, he suffered the utmost extremities of poverty, and often fasted so long that he was seized with faintness, and had lost his appetite, not being able to bear the smell of meat, till the action of his stomach was restored by a cordial.

In this distress he received a remittance of five pounds from London, with which he provided himself a decent coat, and determined to go to London, but unhappily spent his money at a favourite tavern. Thus was he again confined to Bristol, where he was every day hunted by bailiffs. In this exigence he once more found a friend, who sheltered him in his house, though at the usual inconveniences with which his company was attended; for he could neither be persuaded to go to bed in the night, nor to rise in the day.

It is observable, that in these various scenes of misery, he was always disengaged and cheerful: he at some times pursued his studies, and at others continued or enlarged his epistolary correspondence, nor was he ever so far dejected as to endeavour to procure an increase of his allowance by any other methods than accusations and reproaches.

He had now no longer any hopes of assistance from his friends at Bristol, who as merchants, and by consequence

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sufficiently studious of profit, cannot be supposed to have looked with much compassion upon negligence and extravagance, or to think any excellence equivalent to a fault of such consequence as neglect of economy. It is natural to imagine, that many of those who would have relieved his real wants, were discouraged from the exertion of their benevolence by observation of the use which was made of their favours, and conviction that relief would only be momentary, and that the same necessity would quickly return.

At last he quitted the house of his friend, and returned to his lodging at the inn, still intending to set out in a few days for London; but on the 10th of January 1742-3, having been at supper with two of his friends, he was at his return to his lodgings arrested for a debt of about eight pounds, which he owed at a coffee-house, and conducted to the house of a sheriff's officer. The account which he gives of this misfortune, in a letter to one of the gentlemen with whom he had supped, is too remarkable to be omitted.

'It was not a little unfortunate for me, that I spent yester-'day's evening with you; because the hour hindered me from 'entering on my new lodging; however, I have now got one, 'but such an one, as I believe nobody would chuse.

'I was arrested at the suit of Mrs. Read, just as I was go-'ing up stairs to bed, at Mr. Bowyer's; but taken in so private 'a manner, that I believe nobody at the White Lion is appri-'sed of it. Though I let the officers know the strength (or ra-'ther weakness) of my pocket, yet they treated me with the 'utmost civility, and even when they conducted me to con-'finement, it was in such a manner, that I verily believe I 'could have escaped, which I would rather be ruined than 'have done, notwithstanding the whole amount of my finan-'ces was but threepence halfpenny.

'In the first place I must insist, that you will industriously 'conceal this from Mrs. S——s, because, I would not have 'her good nature suffer that pain, which, I know, she would 'be apt to feel on this occasion.

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'Next, I conjure you, dear Sir, by all the ties of friendship, 'by no means to have one uneasy thought on my account; 'but to have the same pleasantry of countenance and unruffled 'serenity of mind, which (God be praised!) I have in this, 'and have had in a much severer calamity. Furthermore, I 'charge you, if you value my friendship as truly as I do yours, 'not to utter or even harbour the least resentment against Mrs. 'Read. I believe she has ruined me, but I freely forgive her; 'and (though I will never more have any intimacy with her) 'would, at a due distance, rather do her an act of good, than ill 'will. Lastly (pardon the expression), I absolutely command 'you not to offer me any pecuniary assistance, nor to attempt 'getting me any from any one of your friends. At another 'time, or on any other occasion, you may, dear friend, be 'well assured, I would rather write to you in the submissive 'style of a request, than that of a peremptory command.

'However, that my truly valuable friend may not think I 'am too proud to ask a favour, let me entreat you to let me 'have your boy to attend me for this day, not only for the 'sake of saving me the expence of porters, but for the deli- 'very of some letters to people whose names I would not have 'known to strangers.

'The civil treatment I have thus far met from those, whose 'prisoner I am, makes me thankful to the Almighty, that, 'though he has thought fit to visit me (on my birth night) with 'affliction, yet (such is his great goodness!) my affliction is 'not without alleviating circumstances. I murmur not, but 'am all resignation to the divine will. As to the world, I hope 'that I shall be endued by heaven with that presence of mind, 'that serene dignity in misfortune, that constitutes the cha- 'racter of a true nobleman; a dignity far beyond that of co- 'ronets; a nobility arising from the just principles of philo- 'sophy, refined and exalted by those of christianity.'——

He continued five days at the officer's, in hopes that he should be able to procure bail, and avoid the necessity of going to prison. The state in which he passed his time, and

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the treatment which he received are very justly expressed by him in a letter which he wrote to a friend: 'The whole 'day,' says he, 'has been employed in various peoples' fil-'ling my head with their foolish chimerical systems, which 'has obliged me coolly (as far as nature will admit) to digest, 'and accommodate myself to, every different person's way of 'thinking; hurried from one wild system to another, till it 'has quite made a chaos of my imagination, and nothing 'done—promised—disappointed—ordered to send every hour, 'from one part of the town to the other.'———

When his friends, who had hitherto caressed and applauded, found that to give bail and pay the debt was the same, they all refused to preserve him from a prison, at the expence of eight pounds; and therefore after having been for some time at the officer's house, 'at an immense expence,' as he observes in his letter, he was at length removed to Newgate.

This expence he was enabled to support by the generosity of Mr. Nash at Bath, who, upon receiving from him an account of his condition, immediately sent him five guineas, and promised to promote his subscription at Bath with all his interest.

By his removal to Newgate, he obtained at least a freedom from suspense, and rest from the disturbing vicissitudes of hope and disappointment; he now found that his friends were only companions, who were willing to share his gaiety, but not to partake of his misfortunes; and therefore he no longer expected any assistance from them.

It must however be observed of one gentleman, that he offered to release him by paying the debt, but that Mr. Savage would not consent, I suppose, because he thought he had been before too burthensome to him.

He was offered by some of his friends, that a collection should be made for his enlargement, but he 'treated the proposal,' and declared,* 'that he should again treat it, with dis-

* *In a letter after his confinement.*

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'dain. As to writing any mendicant letters, he had too 'high a spirit, and determined only to write to some minis- 'ters of state, to try to re gain his pension.'

He continued to complain* of those that had sent him into the country, and objected to them, that he had 'lost the profits of his play which had been finished three years;' and in another letter declares his resolution to publish a pamphlet, that the world might know how 'he had been used.'

This pamphlet was never written, for he in a very short time recovered his usual tranquillity, and cheerfully applied himself to more inoffensive studies. He indeed steadily declared, that he was promised a yearly allowance of fifty pounds, and never received half the sum; but he seemed to resign himself to that as well as to other misfortunes, and lose the remembrance of it in his amusements and employments.

The cheerfulness with which he bore his confinement, appears from the following letter which he wrote, January 30th, to one of his friends in London:

'I now write to you from my confinement in Newgate, 'where I have been ever since Monday last was se'en-night, 'and where I enjoy myself with much more tranquillity than 'I have known for upwards of a twelvemonth past; having a 'room entirely to myself, and pursuing the amusement of 'my poetical studies, uninterrupted and agreeable to my 'mind. I thank the Almighty, I am now all collected in 'myself, and though my person is in confinement, my mind 'can expatiate on ample and useful subjects with all the free- 'dom imaginable. I am now more conversant with the Nine 'than ever; and if, instead of a Newgate-bird, I may be 'allowed to be a bird of the Muses, I assure you, Sir, I sing 'very freely in my cage; sometimes indeed in the plaintive 'notes of the nightingale; but, at others, in the cheerful 'strains of the lark.'

In another letter he observes, that he ranges from one subject to another, without confining himself to any particular

* *Letter January* 15.

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task, and that he was employed one week upon one attempt, and the next upon another.

Surely the fortitude of this man deserves, at least, to be mentioned with applause; and whatever faults may be imputed to him, the virtue of suffering well cannot be denied him. The two powers which, in the opinion of Epictetus, constituted a wise man, are those of bearing and forbearing, which cannot indeed be affirmed to have been equally possessed by Savage; and indeed the want of one obliged him very frequently to practise the other.

He was treated by Mr. Dagg, the keeper of the prison, with great humanity; was supported by him at his own table without any certainty of recompence, had a room to himself, to which he could at any time retire from all disturbance, was allowed to stand at the door of the prison, and sometimes taken out into the fields, so that he suffered fewer hardships in prison, than he had been accustomed to undergo in the greatest part of his life.

The keeper did not confine his benevolence to a gentle execution of his office, but made some overtures to the creditor for his release, but without effect; and continued, during the whole time of his imprisonment, to treat him with the utmost tenderness and civility.

Virtue is undoubtedly most laudable in that state which makes it most difficult: and therefore the humanity of a gaoler certainly deserves this public attestation; and the man, whose heart has not been hardened by such an employment, may be justly proposed as a pattern of benevolence. If any inscription was once engraved to the 'honest toll-gatherer,' less honors ought not to be paid "to the tender gaoler."

Mr. Savage very frequently received visits, and sometimes presents from his acquaintances, but they did not amount to a subsistence, for the greater part of which he was indebted to the generosity of this keeper; but these favours, however they might endear to him the particular persons from whom he received them, were very far from impressing upon his mind

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any advantageous ideas of the people of Bristol, and therefore he thought he could not more properly employ himself in prison, than in writing a poem called 'London and Bristol delineated.'

When he had brought this poem to its present state, which, without considering the chasm, is not perfect, he wrote to London an account of his design, and informed his friend, that he was determined to print it with his name; but enjoined him not to communicate his intention to his Bristol acquaintance. The gentleman, surprised at his resolution, endeavoured to dissuade him from publishing it, at least from prefixing his name, and declared, that he could not reconcile the injunction of secrecy with his resolution to own it at its first appearance. To this Mr. Savage returned an answer agreeable to his character in the following terms:

'I received yours this morning, and not without a little surprise at the contents. To answer a question with a question, you ask me concerning London and Bristol, Why will I add delineated? Why did Mr. Woolaston add the same word to his RELIGION OF NATURE? I suppose that it was his will and pleasure to add it in his case; and it is mine to do so in my own. You are pleased to tell me, that you understand not why secrecy is enjoined, and yet I intend to set my name to it. My answer is—I have my private reasons, which I am not obliged to explain to any one. You doubt my friend Mr. S—— would not approve of it—And what is it to me whether he does or not? Do you imagine that Mr. S——is to dictate to me? If any man, who calls himself my friend, should assume such an air, I would spurn at his friendship with contempt. You say I seem to think so by not letting him know it—And suppose I do, what then? perhaps I can give reasons for that disapprobation, very foreign from what you would imagine. You go on in saying, Suppose I should not put my name to it—My answer is, that I will not suppose any such thing, being determined to the contrary, neither, Sir, would I have you suppose, that I applied to you

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'for want of another press: Nor would I have you imagine, 'that I owe Mr. S—— obligations which I do not.'

Such was his imprudence, and such his obstinate adherence to his own resolutions, however absurd. A prisoner! supported by charity! and, whatever insults he might have received during the latter part of his stay in Bristol, once caressed, esteemed, and presented with a liberal collection, he could forget on a sudden his danger and his obligations, to gratify the petulance of his wit, or the eagerness of his resentment, and publish a satire, by which he might reasonably expect, that he should alienate those who then supported him, and provoke those whom he could neither resist nor escape.

This resolution, from the execution, of which, it is probable, that only his death could have hindered him, is sufficient to shew, how much he disregarded all considerations that opposed his present passions, and how readily he hazarded all future advantages for any immediate gratifications. Whatever was his predominant inclination, neither hope nor fear hindered him from complying with it; nor had opposition any other effect than to heighten his ardour, and irritate his vehemence.

This performance was however laid aside, while he was employed in soliciting assistance from several great persons, and one interruption succeeding another, hindered him from supplying the chasm, and perhaps from retouching the other parts, which he can hardly be imagined to have finished, in his own opinion; for it is very unequal, and some of the lines are rather inserted to rhyme to others, than to support or improve the sense; but the first and last parts are worked up with great spirit and elegance.

His time was spent in the prison for the most part in study, or in receiving visits; but sometimes he descended to lower amusements, and diverted himself in the kitchen with the conversation of the criminals; for it was not pleasing to him to be much without company, and though he was very capable of a judicious choice, he was often contented with the first that offered: for this he was sometimes reproved by his friends,

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who found him surrounded with felons; but the reproof was on that, as on other occasions, thrown away; he continued to gratify himself, and to set very little value on the opinion of others.

But here, as in every other scene of his life, he made use of such opportunities as occurred of benefiting those who were more miserable than himself, and was always ready to perform any offices of humanity to his fellow-prisoners.

He had now ceased from corresponding with any of his subscribers except one, who yet continued to remit him the twenty pounds a year which he had promised him, and by whom it was expected, that he would have been in a very short time enlarged, because he had directed the keeper to enquire after the state of his debts.

However, he took care to enter his name according to the forms of the court, that the creditor might be obliged to make him some allowance, if he was continued a prisoner, and when on that occasion he appeared in the hall was treated with very unusual respect.

But the resentment of the city was afterwards raised by some accounts that had been spread of the satire, and he was informed that some of the merchants intended to pay the allowance which the law required, and to detain him a prisoner at their own expence. This he treated as an empty menace, and perhaps might have hastened the publication, only to shew how much he was superior to their insults, had not all his schemes been suddenly destroyed.

When he had been six months in prison, he received from one of his friends,* in whose kindness he had the greatest confidence, and on whose assistance he chiefly depended, a letter, that contained a charge of very atrocious ingratitude, drawn up in such terms as sudden resentment dictated. Mr. Savage returned a very solemn protestation of his innocence, but however appeared much disturbed at the accusation.

* *Mr. Pope.*

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Some days afterwards he was seized with a pain in his back and side, which, as it was not violent, was not suspected to be dangerous; but growing daily more languid and dejected, on the 25th of July he confined himself to his room, and a fever seized his spirits. The symptoms grew every day more formidable, but his condition did not enable him to procure any assistance. The last time that the keeper saw him was on July the 31st, 1743; when Savage seeing him at his bed-side, said with an uncommon earnestness, 'I have something to say 'to you, Sir;' but, after a pause, moved his hand in a melancholy manner, and finding himself unable to recollect what he was going to communicate, said, ''Tis gone!' The keeper soon after left him, and the next morning he died. He was buried in the church-yard of St. Peter, at the expence of the keeper.

Such were the life and death of Richard Savage, a man equally distinguished by his virtues and vices, and at once remarkable for his weaknesses and abilities.

He was of a middle stature, of a thin habit of body, a long visage, coarse features, and melancholy aspect; of a grave and manly deportment, a solemn dignity of mien; but which upon a nearer acquaintance softened into an engaging easiness of manners. His walk was slow, and his voice tremulous and mournful. He was easily excited to smiles, but very seldom provoked to laughter.

His mind was in an uncommon degree vigorous and active. His judgment was accurate, his apprehension quick, and his memory so tenacious, that he was frequently observed to know what he had learned from others in a short time, better than those by whom he was informed, and could frequently recollect incidents, with all their combination of circumstances, which few would have regarded at the present time, but which the quickness of his apprehension impressed upon him. He had the peculiar felicity, that his attention never deserted him; he was present to every object, and regardful of the most trifling occurrences. He had the art of escaping from his own reflections, and accommodating himself to every new scene.

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To this quality is to be imputed the extent of his knowledge, compared with the small time which he spent in visible endeavours to acquire it. He mingled in cursory conversation with the same steadiness of attention as others apply to a lecture, and amidst the appearance of thoughtless gaiety, lost no new idea that was started, nor any hint that could be improved. He had therefore made in coffee-houses the same proficiency as in other studies; and it is remarkable, that the writings of a man of little education and little reading, have an air of learning scarcely to be found in any other performances, but which perhaps as often obscures as embellishes them.

His judgment was eminently exact both with regard to writings and to men. The knowledge of life was indeed his chief attainment, and it is not without some satisfaction, that I can produce the suffrage of Savage in favour of human nature, of which he never appeared to entertain such odious ideas, as some, who perhaps had neither his judgment nor experience, have published, either in ostentation of their sagacity, vindication of their crimes, or gratification of their malice.

His method of life particularly qualified him for conversation, of which he knew how to practise all the graces. He was never vehement or loud, but at once modest and easy, open and respectful; his language was vivacious and elegant, and equally happy upon grave or humorous subjects. He was generally censured for not knowing when to retire, but that was not the defect of his judgment, but of his fortune; when he left his company, he was frequently to spend the remaining part of the night in the street, or at least was abandoned to gloomy reflections, which it is not strange that he delayed as long as he could, and sometimes forgot that he gave others pain to avoid it himself.

It cannot be said, that he made use of his abilities for the direction of his own conduct: an irregular and dissipated manner of life had made him the slave of every passion that happened to be excited by the presence of its object, and that

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slavery to his passions reciprocally produced a life irregular and dissipated. He was not master of his own motions, nor could promise any thing for the next day.

With regard to his economy, nothing can be added to the relation of his life: He appeared to think himself born to be supported by others, and dispensed from all necessity of providing for himself; he therefore never prosecuted any scheme of advantage, nor endeavoured even to secure the profits which his writings might have afforded him.

His temper was, in consequence of the dominion of his passions, uncertain and capricious; he was easily engaged, and easily disgusted; but he is accused of retaining his hatred more tenaciously than his benevolence.

He was compassionate both by nature and principle, and always ready to perform offices of humanity; but when he was provoked, and very small offences were sufficient to provoke him, he would prosecute his revenge with the utmost acrimony till his passion had subsided.

His friendship was therefore of little value; for though he was zealous in the support or vindication of those whom he loved, yet it was always dangerous to trust him, because he considered himself as discharged by the first quarrel from all ties of honour or gratitude; and would betray those secrets, which, in the warmth of confidence, had been imparted to him. This practice drew upon him an universal accusation of ingratitude; nor can it be denied that he was very ready to set himself free from the load of an obligation; for he could not bear to conceive himself in a state of dependance, his pride being equally powerful with his other passions, and appearing in the form of insolence at one time, and of vanity at another. Vanity, the most innocent species of pride, was most frequently predominant: He could not easily leave off, when he had once begun to mention himself, or his works; nor ever read his verses, without stealing his eyes from the page, to discover, in the faces of his audience, how they were affected with any favourite passage.

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A kinder name than that of vanity ought to be given to the delicacy with which he was always careful to separate his own merit from every other man's, and to reject that praise to which he had no claim. He did not forget, in mentioning his performances, to mark every line that had been suggested or amended; and was so accurate, as to relate that he owed three words in THE WANDERER to the advice of his friends.

His veracity was questioned, but with little reason; his accounts, though not indeed always the same, were generally consistent. When he loved any man, he suppressed all his faults; and when he had been offended by him, concealed all his virtues: but his characters were generally true, so far as he proceeded; though it cannot be denied, that his partiality might have sometimes the effect of falsehood.

In cases indifferent he was zealous for virtue, truth, and justice: he knew very well the necessity of goodness to the present and future happiness of mankind; nor is there perhaps any writer, who has less endeavoured to please by flattering the appetites, or perverting the judgment.

As an author, therefore, and he now ceases to influence mankind in any other character, if one piece which he had resolved to suppress be excepted, he has very little to fear from the strictest moral or religious censure. And though he may not be altogether secure against the objections of the critic, it must however be acknowledged, that his works are the productions of a genius truly poetical; and, what many writers who have been more lavishly applauded cannot boast, that they have an original air, which has no resemblance of any foregoing writer; that the versification and sentiments have a cast peculiar to themselves, which no man can imitate with success, because what was nature in Savage, would in another be affectation. It must be confessed that his descriptions are striking, his images animated, his fictions justly imagined, and his allegories artfully pursued; that his diction is elevated, though sometimes forced, and his numbers sonorous and majestic, though frequently sluggish and encumbered. Of his

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style the general fault is harshness, and its general excellence is dignity; of his sentiments the prevailing beauty is sublimity, and uniformity the prevailing defect.

For his life, or for his writings, none, who candidly consider his fortune, will think an apology either necessary or difficult. If he was not always sufficiently instructed in his subject, his knowledge was at least greater than could have been attained by others in the same state. If his works were sometimes unfinished, accuracy cannot reasonably be exacted from a man oppressed with want, which he has no hope of relieving but by a speedy publication. The insolence and resentment of which he is accused, were not easily to be avoided by a great mind, irritated by perpetual hardships, and constrained hourly to return the spurns of contempt, and repress the insolence of prosperity; and vanity may surely readily be pardoned in him, to whom life afforded no other comforts than barren praises, and the consciousness of deserving them.

Those are no proper judges of his conduct, who have slumbered away their time on the down of affluence; nor will any wise man presume to say, 'Had I been in Savage's condition, 'I should have lived or written better than Savage.'

This relation will not be wholly without its use, if those, who languish under any part of his sufferings, shall be enabled to fortify their patience, by reflecting that they feel only those afflictions from which the abilities of Savage did not exempt him; or those, who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

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POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS:

BY

RICHARD SAVAGE.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM A. DAVIS,
No. 39 William-Street.

1805

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN, Lord Viscount TYRCONNEL, Baron CHARLEVILLE, and Lord BROWNLOWE, Knight of the BATH.

MY LORD,

PART of this Poem had the honour of your Lordſhip's perusal when in manuscript, and it was no ſmall pride to me, when it met with approbation from ſo diſtinguiſhing a judge: Should the reſt find the like indulgence, I ſhall have no occaſion (whatever its ſucceſs may be in the world) to repent the labour it has coſt me—But my intention is not to purſue a diſcourſe on my own performance: no, my Lord, it is to embrace this opportunity of throwing out ſentiments that relate to your Lordſhip's goodneſs, the generoſity of which, give me leave to ſay, I have greatly experienced.

I offer it not as a new remark, that dependance on the Great, in former times, generally terminated in diſappointment; nay, even their bounty (if it could be called ſuch) was, in its very nature, ungenerous. It was, perhaps, with-held, through an indolentor wilfulneglect,

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'till thoſe, who lingered in the want of it, grew almoſt paſt the ſenſe of comfort. At length it came, too often, in a manner that half cancelled the obligation, and, perchance, muſt have been acquired too by ſome previous act of guilt in the receiver, the conſequence of which was remorſe and infamy.

But that I live, my Lord, is a proof that dependance on your Lordſhip, and the preſent Miniſtry, is an aſſurance of ſucceſs. I am perſuaded, diſtreſs, in many other inſtances, affects your ſoul with a compaſſion, that always ſhews itſelf in a manner moſt humane and active, that to forgive injuries, and confer benefits, is your delight; and that to deſerve your friendſhip is to deſerve the countenance of the beſt of men. To be admitted into the honour of your Lordſhip's converſation (permit me to ſpeak but juſtice) is to be elegantly introduced into the moſt inſtructive, as well as entertaining, parts of literature; it is to be furniſhed with the fineſt obſervations upon human nature, and to receive, from the moſt unaſſuming, ſweet, and winning candour, the worthieſt and moſt polite maxims—ſuch as are always enforced by the actions of your own life. I could alſo take notice of your many public-ſpirited ſervices to your country in Parliament and your conſtant at-

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tachment to Liberty, and the Royal, Illuſtrious Houſe of our Moſt Gracious Sovereign; but, my Lord, believe me, your own deeds are the nobleſt and fitteſt orators to ſpeak your praiſe, and will elevate it far beyond the power of a much abler writer than I am.

I will therefore turn my view from your Lordſhip's virtues to the kind influence of them, which has been ſo lately ſhed upon me; and then, if my future morals and writings ſhall gain any approbation from men of parts and probity, I muſt acknowledge all to be the product of your Lordſhip's goodneſs to me. I muſt, in fine, ſay with Horace,

Quod spiro & placeo, (si placeo) tuum est.

I am, with the higheſt gratitude and veneration,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful

And devoted ſervant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

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THE

WANDERER.

A VISION.

CANTO I.

FAIN would my verse, Tyrconnel, boast thy name,
Brownlowe, at once my subject and my fame!
Oh! could that spirit, which thy bosom warms,
Whose strength surprises, and whose goodness charms!
That various worth! could that inspire my lays,
Envy should smile, and censure learn to praise;
Yet, tho' unequal to a soul like thine,
A generous soul, approaching to divine,
When bless'd beneath such patronage I write,
Great my attempt, tho' hazardous my flight.
O'er ample Nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural scenes invites the muse:
She flies all public care, all venal strife,
To try the still, compar'd with active life;
To prove, by these, the sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
That e'en calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind.
Come, Contemplation, whose unbounded gaze,
Swift in a glance, the course of things surveys;
Who in thyself the various view canst find
Of sea, land, air, and heav'n, and human kind;
What tides of passion in the bosom roll;
What thoughts debase, and what exalt the soul,

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Whose pencil paints, obsequious to thy will,
All thou survey'st with a creative skill!
Oh, leave awhile thy lov'd, sequester'd shade!
Awhile in wint'ry wilds vouchsafe thy aid!
Then waft me to some olive, bow'ry green,
Where, cloth'd in white, thou shew'st a mind serene;
Where kind content from noise and courts retires,
And smiling sits, while muses tune their lyres:
Where zephyrs gently breathe, while sleep profound
To their soft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd;
Sleep, on a treasure of bright dreams reclines,
By thee bestow'd, whence Fancy colour'd shines,
And flutters round his brow a hov'ring flight,
Varying her plumes in visionary light.

The solar fires now faint and wat'ry burn,
Just where with ice Acquarius frets his urn!
If thaw'd, forth issue, from its mouth severe,
Raw clouds, that sadden all th' inverted year.

When frost and fire with martial pow'rs engag'd,
Frost, northward, fled the war, unequal wag'd!
Beneath the pole his legions urg'd their flight,
And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night.
O'er cheerless scenes by Desolation own'd
High on an Alp of ice he sits enthron'd!
One clay-cold hand, his crystal beard sustains,
And scepter'd one, o'er wind and tempest reigns;
O'er stony magazines of hail, that storm
The blossom'd fruit, and flow'ry Spring deform.
His languid eyes, like frozen lakes appear,
Dim-gleaming all the light that wanders here.
His robe snow-wrought, and hoar'd with age; his breath
A nitrous damp, that strikes petrific death.

Far hence lies, ever freez'd, the northern main,
That checks, and renders navigation vain;
That, shut against the sun's dissolving ray,
Scatters the trembling tides of vanquish'd day,

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And stretching eastward half the world secures,
Defies discov'ry, and like time endures!
Now frost sent boreal blasts to scourge the air,
To bind the streams, and leave the landcape bare;
Yet when, far west, his violence declines,
Tho' here the brook, or lake, his pow'r confines;
To rocky pools, to cat'racts are unknown
His chains!—to rivers, rapid like the Rhone!
The falling moon cast, cold, a quiv'ring light,
Just silver'd o'er the snow, and sunk!—pale night
Retir'd. The dawn in light-grey mists arose!
Shrill chants the cock! the hungry heifer lows!
Slow blush yon breaking clouds;—the sun's uproll'd!
Th'expansive grey turns azure, chas'd with gold;
White-glitt'ring ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams,
Reflecting saffron lustre from his beams.
O Contemplation, teach me to explore,
From Britain far remote, some distant shore!
From Sleep a dream distinct and lively claim;
Clear let the vision strike the moral's aim!
It comes! I feel it o'er my soul serene!
Still morn begins, and frost retains the scene!
Hark!—the loud horn's enlivening note's begun!
From rock to vale sweet-wand'ring echoes run!
Still floats the sound shrill-winding from afar!
Wild beasts astonish'd dread the sylvan war!
Spears to the sun in files embattled play,
March on, charge briskly, and enjoy the fray!
Swans, ducks, and geese, and the wing'd winter-brood,
Chatter discordant on yon echoing flood!
At Babel thus, when heav'n the tongue confounds,
Sudden a thousand different jargon-sounds,
Like jangling bells, harsh mingling, grate the ear!
All stare! all talk! all mean; but none cohere!
Mark! wiley fowlers meditate their doom,
And smoaky Fate speeds thund'ring thro' the gloom!

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Stop'd short, they cease in airy rings to fly,
Whirl o'er and o'er, and, flutt'ring, fall and die.
Still Fancy wafts me on! deceiv'd I stand,
Estrang'd, advent'rous on a foreign land!
Wide and more wide extends the scene unknown
Where shall I turn, a WAND'RER, and alone?
From hilly winds, and depths where snows remain,
My winding steps up a steep mountain strain!
Emers'd a-top, I mark, the hills subside,
And tow'rs aspire, but with inferior pride!
On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crown'd,
Bend, while their flaky winter shades the ground!
Hoarse, and direct, a blust'ring north-wind blows!
On boughs, thick-rustling, crack the crispid snows!
Tangles of frost half fright the wilder'd eye,
By heat oft blacken'd like a low'ring sky!
Hence down the side two turpid riv'lets pour,
And devious two, in one huge cat'ract roar!
While pleas'd the wat'ry progress I pursue,
Yon rocks in rough assemblage rush in view!
In form an amphitheatre they rise;
And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies.
There the dim'd sight with dizzy weakness fails,
And horror o'er the firmest brain prevails!
Thither these mountain-streams their passage take,
Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake!
The lake, high-swelling, so redundant grows,
From the heap'd store deriv'd a river flows;
Which, deep'ning, travels through a distant wood,
And thence emerging meets a sister-flood;
Mingled they flash on a wide-op'ning plain,
And pass yon city to the far seen main.
So blend two souls by heav'n for union made,
And strength'ning forward, lend a mutual aid,
And prove in ev'ry transient turn their aim,
Thro' finite life to infinite the same.

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Nor ends the landscape—Ocean, to my sight,
Points a blue arm, where sailing ships delight,
In prospect lessen'd !—Now new rocks rear'd high,
Stretch a cross-ridge, and bar the curious eye ;
There lies obscur'd the ripening diamond's ray,
And thence red-branching coral's rent away.
In conic form there gelid crystal grows ;
Thro' such the palace-lamp, gay lustre throws !
Lustre, which, thro' dim night, as various plays
As play from yonder snows the changeful rays !
For nobler use the crystal's worth may rise,
If tubes perspective hem the spotless prize ;
Thro' these the beams of the far lengthen'd eye
Measure known stars, and new remoter spy.
Hence Commerce many a shorten'd voyage steers,
Shorten'd to months, the hazard once of years ;
Hence Halley's soul etherial flight essays :
Instructive there from orb to orb she strays ;
Sees, round new countless suns, new systems roll !
Sees God in all ! and magnifies the whole !
Yon rocky side enrich'd the summer scene,
And peasant's search for herbs of healthful green ;
Now naked, pale, and comfortless it lies,
Like youth extended cold in death's disguise.
There, while without the sounding tempest swells,
Incav'd secure th' exulting eagle dwells ;
And there, when Nature owns prolific spring,
Spreads o'er her young a fondling mother's wing.
Swains on the coast the far-fam'd fish descry,
That give the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye ;
While shells, a scatter'd ornament bestow,
The tinctur'd rivals of the show'ry bow.
Yon limeless sands, loose-driving with the wind,
In future cauldrons useful textures find,
Till, on the furnace thrown, the glowing mass
Brightens, and bright'ning hardens into glass.

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When winter halcyons, flick'ring on the wave,
Tune their complaints, yon sea forgets to rave;
Tho' lash'd by storms, with naval pride o'erturn,
The foaming deep in sparkles seems to burn,
Loud winds turn zephyrs to enlarge their notes,
And each safe nest on a calm surface floats.

Now veers the wind full east; and keen, and sore,
Its cutting influence aches in ev'ry pore!
How weak thy fabric, man!—A puff, thus blown,
Staggers thy strength, and echoes to thy groan.
A tooth's minutest nerve, let anguish seize,
Swift kindred fibres catch! (so frail our ease!)
Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, enflam'd, and unassuag'd,
They smart, and swell, and throb, and shoot enrag'd!
From nerve to nerve fierce flies th' exulting pain!
—And are we of this mighty fabric vain?
Now my blood chills! scarce through my veins it glides!
Sure on each blast a shiv'ring ague rides!
Warn'd, let me this bleak eminence forsake,
And to the vale a diff'rent winding take!

Half I descend: my spirits fast decay;
A terrace now relieves my weary way.
Close with this stage a precipice combines;
Whence still the spacious country far declines!
The herds seem insects in the distant glades,
And men diminish'd as, at noon, their shades!
Thick on this top o'ergrown fir walks are seen
Grey, leafless wood, and winter-greens between!
The red'ning berry, deep-ting'd holly shows,
And matted mistletoe, the whits, bestows!
Tho' lost the banquet of autumnal fruits,
Tho' on broad oaks no vernal umbrage shoots;
These boughs the silene'd, shiv'ring songsters seek!
These foodful berries fill the hungry beak.

Beneath appears a place, all outward, bare,
Inward the dreary mansion of despair!

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The water of the mountain-road, half-strew'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and forms a brown cascade,
Has Nature this rough, naked piece design'd,
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind!
She has. Approach'd, appears a deep descent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent!
And hark!—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling sound of footsteps heat'ning near!
A death-like chillness thwarts my panting breast,
Soft! the wish'd object stands at length confest!
Of youth his form!—But why with anguish beat?
Why pin'd with sallow marks of discontent?
Yet Patience, labring to beguile his care,
Seems to raise hope, and smiles away despair.
Compassion, in his eye, surveys my grief,
And in his voice, invites me to relief.
Preventive of thy call, behold my haste,
(He says,) nor let warm thanks thy spirits waste!
All fear forget—Each portal I possess,
Duty wide-opens to receive distress.
Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led;
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread!
And now, in square'd divisions, I survey
Chambers sequester'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
Thro' rifts: each forming a perspective scene.
In front a parlour meets my ent'ring view;
Oppos'd, a room to sweet refection due.
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,
Thro' the bor'd rock above, the smoke expires;
Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's spread,
Crown'd with a heapy canister of bread.
A maple cup is next dispatch'd, to bring
The comfort of the salutary spring:
Nor mourn we absent blessings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of rosy wine;

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And sav'ry cates, upon clean embers cast,
Lie hissing, till snatch'd off; a rich repast!
Soon leap my spirits with enliven'd pow'r,
And in gay converse glides the feastful hour.

The Hermit, thus: Thou wonder'st at thy fare:
On me, yon city, kind, bestows her care:
Meat for keen famine, and the gen'rous juice,
That warms chill life, her charities produce:
Accept without reward; unask'd 'twas mine;
Here what thy health requires, as free be thine.
Hence learn that GOD, (who in the time of need,
In frozen desarts can the raven feed)
Well-sought, will delegate some pitying breast,
His second means, to succour man distrest.
He paus'd. Deep thought upon his aspect gloom'd;
Then he, with smile humane, his voice resum'd.
I'm just inform'd, (and laugh me not to scorn)
By one unseen by thee, thou'rt English-born.
Of England I—To me the British state
Rises, in dear memorial, ever great!
Here stand we conscious:—Diffidence suspend!
Free flow our words!—Did ne'er thy muse extend
To grots, where contemplation smiles serene,
Where angels visit, and where joys convene?
To groves, where more than mortal voices rise?
Catch the rapt soul, and waft it to the skies?
This cave!—Yon walks!—But, ere I more unfold,
What artful scenes thy eyes shall here behold,
Think subjects of my toil: nor wond'ring gaze!
What cannot industry completely raise?
Be the whole earth in one great landscape found,
By Industry is all with beauty crown'd!
He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
Hews the hard rock, or harrows up the plain;
He forms the sword to smite, he sheaths the steel,
Draws health from herbs, and shews the balm to heal.

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Or with loom'd wool the native robe supplies;
Or bids young plants in future forests rise;
Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
Shall, with new grace, the distant ocean sway;
Hence golden Commerce views her wealth increase,
The blissful child of Liberty and Peace.
He scoops the stubborn Alps, and, still employ'd,
Fills, with soft fertile mould, the steril void;
Slop'd up white rocks, small, yellow harvests glow,
And, green on terrac'd stages, vineyards blow!
By him fall mountains to a level space,
An isthmus sinks, and sunder'd seas embrace!
He founds a city on the naked shore,
And desolation starves the tract no more.
From the wild waves he won the Belgic land;
Where wide they foam'd her towns and traffics stand;
He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive ground,
And firms the conquest with his fenceful mound,
Ev'n mid the wat'ry world his Venice rose,
Each fabric there, as Pleasure's seat he shows!
Their marts, sports, councils, are for action sought,
Landscapes for health, and solitude for thought.
What wonder then, I, by his potent aid,
A mansion in a barren mountain made?
Part thou hast view'd!—If further we explore,
Let Industry deserve applause the more.

No frowning care yon blest apartment sees,
There sleep retires, and finds a couch of ease.
Kind dreams, that fly remorse, and pamper'd wealth,
There shed the smiles of innocence and health.

Mark!—Here descends a grot, delightful seat!
Which warms e'en winter, tempers summer heat!
See!—Gurgling from a top, a spring distils!
In mournful measures wind the dripping rills;
Soft coos of distant doves, receiv'd around,
In soothing mixture, swell the wat'ry sound;

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And hence the streamlets seek the terrace' shade,
Within, without, alike to all convey'd.
Pass on—New scenes, by my creative pow'r,
Invite Reflection's sweet and solemn hour.
We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd order, stood
Th' instructive volumes of the wise and good.
These friends (said he) tho' I desert mankind,
Good angels never would permit behind.
Each genius, youth conceals, or time displays,
I know; each work some seraph here conveys,
Retirement thus presents my searchful thought,
What heav'n inspir'd, and what the muse has taught;
What Young, satiric, and sublime has writ,
Whose life is virtue, and whose muse is wit.
Rapt I foresee thy * Mallet's early aim
Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame.
Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
And the ripe judgment of instructive years.
In Hill is all that gen'rous souls revere,
To virtue and the muse for ever dear:
And Thomson, in this praise, thy merit see,
The tongue that praises merit, praises thee.
These scorn (said I) the verse-wright of their age,
Vain of a labour'd, languid, useless page;
To whose dim faculty the meaning song
Is glaring, or obscure, when clear, and strong;
Who, in cant phrases, gives a work disgrace;
His wit, and oddness of his tone and face;
Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an essay,
In some low libel a mean heart display;
Those, who once prais'd, now undeceiv'd, despise,
It lives contemn'd a day, then harmless dies.
Or should some noble bard, their worth, unpraise,
Deserting morals, that adorn his lays,
Alas! too oft each science shews the same,
The great grow jealous of a greater name:

* *Author of a poem, called,* THE EXCURSION.

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Ye bards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the shock;
Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke?
Oh, still proceed, with sacred rapture fir'd!
Unenvy'd had he liv'd, if unadmir'd.
Let Envy, he replied, all ireful rise,
Envy pursues alone the brave and wise;
Maro and Socrates inspire her pain,
And Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train!
To whom be Nature's, and Britannia's praise!
All their bright honours rush into his lays!
And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel!
Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,
As elegance polite, as pow'r elate;
Profound as reason, and as justice clear;
Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe;
As bounty copious, as pursuasion sweet,
Like nature various, and like art complete;
So fine her morals, so sublime her views,
His life is almost equall'd by his muse.
O Pope! since Envy is decreed by fate,
Since she pursues alone the wise and great;
In one small, emblematic landscape see,
How vast a distance 'twixt thy foe and thee!
Truth from an eminence surveys our scene,
(A hill, where all is clear, and all serene.)
Rude earth-bred storms o'er meaner vallies blow,
And wand'ring mists roll, black'ning, far below;
Dark, and debas'd, like them, is Envy's aim,
And clear, and eminent, like Truth, thy fame.
Thus I. From what dire cause can envy spring?
Or why embosom we a viper's sting?
'Tis Envy stings our darling passion, pride.
Alas! (the man of mighty soul replied)
Why chuse we mis'ries? Most derive their birth
From one bad source—we dread superior worth;

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Prefer'd, it seems a satire on our own;
Then heedless to excel we meanly moan:
Then we abstract our views, and Envy show,
Whence springs the mis'ry pride is doom'd to know.
Thus folly pain creates: By wisdom's pow'r,
We shun the weight of many a restless hour—
Lo! I meet wrong; perhaps the wrong I feel
Tends, by the scheme of things, to public weal.
I, of the whole am part—the joy men see,
Must circulate, and so revolve to me.
Why should I then of private loss complain?
Of loss, that proves, perchance, a brother's gain?
The wind, that binds one bark within the bay,
May waft a richer freight its wish'd-for way.
If rains redundant flood the abject ground,
Mountains are but supply'd, when vales are drown'd;
If, with soft moisture swell'd, the vale looks gay,
The verdure of the mountain fades away.
Shall clouds, but at my welfare's call descend?
Shall gravity for me her laws suspend?
For me shall suns their noon-tide course forbear?
Or motion not subsist to influence air?
Let the means vary, be they frost, or flame,
Thy end, O Nature! still remains the same!
Be this the motive of a wise man's care,—
To shun deserving ills, and learn to bear.

CANTO II.

WHILE thus a mind humane, and wise, he shows,
All-eloquent of truth his language flows.
Youth, tho' depress'd, thro' all his form appears;
Thro' all his sentiments the depth of years.
Thus he—Yet farther Industry behold,
Which conscious waits new wonders to unfold.
Enter my chapel next.—Lo! here begin
The hallow'd rites, that check the growth of sin.

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When first we met, how soon you seem'd to know
My bosom, lab'ring with the throbs of woe!
Such racking throbs!—Soft! when I rouse those cares,
On my chill'd mind pale Recollection glares!
When moping Frenzy strove my thoughts to sway,
Here prudent labours chas'd her pow'r away.
Full, and rough-rising from yon sculptur'd wall,
Bold prophets, nations to repentance call!
Meek martyrs smile in flames! gor'd champions groan!
And muse-like cherubs tune their harps in stone!
Next shadow'd light a rounding force bestows,
Swells into life, and speaking action grows!
Here pleasing, melancholy subjects find,
To calm, amuse, exalt the pensive mind!
This figure tender grief, like mine, implies,
And semblant thoughts, that earthly pomp despise.
Such penitential Magdelene reveals;
Loose-veil'd, in negligence of charms she kneels.
Tho' dress, near-stor'd, its vanity supplies,
The vanity of dress unheeded lies.
The sinful world in sorrowing eye she keeps,
As o'er Jerusalem Messiah weeps.
One hand her bosom smites; in one appears
The lifted lawn, that drinks her falling tears.
Since evil outweighs good, and sways mankind,
True fortitude assumes the patient mind:
Such prov'd Messiah's, tho' to suff'ring born,
To penury, repulse, reproach and scorn.
Here, by the pencil, mark his blight design'd:
The weary'd virgin by a stream reclin'd,
Who feeds the child. Her looks a charm express,
A modest charm, that dignifies distress.
Boughs o'er their heads with blushing fruits depend,
Which angels to her bashful consort bend.
Hence by the smiling infant seems discern'd,
Trifles, concerning him, all heav'n, concerned.

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Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires:
See! the white form in a bright cloud aspires!
Full on his foll'wers bursts a flood of rays,
Prostrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming blaze!
Like noon-tide summer-suns the rays appear,
Unsuff'rable, magnificent, and near!
What scene of agony the garden brings;
The cup of gall; the suppliant king of kings!
The crown of thorns; the cross, that felt him die;
These, languid in the sketch, unfinish'd lie.
There, from the dead, centurions see him rise,
See! but struck down with horrible surprise!
As the first glory seem'd a sun at noon,
This casts the silver splendor of the moon.
Here peopled day, th' ascending God surveys!
The glory varies, as the myriads gaze!
Now soften'd, like a sun at distance seen,
When thro' a cloud bright-glancing yet serene!
Now fast-increasing to the croud amaz'd,
like some vast meteor high in ether rais'd!
My labour, yon high-vaulted alter stains,
With dies, that emulate etherial plains.
The convex glass which in that opening glows,
Mid circling rays a pictur'd Saviour shows!
Bright it collects the beams, which, trembling, all,
Back from the God, a show'ry radiance fall.
Light'ning the scene beneath! a scene divine!
Where saints, clouds, seraphs, intermingled shine!
Here water-falls, that play melodious round,
Like a sweet organ, swell a lofty sound!
The solemn notes bid earthly passions fly,
Lull all my cares, and lift my soul on high!
This monumental marble—this I rear
To one—Oh! ever mourn'd!—Oh! ever dear!
He stopt—pathetic sighs the pause supply.
And the prompt tear starts, quiv'ring on his eye!

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I look'd—two columns near the wall was seen,
An imag'd beauty stretch'd at length between.
Near the wept fair, her harp Cecilia strung;
Leaning, from high, a list'ning angel hung!
Friendship, whose figure at the feet remains,
A phœnix, with irradiate crest, sustains:
This grac'd one palm, while one extends t'impart
Two foreign hands, that clasp a burning heart.
A pendent veil two hov'ring seraphs raise,
Which opening heav'n upon the roof displays!
And two, benevolent, less-distant, hold
A vase, collective of perfumes uproll'd!
These from the heart, by Friendship held, arise,
Od'rous as incense gath'ring in the skies,
In the fond pelican is love exprest,
Who opens to her young her tender breast.
Two mated turtles hov'ring hang in air,
One by a faulcon struck!—In wild despair,
The hermit cries—So death, alas! destroys!
The tender consort of my cares and joys!
Again soft tears upon his eye-lid hung,
Again check'd sounds dy'd, flutt'ring, on his tongue.
Too well his pining inmost thought I know!
Too well e'en silence tells the story'd woe!
To his my sighs, to his my tears reply!
I stray o'er all the tomb a wat'ry eye!
Next, on the wall her scenes of life I gaz'd,
The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd!
Cherubs a proffer'd crown of glory show,
Ey'd wistful by th' admiring fair below.
In action eloquent dispos'd her hands,
One shows her breast, in rapture one expands!
This the fond hermit seiz'd—o'er all his soul,
The soft, wild, wailing, anxious passion stole!
In stedfast gaze his eyes her aspect keep,
Then turn away, awhile dejected weep;

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Then he reverts 'em; but reverts in vain,
Dimm'd with the swelling grief that streams again.
Where now is my philosophy? (he cries)
My joy, hope, reason, my Olympia dies!
Why did I e'er that prime of blessings know?
Was it, ye cruel fates, t'embitter woe?
Why would your bolts not level first my head?
Why must I live to weep Olympia dead?
—Sir, I had once a wife! fair bloom'd her youth,
Her form was beauty, and her soul was truth!
Oh, she was dear! How dear, what words can say?
She dies!—my heav'n at once is snatch'd away!
Ah! what avails, that, by a father's care,
I rose a wealthy and illustrious heir?
That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
Th' instructive, pleasing, academic grove?
That in the senate eloquence was mine?
That valour gave me in the field to shine?
That love shower'd blessings too—far most than all
High rapt ambition e'er could happy call?
Ah!—What are these, which e'en the wise adore?
Lost is my pride!—Olympia is no more!
Had I, ye persecuting pow'rs! been born
The world's cold pity, or, at best, its scorn;
Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft;
To want, to shame, to ruthless censure left!
Patience, or pride, to this, relief supplies!
But a lost wife!—there! there distraction lies!
Now three sad years I yield me all to grief,
And fly the hated comfort of relief:
Tho' rich, great, young, I leave a pompous state,
(My brother's now) to seek some dark retreat:
Mid cloister'd solitary tombs I stray,
Despair and horror lead the cheerless way!
My sorrow grows to such a wild excess,
Life, injur'd life, must wish the passion less!

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Olympia!—My Olympia's lost! (I cry.)
Olympia's lost, the hollow vaults reply!
Louder I make my lamentable moan;
The swelling echoes learn like me to groan;
The ghosts to scream, as thro' lone aisles they sweep!
The shrines to shudder, and the saints to weep!
Now grief and rage, by gath'ring sighs, suppress,
Swell my full heart, and heave my lab'ring breast!
With struggling starts, each vital string they strain,
And strike the tott'ring fabric of my brain!
O'er my sunk spirits frowns a vap'ry scene,
Woe's dark retreat! the madding maze of spleen!
A deep damp gloom o'erspreads the murky cell;
Here pining thoughts, and secret terrors dwell!
Here learn the Great unreal wants to feign!
Unpleasing truths hese mortify the vain!
Here learning, blinded first, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wind!
Hese first Credulity on Reason won!
And here false Zeal mysterious rants begun!
Here Love inpearls each moment with a tear,
And Superstition owes to Spleen her fear!
Fantastic lightnings, thro' the dreary way,
In swift short signals flash the bursting day!
Above, beneath, across, around, they fly!
A dire deception strikes the mental eye!
By the blue fires, pale phantoms grin severe!
Shrill, fancy'd echoes wound th' affrighted ear!
Air-banish'd spirits flag in fogs profound,
And, all obscene, shed baneful damps around!
Now whispers, trembling in some feeble wind,
Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind!
Loud laughs the hag!—She mocks complaint away,
Unroofs the den, and lets in more than day.
Swarms of wild Fancies, wing'd in various flight,
Seek emblematic shades and mystic light!

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Some drive with rapid steeds the shining car!
These nod from thrones! Those thunder in the war!
Till, tir'd, they turn from the delusive show,
Start from wild joy, and fix in stupid woe.
Here the lone hour, a blank of life displays,
Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raise;
A fiend in evil moments ever nigh!
Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
Her eye all red, and sunk!—A robe she wore,
With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.
A mirror in one hand collective shows,
Varied, and multiply'd that group of woes.
This endless foe to gen'rous toil and pain
Lolls on a couch for ease; but lolls in vain;
She muses o'er her woe-embroider'd vest,
And self-abhorrence heightens in her breast,
To shun her care, the force of sleep she tries,
Still wakes her mind, tho' slumbers doze her eyes:
She dreams, starts, rises, stalks from place to place,
With restless, thoughtful, interrupted pace;
Now eyes the sun, and curses, ev'ry ray,
Now the green ground, where colour fades away.
Dim spectres dance! Again her eye she rears;
Then from the blood-shot ball wipes purpled tears;
Then presses hard her brow, with mischief fraught,
Her brow half bursts with agony of thought!
From me (she cries) pale wretch, thy comfort claim,
Born of Despair, and Suicide my name!
Why should thy life a moment's pain endure?
Here ev'ry object proffers grief a cure.
She points where leaves of hemlock black'ning shoot!
Fear not! pluck! eat (said she) the sov'reign root!
Then Death, revers'd shall bear his ebon lance!
Soft o'er thy sight shall swim the shadowy trance!
Or leap yon rock, possess a watry grave,
And leave wild sorrow to the wind and wave!

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Or mark—this poniard thus from mis'ry frees!
She wounds her breast!—the guilty steel I seize!
Straight, where she struck, a smoaking spring of gore
Wells from the wound, and floats the crimson'd floor,
She faints! she fades!—Calm thoughts the deed revolve,
And now, unstartling, fix the dire resolve;
Death drops his terrors, and, with charming wiles,
Winning, and kind, like my Olympia smiles!
He points the passage to the seats divine,
Where poets, heroes, sainted lovers shine!
I come, Olympia!—My rear'd arm extends;
Half to my breast the threat'ning point descends!
Straight thunder rocks the land! new lightnings play!
When, lo! a voice resounds—Arise! away!
Away! nor murmur at th' afflictive rod!
Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God!
Fly'st thou from Providence for vain relief?
Such ill-sought ease shall draw avenging grief.
Honour, the more obstructed, stronger shines,
And zeal by persecution's rage refines.
By woe, the soul to daring actions swells;
By woe, in paintless patience it excels;
From patience, prudent clear experience springs,
And traces knowledge thro' the course of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and caress.
The vanish'd fiend thus sent a hollow voice—
Would'st thou be happy! Straight be death thy choice.
How mean are those, who passively complain;
While active souls, more free, their fetters strain?
Tho' knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, success,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and caress;
On earth success must in its turn give way,
And ev'n perfection introduce decay.
Never the world of spirits thus—their rest
Untouch'd! entire! once happy, ever blest!

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Earnest the heavenly voice responsive cries,
Oh, listen not to subtilty unwise!
Thy guardian saint, who mourns thy hapless fate,
Heav'n grants to prop thy virtue ere too late.
Know, if thou wilt thy dear-loved wife deplore,
Olympia waits thee on a foreign shore;
There in a cell thy last remains be spent;
Away! deceive Despair, and find Content!
I heard, obey'd; nor more of fate complain'd;
Long seas I measur'd, and this mountain gain'd.
Soon to a yawning rift, chance turn'd my way;
A den it prov'd where a huge serpent lay!
Flame-ey'd he lay!—He rages now for food,
Meets my first glance, and meditates my blood!
His bulk in many a gather'd orb uproll'd,
Rears spire on spire! His scales, be-dropt with gold,
Shine burnish'd in the sun! Such height they gain,
They dart green lustre on the distant main!
Now writh'd in dreadful slope, he stoops his crest,
Furious to fix on my unshielded breast!
Just as he springs, my sabre smites the foe!
Headless he falls beneath th' unerring blow!
Wrath yet remains, tho' strength his fabric leaves,
And the meant hiss, the gasping mouth deceives;
The length'ning trunk slow-loosens ev'ry fold,
Lingers in life; then stretches stiff, and cold,
Just as th' invet'rate son of mischief ends,
Comes a white dove, and near the spot descends:
I hail this omen! all bad passions cease,
Like the slain snake, and all within is peace.
Next, to Religion this plain roof I raise!
In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze!
I bid due incense on my altar smoke!
Then, at this tomb, my promis'd Love invoke!
She hears!—She comes!—My heart what raptures warm?
All my Olympia sparkles in the form!

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No pale, wan, livid mark of Death she bears!
Each roseate look a quick'ning transport wears!
A robe of light, high-wrought, her shape invests:
Unzon'd the swelling beauty of her breasts!
Her auburn hair each flowing ring resumes,
In her fair hand, Love's branch of myrtle blooms!
Silent, awhile, each well-known charm I trace;
Then thus, (while nearer she avoids th' embrace)
Thou dear deceit!—must I a shade pursue?
Dazzled I gaze!—thou swimm'st before my view!
Dipt in etherial dews, her bough divine
Sprinkles my eyes, which, strengthen'd, bear the shine:
Still thus I urge (for still the shadowy bliss
Shuns the warm grasp, nor yields the tender kiss)
Oh, fly not!—fade not! listen to Love's call!
She lives!—no more I'm man!—I 'm spirit all!
Then let me snatch thee!—press thee!—take me whole!
Oh, close!—yet closer!—closer to my soul!
Twice, round her waist, my eager arms entwin'd,
And, twice deceiv'd, my frenzy clasp'd the wind!
Then thus I rav'd—Behold thy husband kneel,
And judge! O judge, what agonies I feel!
Oh! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair;
Take Horror's shape, and fright me with despair!
Rather than thus, unpitying, see my moan,
Far rather frown, and fix me here in stone!
But mock not thus—Alas! (the charmer said,
Smiling; and, in her smile, soft radiance play'd)
Alas! no more eluded strength employ,
To clasp a shade!—What more is mortal joy?
Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmis'd;
One ignorance, the other pain disguis'd!
Thou wert (had all thy wish been still possest)
Supremely curst from being greatly blest;
For oh! so fair, so dear was I to thee,
Thou hadst forgot thy God, to worship me;

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This he foresaw, and snatch'd me to the tomb;
Above I flourish in unfading bloom.
Think me not lost: for thee I heav'n implore!
Thy guardian angel, tho' a wife no more!
I, when abstracted from this world you seem,
Hint the pure thought, and frame the heav'nly dream!
Close at thy side, when morning streaks the air,
In music's voice I wake thy mind to pray'r!
By me, thy hymns, like purest incense, rise,
Fragrant with grace, and pleasing to the skies!
And when that form shall from its clay refine,
(That only bar betwixt my soul and thine!)
When thy lov'd spirit mounts to realms of light,
Then shall Olympia aid thy earliest flight;
Mingled we'll flame in raptures, that aspire
Beyond all youth, all sense, and all desire.

She ended. Still such sweetness dwells behind,
Th' inchanting voice still warbles in my mind:
But lo! th' unbodied vision fleets away!—
—Stay, my Olympia!—I conjure thee, stay!
Yet stay—for thee my mem'ry learns to smart!
Sure ev'ry vein contains a bleeding heart!
Sooner shall splendor leave the blaze of day,
Than love, so pure, so vast as mine, decay,
From the same heav'nly source its lustre came,
And glows, immortal, with congenial flame!
Ah!—let me not with fires neglected burn;
Sweet mistress of my soul, return, return!

Alas!—she's fled!—I traverse now the place,
Where my enamour'd thoughts her footsteps trace.
Now, o'er the tomb, I bend my drooping head,
There tears, the eloquence of sorrow, shed.
Sighs choak my words, unable to express
The pangs, the throbs of speechless tenderness!
Not with more ardent, more transparent flame,
Call dying saints on their Creator's name,

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Than I on hers;—but, thro' yon yielding door,
Glides a new phantom o'er th' illumin'd floor!
The roof swift kindles from the beaming ground,
And floods of living lustre flame around!
In all the majesty of light array'd,
Awful it shines!—'tis Cato's honour'd shade!
As I, the heavenly visitant pursue,
Sublimer glory opens to my view!
He speaks!—But, oh! what words shall dare repeat
His thoughts!—they leave me fir'd with patriot heat
More than poetic raptures now I feel,
And own that godlike passion, public zeal!
But, from my frailty, it receives a stain,
I grow unlike my great Inspirer, vain;
And burn, once more, the busy world to know,
And would, in scenes of action foremost glow!
Where proud ambition points her dazzling rays!
Where coronets and crowns, attractive, blaze!
When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
And lures me back to solitary love.
She tells me, truth prefers an humble state,
That genuine greatness shuns the being great!
That mean are those, who false-term'd honour prize;
Whose fabrics, from their country's ruin rise;
Who look the traitor, like the patriot fair;
Who, to enjoy the vineyard, wrong the heir.
I hear!—thro' all my veins new transports roll!
I gaze!—warm love comes rushing on my soul!
Ravish'd I gaze!—again her charms decay!
Again my manhood to my grief gives way!
Cato returns!—Zeal takes her course to reign!
But zeal is in ambition lost again!
I'm now the slave of fondness!—now of pride!
—By turns they conquer, and by turns subside!
These balanc'd each by each, the golden mean,
Betwixt them found, gives happiness serene;

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This I'll enjoy!—He ended!—I reply'd:
O Hermit! thou art worth severely try'd!
But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
Men, barb'rous men, had prey'd on thy repose.
When seeking joy, we seldom sorrow miss,
And often mis'ry points the path to bliss.
The soil, most worthy of the thrifty swain,
Is wounded thus, ere trusted with the grain;
The struggling grain must work obscure its way,
Ere the first green springs upward to the day;
Up-sprung, such weed-like coarseness it betrays,
Flocks on th' abandon'd blade permissive graze;
Then shoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
And thus a grateful harvest crowns the year.

CANTO III.

THUS free our social time from morning flows,
Till rising shades attempt the day to close.
Thus my new friend: Behold the light's decay:
Back to yon city let me point thy way.
South-west, behind yon hill, the sloping sun,
To ocean's verge his fluent course has run:
His parting eyes a wat'ry radiance shed,
Glance through the vale, and tip the mountain's head:
To which oppos'd the shad'wy gulfs below,
Beauteous reflects the party-colour'd snow.
Now dance the stars, where Vesper leads the way;
Yet all faint-glimmering with remains of day.
Orient, the Queen of Night emits her dawn,
And throws, unseen, her mantle o'er the lawn.
Up the blue steep, her crimson orb now shines;
Now on the mountain-top her arm reclines,
In a red crescent seen: her zone now gleams,
Like Venus, quiv'ring in reflecting streams.

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Yet red'ning, yet round-burning up the air,
From the white cliff, her feet slow-rising glare!
See! flames, condens'd, now vary her attire;
Her face, a broad circumference of fire.
Dark firs seem kindled in nocturnal blaze;
Thro' ranks of pines, her broken lustre plays,
Here glares, there brown-projecting shade bestows,
And, glitt'ring, sports upon the spangled snows.
Now silver turn her beams!—Yon den they gain;
The big, rouz'd lion shakes his brindled main.
Fierce, fleet, gaunt monsters, all prepar'd for gore,
Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide-resounding roar.
O dire presage!—But fear not thou, my friend,
Our steps the guardians of the just attend.
Homeward I'll wait thee on—and now survey,
How men, and spirits, chace the night away!
Yon nymphs and swains in am'rous mirth advance;
To breathing music moves the circling dance.
Here the bold youth in deeds advent'rous glow,
Skimming in rapid sleds the crackling snow.
Not when Tydides won the fun'ral race,
Shot his light car along in swifter pace.
Here the glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
And glide, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.
There crowds, with stable tread, and levell'd eye,
Lift, and dismiss the quoits, that whirling fly.
With force superior, not with skill so true,
The pond'rous disk from Roman sinews flew.
Where neighb'ring hills some cloudy sheet sustain,
Freez'd o'er the nether vale a pensive plain,
Cross the roof'd hollow rolls the massy round,
The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks resound!
Censures, disputes, and laughs, alternate, rise;
And deaf'ning clangor thunders up the skies.
Thus, amid crowded images, serene,
From hour to hour we pass'd, from scene to scene:

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Fast wore the night. Full long we pac'd our way;
Vain steps! the city yet far distant lay.
While thus the hermit, ere my wonder spoke,
Methought, with new amusements, silence broke:
Yon amber-hu'd cascade, which fleecy flies
Thro' rocks, and strays along the trackless skies
To frolic fairies marks the mazy ring;
Forth to the dance from little cells they spring,
Measur'd to pipe, or harp!—and next they stand.
Marshall'd beneath the moon, a radiant band!
In frost-work now delight the sportive kind:
Now court wild fancy in the whistling wind.
Hark!—the funeral bell's deep sounding toll,
To bliss, from mis'ry, calls some righteous soul!
Just freed from life, like swift-ascending fire,
Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder spire!
Light claps its wings!—It views, with pitying sight,
The friendly mourner pay the pious rite;
The plume high-wrought, that black'ning nods in air;
The slow-pac'd weeping pomp; the solemn pray'r;
The decent tomb; the verse, that sorrow gives,
Where, to remembrance sweet, fair Virtue lives.
Now to mid-heav'n the whiten'd moon inclines,
And shades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines;
With noiseless gloom the plains are delug'd o'er:
See!—from the north, what streaming meteors pour!
Beneath Boötes springs the radiant train,
And quiver thro' the axle of his wain.
O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
Half-circling glories shoot in rays of gold.
Cross either swift elance the vivid fires!
As swift again each pointed flame retires!
In fancy's eye encount'ring armies glare,
And sanguine ensigns wave unfurl'd in air!
Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled state.

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Thus comets, dreadful visitants! arise
To them wild omens, science to the wise!
These mark the comet to the sun incline,
While deep-red flames around its centre shine!
While its fierce rear a winding trail displays,
And lights all ether with the sweepy blaze!
Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
And shoots by worlds unnumber'd, and unknown;
By worlds, whose people, all-aghast with fear,
May view that minister of vengeance near!
'Till now the transient glow, remote, and lost,
Decays, and darkens 'mid involving frost!
Or when it, sun-ward, drinks rich beams again,
And burns imperious on th' etherial plain!
The learn'd-one, curious, eyes it from afar,
Sparkling thro' night, a new, illustrious star!

The moon, descending, saw us now pursue
The various talk;—the city near in view!
Here from still life (he cries) avert thy sight,
And mark what deeds adorn, or shame the night!
But, heedful, each immodest prospect fly;
Where decency forbids enquiry's eye.
Man were not man, without love's wanton fire,
But reason's glory is to quell desire.
What are thy fruits, O Lust? Short blessings, bought
With long remorse, the seed of bitter thought:
Perhaps some babe to dire diseases born,
Doom'd for another's crimes, thro' life, to mourn;
Or murder'd, to preserve a mother's fame;
Or cast obscure; the child of want and shame!
False pride! What vices on our conduct steal,
From the world's eye one frailty to conceal?
Ye cruel mothers!—Soft! those words command;
So near shall cruelty and mother stand?
Can the dove's bosom shaky venom draw?
Can its foot sharpen, like the vulture's claw?

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Can the fond goat, or tender fleecy dam
Howl, like the wolf, to tear the kid, or lamb?
Yes, there are mothers—There I fear'd his aim,
And conscious, trembled at the coming name;
Then, with a sigh, his issuing words oppos'd!
Straight with a falling tear the speech he clos'd.
That tenderness which ties of blood deny,
Nature repaid me from a stranger's eye.
Pale grew my cheeks!—But now to gen'ral views
Our converse turns, which thus my friend renews.

Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day.
From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly,
There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.
Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease,
Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.

O man! thy fabric's like a well-form'd state;
Thy thoughts, first-rank'd were sure design'd the great!
Passions plebeians are, which faction raise;
Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze:
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise:
Then sov'reign reason from her empire flies:
That ruler once depos'd, wisdom and wit,
To noise and folly, place and pow'r submit;
Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is tost,
Unsteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is lost.

The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave;
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employ'd;
For this, tho' wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd;
For this, he grip'd the poor, and alms deny'd,
Unfriended liv'd, and unlamented died.

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Yet smile, griev'd shade! when that unprosp'rous store
Fast lessens, when gay hours return no more;
Smile at thy heir, beholding in his fall,
Men once oblig'd, like him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflatt'ring friend.
Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting mischief keeps reserv'd her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapp'd with smoke!
In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tow'r,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction low'r!
From the black depth a fiery legion springs;
Each bold, bad spectre claps her sounding wings:
And straight beneath a summon'd, trait'rous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand:
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides thro' the roof, and o'er the council glows:
The villains, close beneath th' infection pent,
Feel, all-possess'd, their rising galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
But Justice marks their ways: she waves, in air,
The sword, high-threat'ning, like a comet's glare.
While here dark Villainy herself deceives,
There studious Honesty our view relieves.
A feeble taper, from yon lonesome room,
Scatt'ring thin rays, just glimmers thro' the gloom.
There sits the sapient BARD in museful mood,
And glows impassion'd for his country's good!
All the bright spirits of the just, combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his tow'ring mind!
He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent shine!
Now rapt! now more than man!—I see him climb,
To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime!

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I see him now o'er Nature's works preside!
How clear the vision! and the scene how wide!
Let some a name by adulation raise,
Or scandal, meaner than a venal praise!
My muse (he cries) a nobler prospect view!
Thro' fancy's wilds some morals point pursue!
From dark deception clear-drawn truth display,
As from black chaos rose resplendent day!
Awake compassion, and bid terror rise!
Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes!
So pamper'd pow'r, unconscious of distress,
May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redress.
Ye traitors, tyrants, fear his stinging lay!
Ye pow'rs unlov'd, unpity'd in decay!
But know, to you sweet blossom'd Fame he brings,
Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings!
O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art,
(Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!
If wailing worth can gen'rous warmth excite,
If verse can gild instruction with delight,
Inspire his honest Muse with orient flame,
To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest aim!
But, O my friend! mysterious is our fate!
How mean his fortune, tho' his mind elate!
Æneas-like, he passes thro' the crowd,
Unsought, unseen beneath misfortune's cloud;
Or seen with slight regard: Unprais'd his name;
His after-honour, and our after-shame.
The doom'd desert to av'rice stands confess'd;
Her eyes averted are, and steel'd her breast.
Envy asquint the future wonder eyes:
Bold Insult, pointing, hoots him as he flies;
While coward Censure, skill'd in darker ways,
Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise!
Hunger, thirst, nakedness, there grievous fall!
Unjust Derision too!—that tongue of gall!

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Slow comes relief, with no mild charms endu'd,
Usher'd by Pride, and by Reproach pursu'd.
Forc'd Pity meets him with a cold respect,
Unkind as Scorn, ungen'rous as Neglect.
Yet, suff'ring Worth! thy fortitude will shine!
Thy foes are Virtue's, and her friends are thine!
Patience is thine, and Peace thy days shall crown;
Thy treasure Prudence, and thy claim Renown:
Myriads, unborn, shall mourn thy hapless fate,
And myriads grow, by thy example, great!
Hark! from the watch-tow'r rolls the trumpet's sound,
Sweet thro' still night, proclaiming safety round!
Yon shade illustrious quits the realms of rest,
To aid some orphan of its race distrest,
Safe winds him thro' the subterraneous way,
That mines yon mansion, grown with ruin grey,
And marks the wealthy, unsuspected ground,
Where, green with rust, long-buried coins abound.
This plaintive ghost, from earth when newly fled,
Saw those, the living trusted, wrong the dead;
He saw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeless hand
Sign the false deed that alienates his land;
Heard, on his fame, injurious censure thrown,
And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan.
Commission'd now, the falsehood he reveals,
To justice soon th' enabled heir appeals;
Soon, by this wealth, are costly pleas maintain'd,
And, by discover'd truth, lost right regain'd.
But why (may some enquire) why kind success,
Since mystic heav'n gives mis'ry oft to bless?
Tho' mis'ry leads to happiness and truth,
Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
Unstrengthen'd virtue scarce his bosom fir'd,
And fearful from his growing wants retir'd.
(Oh, let none censure, if, untried by grief,
If, amidst woe, untempted by relief,)

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He stoop'd reluctant to low arts of shame,
Which then, ev'n then he scorn'd, and blush'd to name.
Heav'n sees, and makes th' imperfect worth its care,
And cheers the trembling heart, unform'd to bear.
Now rising fortune elevates his mind,
He shines unclouded, and adorns mankind.
So in some engine, that denies a vent,
If unrespiring is some creature pent,
It sickens, droops, and pants, and gasps for breath,
Sad o'er the sight swim shad'wy mists of death:
If then kind air pours pow'rful in again,
New heats, new pulses quicken ev'ry vein;
From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled eye,
Dispers'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly.
From trembling tombs the ghosts of greatness rise,
And o'er their bodies hang with wistful eyes;
Or discontented stalk, and mix their howls
With howling wolves, their screams with screaming owls.
The interval 'twixt night and morn is nigh,
Winter more nitrous chills the shadow'd sky.
Springs with soft heats no more give borders green,
Nor smoaking breath along the whiten'd scene;
While steamy currents, sweet in prospect, charm
Like veins blue-winding on a fair-one's arm.
Now Sleep to Fancy parts with half his pow'r,
And broken slumbers drag the restless hour.
The murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glares,
And in dire dreams the conscious murd'rer scares,
Shews the yet-spouting wound, th' ensanguin'd floor,
The walls yet smoaking with the spatter'd gore;
Or shrieks to dozing justice, and reveals
The deed, which fraudful art from day conceals;
The delve obscene, where no suspicion pries,
Where the disfigur'd corse unshrouded lies;
The sure, the striking proof, so strong maintain'd;
Pale Guilt starts self-convicted, when arraign'd.

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These spirits, treason of its pow'r divest,
And turn the peril from the patriot's breast.
Those solemn thought inspire, or bright descend
To snatch, in vision sweet, thy dying friend.
But we deceive the gloom, the matin bell
Summon's to prayer!—Now breaks th' enchanter's spell!
And now—But yon fair spirit's form survey!
'Tis she!—Olympia beckons me away!
I haste! I fly—adieu!—and when you see
The youth who bleeds with fondness, think on me:
Tell him my tale, and be his pain carest;
By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm blest.
When worship'd woman we entranc'd behold,
We praise the Maker in his fairest mould;
The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
And light immortal to the soul refin'd!
Depriv'd of charming woman, soon we miss
The prize of friendship, and the life of bliss!
Still thro' the shades Olympia dawning breaks!
What bloom, what brightness lustres o'er her cheeks!
Again she calls!—I dare no longer stay!
A kind farewel—Olympia, I obey.
He turn'd, nor longer in my sight remain'd;
The mountain he, I safe the city gain'd.

CANTO IV.

STILL o'er my mind wild Fancy holds her sway,
Still on strange visonary land I stray.
Now scenes crowd thick! now indistinct appear!
Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year!
Near the Bull's horn light's rising monarch draws;
Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws
From vernal heat pale winter forc'd to fly,
Northward retires, yet turns a wat'ry eye:
Then with op aguish breath nips infant blooms,
Deprives unfolding spring of rich perfumes,

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Shakes the slow-circling blood of human race,
And in sharp, livid looks contracts the face.
Now o'er Norwegian hills he strides away:
Such slipp'ry paths Ambition's steps betray.
Turning, with sighs, far spiral firs he sees,
Which bow obedient to the southern breeze.
Now from yon Zemblan rock his crest he shrouds,
Like Fame's, obscur'd amid the whitening clouds;
Thence his lost empire is with tears deplor'd:
Such tyrants shed o'er liberty restor'd.
Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light
Ten times the measur'd round of mortal sight)
A waste, pale-glimm'ring, like a moon, that wanes
A wild expanse of frozen sea contains.
It cracks! vast floating mountains beat the shore;
Far off he hears those icy ruins roar,
And from the hideous crash distracted flies,
Like one who feels his dying infant's cries.
Near, and more near the rushing torrents sound,
And one great rift runs thro' the vast profound,
Swift as a shooting meteor; groaning loud,
Like deep-roll'd thunder thro' a rending cloud.
The late-dark Pole now feels unsetting day;
In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way;
O'er many a polar Alp to Frost he goes,
O'er crackling vales, embrown'd with melting snows;
Here bears stalk tenants of the barren space,
Few men! unsocial these!—a hard'ning race!
At length the cave appears! the race is run:
Now he recounts vast conquests lost, and won,
And tasteful in th' embrace of Frost remains,
Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.

Meanwhile the sun his beams on Cancer throws,
Which now beneath his warmest influence glows.
From glowing Cancer fall'n, the King of day,
Red thro' the kindling Lion shoots his ray.

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The tawny harvest pays the earlier plough,
And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough.
'Tis day-spring. Now green lab'rinths I frequent,
Where Wisdom oft retires to meet Content.
The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends,
From note to note the ravish'd soul ascends;
As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
By some good angel led to world sublime:
Oft (legends say) the snake, with waken'd ire,
Like Envy rears in many a scaly spire;
Then songsters droop, then yield their vital gore,
And innocence and music are no more.
Mild rides the morn in orient beauty drest,
An azure mantle, and a purple vest,
Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet display,
Her amber tresses negligently gay.
Collected now her rosy hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly dew distil.
The songful zephyrs, and the laughing hours,
Breathe sweet; and strew her op'ning way with flow'rs.
The chatt'ring swallows leave their nested care,
Each promising return with plenteous fare.
So the fond swain, who to the market hies,
Stills, with big hopes, his infant's tender cries.
Yonder two turtles, o'er their callow brood,
Hang hov'ring, ere they seek their guiltless food.
Fondly they bill. Now to their morning care,
Like our first parents, part the am'rous pair:
But ah!—a pair no more!—With spreading wings,
From the high-sounding cliff a vulture springs;
Steady he sails along th' aerial grey,
Swoops down, and bears yon tim'rous dove away.
Start we, who worse than vultures, Nimrods find,
Men meditating prey on human-kind?
Wild beasts to gloomy dens repace their way,
Where their couch'd young demand the slaughter'd prey.

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Rooks, from their nodding nests, black-swarming fly,
And, in hoarse uproar, tell the fowler nigh.
Now, in his tabernacle rous'd, the sun
Is warn'd the blue etherial steep to run;
While on his couch of floating jasper laid,
From his bright eye Sleep calls the dewy shade.
The crystal dome transparent pillars raise,
Whence, beam'd from saphires, living azure plays;
The liquid floor, in-wrought with pearls divine,
Where all his labours in mosaic shine.
His coronet, a cloud of silver-white:
His robe with unconsuming crimson bright,
Varied with gems, all heaven's collected store!
While his loose locks descend, a golden show'r.
If to his steps compar'd, we tardy find
The Grecian racers, who out-strip the wind,
Fleet to the glowing race behold him start!
His quick'ning eyes a quiv'ring radiance dart,
And, while this last nocturnal flag is furl'd,
Swift into life and motion look the world.
The sun-flow'r now averts her blooming cheek
From west, to view his eastern lustre break.
What gay, creative pow'r his presence brings?
Hills, lawns, lakes, villages!—the face of things,
All night beneath successive shadows miss'd,
Instant begins in colours to exist:
But absent these from sons of riot keep,
Lost in impure, unmeditating sleep.
T'unlock his fence, the new-ris'n swain prepares,
And ere forth-driv'n recounts his fleecy cares;
When, lo! an ambush'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold!
But by the pastor not in vain defy'd,
Like our arch-foe by some celestial guide.
Spread on yon rock the sea-calf I survey:
Bask'd in the sun, his skin reflects the day.

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He sees yon tow'r-like ship the waves divide,
And slips again beneath the glassy tide.
The wat'ry herbs, and shrubs, and vines, and flow'rs,
Rear their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly show'rs.
Hail, glorious sun! to whose attractive fires,
The waken'd, vegetative life aspires!
The juices, wrought by thy directive force,
Thro' plants and trees perform their genial course,
Extend in root, with bark unyielding bind
The hearted trunk; or weave the branching rind;
Expand in leaves, in flow'ry blossoms shoot,
Bleed in rich gums, and swell in ripen'd fruit.
From thee, bright, universal Pow'r! began
Instinct in brute, and gen'rous love in man.
Talk'd I of love?—Yon swain, with am'rous air,
Soft swells his pipe, to charm the rural fair.
She milks the flocks, then, list'ning as he plays,
Steals, in the running brook, a conscious gaze.
The trout, that deep, in winter, ooz'd remains,
Up-springs, and sunward turns its crimson stains.
The tenants of the warren, vainly chas'd;
Now lur'd to ambient fields for green repast,
Seek their small, vaulted labyrinths in vain;
Entangling nets betray the skipping train;
Red massacres thro' their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthless spaniels die.
The fisher, who the lonely beech has stray'd,
And all the live-long night his net-work spread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded snare away;
Where flounce, deceiv'd, th' expiring finny prey.
Near Neptune's temple, (Neptune's now no more,)
Whose statue plants a trident on the shore,
In sportive rings the gen'rous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image human kind:
Dear, pleasing friendship!—See! the pile commands
The vale, and grim as Superstition stands!

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Time's hand there leaves its print of mossy green,
With hollows, carv'd for snakes, and birds obscene.
O, Gibbs, whose heart the solemn fane can raise,
Where God delights to dwell, and man to praise;
When moulder'd thus the column falls away,
Like some great prince majestic in decay;
When Ignorance and Scorn the ground shall tread,
Where Wisdom tutor'd, and Devotion pray'd;
Where shall thy pompous work our wonder claim?
What, but the Muse alone, preserve thy name?
The sun shines broken thro' yon arch that rears
This once-round fabric, half-depriv'd by years,
Which rose a stately colonnade, and crown'd
Encircling pillars, now unfaithful found;
In fragments, these the fall of those forbode,
Which, nodding, just up-heave their crumbling load.
High, on yon column, which has batter'd stood,
Like some stripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
The stork inhabits her aërial nest;
By her are liberty and peace carest;
She flies the realms that own despotic kings,
And only spreads o'er free-born states her wings.
The roof is now the daw's, or raven's haunt,
And loathsome toads in the dark entrance pant;
Or snakes, that lurk to snap the heedless fly,
And fated bird, that oft comes flutt'ring by.
An aqueduct across yon vale is laid,
Its channel thro' a ruin'd arch betray'd;
Whirl'd down a steep it flies with torrent-force,
Flashes, and roars, and plows a devious course.
Attracted mists a golden cloud commence,
While thro' high-colour'd air strike rays intense.
Betwixt two points, which yon steep mountains show,
Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
Leads length'ning in the rock—Be this my seat.

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Heat never enters here; but coolness reigns
O'er zephyrs, and distilling, wat'ry veins.
Secluded now I trace th' instructive page,
And live o'er scenes of many a backward age;
Thro' days, months, years, thro' time's whole course I run,
And present stand where time itself begun.

Ye mighty Dead, of just, distinguish'd fame,
Your thoughts, (ye bright instructors!) here I claim.
Here ancient knowledge opens nature's springs;
Here truths historic give the hearts of kings;
Hence Contemplation learns white hours to find,
And labours virtue on th' attentive mind:
O lov'd retreat! thy joys content bestow,
Nor guilt nor shame, nor sharp repentance know.
What the fifth Charles long aim'd in power to see,
That happiness he found reserv'd in thee.

Now let me change the page—Here Tully weeps,
While in death's icy arms his Tullia sleeps,
His daughter dear!—Retir'd I see him mourn,
By all the frenzy now of anguish torn.
Wild his complaint! Nor sweeter sorrows strains,
When Singer for Alexis lost complains.
Each friend condoles, expostulates, reproves;
More than a father raving Tully loves;
Or Sallust censures thus!—Unheeding blame,
He schemes a temple to his Tullia's name.
Thus o'er my Hermit once did grief prevail,
Thus rose Olympia's tomb, his moving tale.
The sighs, tears, frantic starts, that banish rest,
And all the bursting sorrows of his breast.

But hark! a sudden pow'r attunes the air!
Th' inchanting sound enamour'd breezes bear;
Now low, now high, they sink, or lift the song,
Which the cave echoes sweet, and sweet the crooks prolong.

I listen'd, gaz'd, when, wond'rous to behold!
From ocean steam'd a vapour gath'ring rolld:

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A blue, round spot on the mid-roof it came;
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame.
Full-orb'd it shone, and dimm'd the swimming sight,
While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light.
Amaz'd I stood!—amaz'd I still remain!
What earthly pow'r this wonder can explain;
Gradual, at length, the lustre dies away:
My eyes restor'd, a mortal form survey.
My Hermit-friend! 'Tis he.—All hail (he cries)
I see, and would alleviate, thy surprise.
The vanish'd meteor, was heaven's message meant,
To warn thee hence: I know the high intent.
Hear then! in this sequester'd cave retir'd,
Departed saints converse with men inspir'd.
'Tis sacred ground; nor can thy mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an intercourse so pure.
Quick let us hence—And now extend thy views
O'er yonder lawn; there find the heav'n-born Muse!
Or seek her, where she trusts her tuneful tale
To the mid, silent wood, or vocal vale;
Where trees half check the light with trembling shades,
Close in deep glooms, or open clear in glades;
Or where surrounding vistas far descend,
The landscape varied at each less'ning end!
She, only she can mortal thought refine,
And raise thy voice to visitants divine.

CANTO V.

WE left the cave. Be Fear (said I) defy'd!
Virtue (for thou art Virtue) is my guide.
By time-worn steps a steep ascent we gain,
Whose summit yields a prospect o'er the plain.
There, bench'd with turf, an oak our seat extends,
Whose top, a verdant, branch'd pavilion bends.
Vistas, with leaves, diversify the scene,
Some pale, some brown, and some of lively green.

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Now, from the full-grown day a beamy show'r
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each glossy flow'r.
Gay insects sparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countless as its rays:
They dance on every stream, and pictur'd play,
'Till, by the wat'ry racer, snatch'd away.
Now, from yon range of rocks, strong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flow'ry plains around:
King-cups beneath far-striking colours glance,
Bright as th' etherial glows the green expanse.
Gems of the field!—the topaz charms the sight,
Like these, effulging yellow streams of light.
From the same rocks, fall rills with soften'd force,
Meet in yon mead, and well a river's source.
Thro' her clear channel, shine her finny shoals,
O'er sands, like gold, the liquid crystal rolls.
Dimm'd in yon coarser moor, her charms decay,
And shape, thro' rustling reeds, a ruffled way.
Near willows short and bushy shadows throw:
Now lost, she seems thro' nether tracts to flow;
Yet, at yon point, winds out in silver state,
Like Virtue from a labyrinth of fate.
In length'ning rows, prone from the mountains, run
The flocks:—their fleeces glist'ning in the sun;
Her streams they seek, and, 'twixt her neighb'ring trees,
Recline in various attitudes of ease.
Where the herds sip, the little scaly fry,
Swift from the shore, in scatt'ring myriads fly.
Each liv'ry'd cloud, that round th' horizon glows,
Shifts in odd scenes, like earth, from whence it rose.
The bee hums wanton in yon jasmine bow'r,
And circling settles, and despoils the flow'r.
Melodious there the plumy songsters meet,
And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd retreat.
Neat-polish'd mansions rise in prospect gay;
Time-batter'd tow'rs frown awful in decay;

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The sun plays glitt'ring on the rocks and spires,
And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.
Here Mirth, and Fancy's wanton train advance,
And to light measures turn the swimming dance.
Sweet, slow-pac'd Melancholy next appears,
Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears.
Here Meditation shines, in azure drest,
All-starr'd with gems: a sun adorns her crest.
Religion, to whose lifted, raptur'd eyes
Seraphic hosts descend from opening skies;
Beauty, who sways the heart, and charms the sight;
Whose tongue is music, and whose smile delight;
Whose brow is majesty; whose bosom peace;
Who bad creation be, and chaos cease;
Whose breath perfumes the spring; whose eye divine
Kindled the sun, and gave its light to shine.
Here, in thy likeness, fair * Ophelia, seen,
She throws kind lustre o'er th' enliven'd green.
Next her, Description, robed in various hues,
Invites attention from the pensive Muse!
The Muse!—she comes! refin'd the passions wait,
And Precept, ever winning, wise, and great.
The Muse! a thousand spirits wing the air:
(Once men, who made, like her, mankind their care)
Inamour'd round her press th' inspiring throng,
And swell to ecstacy her solemn song.
Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind.
Whether her sight the dew-bright dawn surveys,
The noon's dry heat, or evening's temper'd rays,
The hours of storm or calm, the gleby ground,
The coral'd sea, gem'd rock, or sky profound,
A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
Each image strikes with energy divine;

* *Mrs. Oldfield.*

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Bacon, and Newton in her thought conspire;
Not sweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre.
My hermit thus. She beckons us away:
Oh, let us swift the high behest obey!
Now thro' a lane, which mingling tracts have crost,
The way unequal, and the landscape lost,
We rove. The Warblers lively tunes essay,
The lark on wing, the linnet on the spray,
While music trembles in their songful throats,
The bullfinch whistles soft his flute-like notes.
The bolder blackbird swells sonorous lays;
The varying thrush commands a tuneful maze;
Each a wild length of melody pursues;
While the soft-murm'ring, am'rous wood-dove cooes,
And when in spring these melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo sends her unison of woe.
But as smooth seas are furrow'd by a storm;
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform;
So, loud through air, unwelcome noises sound,
And harmony's at once, in discord, drown'd.
From yon dark cypress, croaks the raven's cry;
As dissonant the daw, jay, chatt'ring pie:
The clam'rous crows abandon'd carnage seek,
And the harsh owl shrills out a sharp'ning shriek.
At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's prefor'd,
To bar the trespass of a vagrant herd.
Fast by, a meagre mendicant we find,
Whose russet rags hang flutt'ring in the wind:
Years bow his back, a staff supports his tread,
And soft white hairs shade thin his palsy'd head.
Poor wretch!—Is this for charity his haunt?
He meets the frequent slight, and ruthless taunt.
On slaves of guilt oft smiles the squand'ring peer;
But passing knows not common bounty here.
Vain thing! in what dost thou superior shine?
His our first sire: what race more ancient thine?

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Less backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw
From men whose influence kept the world in awe:
Whose worthless sons, like thee, perchance consum'd
Their ample store, their line to want was doom'd.
So thine may perish by the course of things,
While his, from beggars re-ascend to kings.
Now lazar, as thy hardships I peruse,
On my own state instructed would I muse.
When I view greatness, I my lot lament,
Compar'd to thee, I snatch supreme content.
I might have felt, did heav'n not gracious deal,
A fate which I must mourn to see thee feel.
But soft! the cripple our approach descries,
And to the gate, tho' weak, officious hies.
I spring preventive, and unbar the way,
Then, turning, with a smile of pity, say,
Here, friend!—this little copper alms receive,
Instance of will, without the pow'r to give.
Hermit, if here with pity we reflect,
How must we grieve, when learning meets neglect?
When god-like souls endure a mean restraint;
When gen'rous will is curb'd by tyrant want?
He truly feels what to distress belongs,
Who, to his private, adds a people's wrongs;
Merit's a mark at which disgrace is thrown.
And ev'ry injur'd virtue is his own.
Such, their own pangs with patience here endure,
Yet there weep wounds, they are denied to cure,
Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great,
And tho' depress'd, superior to their fate.
Minions in pow'r, and misers, 'mid their store,
Are mean in greatness, and in plenty poor.
What's pow'r, or wealth? Were they not form'd for aid,
A spring for virtue, and from wrongs a shade?
In pow'r we savage tyranny behold,
And wily av'rice owns polluted gold.

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From golden sands her pride could Lybia raise,
Could she, who spreads no pasture, claim our praise?
Loath'd were her wealth, where rabid monsters breed;
Where serpents, pamper'd on her venom, feed,
No sheltry trees invite the Wand'rer's eye,
No fruits, no grain, no gums, her tracts supply;
On her vast wilds, no lovely prospects run;
But all lies barren, tho' beneath the sun.
My Hermit thus. I know thy soul believes,
'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
Doubtless, would beauteous symmetry disclose.
The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
In prospect dignifies the fertile plains;
Lead-colour'd clouds, in scatt'ring fragments seen,
Shew, tho' in broken views, the blue serene.
Severe distresses industry inspire; Learn this —
Thus captives oft excelling arts acquire,
And boldly struggle thro' a state of shame,
To life, ease, plenty, liberty, and fame.
Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
And one red vict'ry years of peace maintain'd.
We pass thro', want to wealth, thro' dismal strife,
To calm content, thro' death to endless life.
Lybia thou nam'st—Let Afric's wastes appear
Curst by those heats, that fructify the year;
Yet the same suns her orange-groves befriend,
Where clust'ring globes in shining rows depend.
Here when fierce beams o'er with'ring plants are roll'd,
There the green fruit seems ripen'd into gold.
Ev'n scenes that strike with terrible surprise,
Still prove a God, just, merciful, and wise.
Sad wint'ry blasts, that strip the autumn, bring
The milder beauties of a flow'ry spring.

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Ye sulph'rous fires in jaggy lightnings break!
Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations shake!
Ye storms of riving flame the forest tear!
Deep crack the rocks! rent trees be whirl'd in air!
Reft at a stroke, some stately fane we'll mourn;
Her tombs wide-shatter'd, and her dead up-torn:
Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn,
Rack'd earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn:
Then all were lost!—Or should we floating view
The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew;
Plague, fever, frenzy, close-engend'ring lie,
'Till these red ruptures clear the sullied sky.

Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcell'd tracts to various uses wrought.
Here hard'ning ripeness the first blooms behold,
There the last blossoms spring-like pride unfold.
Here swelling peas on leafy stalks are seen,
Mix'd flow'rs of red and azure shine between;
Whose waving beauties, heighten'd by the sun,
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run.
There the next produce of a genial show'r,
The bean fresh-blossoms in a speckled flow'r;
Whose morning dews, when to the sun resign'd,
With undulating sweets embalm the wind.
Now daisy plats of clover square the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardless grain.
There fib'rous flax with verdant binds the field,
Which on the loom shall art-spun labours yield.
The mulb'ry, in fair summer-green array'd,
Full in the midst starts up, a silky shade.
For human silks the rich-stain'd fruit-age bleeds:
The leaf the silk-emitting reptile feeds.
As swans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
Here worms for man their glossy entrails weave.
Hence to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
Sprigs, fruits, and flow'rs on light'ned vestments play.

But Industry prepares them oft to please
The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant ease.
Now frequent, dusty gales offensive blow,
And o'er my sight a transient blindness throw.
Windward we shift, near down th' etherial steep,
The lamp of day hangs hov'ring o'er the deep.
Dun shades, in rocky shapes, up ether roll'd,
Project long, shaggy points, deep ting'd with gold.
Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's dye,
And paint amusing landscapes on the eye.
There blue-veil'd yellow, through a sky serene,
In swelling mixture forms a floating green.
Streak'd thro' white clouds a mild vermilion shines,
And the breeze freshens, as the hour declines.
Yon crooked, sunny roads change rising views
From brown, to sandy-red, and chalky hues.
One mingled scene another quick succeeds;
Men, chariots, teams, yok'd steers, and prancing steeds,
Which climb, descend, and, as loud whips resound,
Stretch, sweat, and smoke along unequal ground.
On winding Thames reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ships, barges mark the roughen'd streams,
This way, and that, they different points pursue;
So mix the motions, and so shifts the view.
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of heav'n in gay profusion rise;
Trees rich with gums, and fruits, with jewels rocks;
Plains with flow'rs, herbs, and plants, and beeves, and flocks;
Mountains with mines; with oak, and cedar, woods;
Quarries with marble, and with ink the floods.
In dark'ning spots, and folds of various dies,
Tilth new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
Near uplands fertile pride unclos'd display,
The green-grass yellowing into scanty hay.
And thick-set hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the vivid thorn.

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Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd scene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.
The native strawberry red-ripening grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.
There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,
In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
'Twixt ferns and thistles, unsown flow'rs amuse,
And form a lucid chase of various hues;
Many half-grey with dust: confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich year, and lead the wand'ring eye.
Contemplative, we tread the flow'ry plain,
The Muse preceding with her heav'nly train.
When, lo! the mendicant, so late behind,
Strange views! now journeying in our front we find!
And yet a view, more strange, our heed demands;
Touch'd by the Muse's wand transform'd he stands,
O'er skin late wrinkled, instant beauty spreads;
The late-dimm'd eye, a vivid lustre sheds;
Hairs, once so thin, now graceful locks decline;
And rags now chang'd, in regal vestments shine.
The Hermit thus. In him the BARD behold,
Once seen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold;
The BARD, whose want so multiplied his woes,
He sunk a mortal, and a seraph rose.
See!—Where those stately yew-trees darkling grow,
And, waving o'er yon groves, brown horrors throw,
Scornful he points—there, o'er his sacred dust,
Arise the sculptur'd tomb, and labour'd bust.
Vain pomp! bestow'd by ostentatious pride,
Who to a life of want relief deny'd.
But thus the BARD. Are these the gifts of state?
Gifts unreceiv'd!—These? Ye ungen'rous great!
How was I treated when in life forlorn?
My claim your pity; but my lot your scorn.
Why were my studious hours oppos'd by need?
In me did poverty from guilt proceed? = Yes! oft.

Did I contemporary authors wrong,
And deem their worth, but as they priz'd my song?
Did I sooth vice, or venal strokes betray
In the low-purpos'd, loud polemic fray?
Did e'er my verse immodest warmth contain,
Or, once licentious, heav'nly truths profane?
Never—And yet when envy sunk my name,
Who call'd my shadow'd merit into fame?
When, undeserv'd, a prison's grate I saw,
What hand redeem'd me from the wrested law?
Who cloth'd me naked, or when hungry fed?
Why crush'd the living? Why extoll'd the dead?—
But foreign languages adopt my lays,
And distant nations shame you into praise.
Why should unrelish'd wit these honours cause?
Custom, not knowledge, dictates your applause:
Or think you thus a self-renown to raise,
And mingle your vain-glories with my bays?
Be yours the mould'ring tomb! Be mine the lay
Immortal!—Thus he scoffs the pomp away.
Tho' words like these unletter'd pride impeach,
To the meek heart he turns with milder speech.
Tho' now a seraph, oft he deigns to wear
The face of human friendship, oft of care;
To walk disguis'd an object of relief,
A learn'd, good man, long exercis'd in grief;
Forlorn, a friendless orphan oft to roam,
Craving some kind, some hospitable home;
Or, like Ulysses, a low lazar stand;
Beseeching Pity's eye and Bounty's hand;
Or, like Ulysses, royal aid request,
Wand'ring, from court to court a king distrest.
Thus varying shapes, the seeming son of woe
Eyes the cold heart, and hearts that gen'rous glow;
Then to the Muse relates each lordly name,
Who deals impartial infamy, and fame.

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Oft, as when man, in mortal state depress'd,
His lays taught virtue, which his life confess'd,
He now forms visionary scenes below,
Inspiring patience in the heart of woe;
Patience that softens every sad extreme,
That casts thro' dungeon-glooms a cheerful gleam,
Disarms disease of pain, mocks slander's sting,
And strips of terrors the terrific king,
'Gainst Want, a surer foe, its succour lends,
And smiling sees th' ingratitude of friends.

Nor are these tasks to him alone consign'd,
Millions invisible befriend mankind.
When wat'ry structures, seen cross heav'n ascend,
Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
Fancy beholds adown each glitt'ring side,
Myriads of missionary seraphs glide:
She sees good angels genial show'rs bestow
From the red convex of the dewy bow.
They smile upon the swain: He views the prize;
Then grateful bends, to bless the bounteous skies.
Some winds collect, and send propitious gales
Oft where Britannia's navy spreads her sails;
There ever wafting, on the breath of fame,
Unequal'd glory in her sovereign's name.
Some teach young zephyrs vernal sweets to bear,
And float the balmy health on ambient air;
Zephyrs, that oft, where lovers list'ning lie,
Along the grove, in melting music die,
And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
Seraphic whispers, that abstract the soul.
Some range the colours, as they parted fly,
Clear-pointed to the philosophic eye;
The flaming red, that pains the dwelling gaze;
The stainless, lightsome yellow's gilding rays;
The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows,
And to kind mixture tawny lustre owes;

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All-cheering-green, that gives the spring its dye;
The bright, transparent blue, that robes the sky;
And indico, which shaded light displays;
And violet, which in the view decays.
Parental hues, whence others all proceed;
An ever-mingling, changeful, countless breed;
Unravel'd variegated, lines of light,
When blended, dazzling in promiscuous white.
Oft thro' these bows departed spirits range,
New to the skies, admiring at their change;
Each mind a void, as when first born to earth,
Beheld a second blank in second birth;
Then, as yon seraph-bard fram'd hearts below,
Each sees him here transcendent knowledge show,
New saints he tutors into truth refin'd,
And tunes to rapt'rous love the new-form'd mind.
He swells the lyre, whose loud, melodious lays
Call high Hosannah's from the voice of praise;
Tho' one bad age such poesy cou'd wrong,
Now worlds around retentive roll the song:
Now God's high throne the full-voic'd rapture gain,
Celestial hosts returning strain for strain.
Thus he, who once knew want without relief,
Sees joys resulting from well-suff'ring grief.
Hark! while we talk, a distant, patt'ring rain
Resounds!—See! up the broad etherial plain
Shoots the bright bow!—The seraph flits away;
The Muse, the Graces from our view decay.
Behind yon western hill the globe of light
Drops sudden, fast pursued by shades of night.
Yon graves from winter-scenes to mind recall
Rebellion's council, and rebellion's fall.
What fiends in sulph'rous, car-like clouds up-flew;
What midnight treason glar'd beneath their view?
And now the traitors rear their Babel-schemes,
Big, and more big, stupendous mischief seems;

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But Justice, rous'd superior strength employs,
Their scheme wide shatters, and their hope destroys.
Discord she wills; the missile ruin flies;
Sudden, unnatural debates arise,
Doubt, mutual jealousy, and dumb disgust,
Dark-hinted mutt'rings, and avow'd distrust;
To secret ferment is each heart resign'd;
Suspicion hovers in each clouded mind;
They jar, accus'd, accuse; revil'd, revile;
And wrath to wrath oppose, and guile to guile;
Wrangling they part, themselves betray;
Each dire device starts naked into day;
They feel confusion in the van with fear;
They feel the king of terrors in the rear.

Of these were three by diff'rent motives fir'd,
Ambition one, and one revenge inspir'd.
The third, O Mammon, was thy meaner slave;
Thou idol seldom of the great and brave.

Florio, whose life was one continu'd feast,
His wealth diminish'd, and his debts increas'd,
Vain pomp, and equipage, his low desires,
Who ne'er to intellectual bliss aspires;
He, to repair by vice what vice has broke,
Durst with bold treasons judgment's rod provoke.
His strength of mind, by lux'ry half dissolv'd,
Ill brooks the woe, where deep he stands involv'd.
He weeps, stamps wild, and to and fro now flies;
Now wrings his hands, and sends unmanly cries,
Arraigns his judge, affirms unjust he bleeds,
And now recants, and now for mercy pleads;
Now blames associates, raves with inward strife,
Upbraids himself; then thinks alone on life.
He rolls red-swelling tearful eyes around,
Sore smites his breast, and sinks upon the ground.
He wails, he quite desponds, convulsive lies,
Shrinks from the fancy'd axe, and thinks he dies:

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Revives, with hope enquires, stops short with fear,
Entreats ev'n flatt'ry, nor the worst will hear;
The worst alas, his doom!—What friend replies;
Each speaks with shaking head, and down-cast eyes.
One silence breaks, then pauses, drops a tear;
Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear;
But what kind friendship part reserves unknown
Comes thund'ring in his keeper's surly tone.
Enough, struck thro' and thro', in ghastly stare,
He stands transfix'd, the statue of despair;
Nor ought of life, nor ought of death he knows,
Till thought returns, and brings return of woes:
Now pours a storm of grief in gushing streams:
That past—Collected in himself he seems,
And with forc'd smiles retires—His latent thought
Dark, horrid, as the prison's dismal vault.
If with himself at variance ever-wild,
With angry heav'n how stands he reconcil'd?
No penitential orisons arise;
Nay, he obtests the justice of the skies.
Not for his guilt, for sentenc'd life he moans;
His chains rough-clanking to discordant groans,
To bars harsh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
Hoarse-echoing walls, and hollow ringing floors,
To thoughts more dissonant, far, far less kind,
One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.
At length, fatigu'd with grief, on earth he lies:
But soon as sleep weighs down th' unwilling eyes,
Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
Treason succeeds, and all transforms to joy.
Proud palaces their glitt'ring stores display;
Gain he pursues, and rapine leads the way.
What gold? What gems?—He strains to seize the prize;
Quick from his touch dissolv'd, a cloud it flies.
Conscious he cries—And must I wake to weep?
Ah, yet return, return, delusive Sleep!

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Sleep comes; but liberty no more:—Unkind,
The dungeon-glooms hang heavy on his mind.
Shrill winds are heard, and howling daemons call;
Wide flying portals seem unking'd to fall;
Then close with sudden claps; a dreadful din!
He starts, wakes, storms; and all is hell within.
His genius flies—reflects he now on prayer?
Alas! bad spirits turn those thoughts to air.
What shall he next? What, straight relinquish breath,
To bar a public, just, the shameful death?
Rash, horrid thought! yet how afraid to live,
Murd'rous he strikes—May heav'n the deed forgive!
Why had he thus false spirit to rebel!
And why not fortitude to suffer well?
Were his success, how terrible the blow?
And it recoils on him eternal woe.
Heav'n this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might close a life misspent.
Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge resound,
Far from the compass of yon sacred ground;
Full in the centre of three meeting ways,
Stak'd thro' he lies—Warn'd let the wicked gaze:
Near yonder fane, where mis'ry sleeps in peace,
Whose spire fast lessens, as the shades increase,
Left to the north, whence oft brew'd tempests roll,
Tempests, dire emblems, Cosmo, of thy soul!
There mark that Cosmo, much for guile renown'd!
His grave by unbid plants of poison crown'd.
When out of pow'r thro' him the public good,
So strong his factious tribe, suspended stood,
In pow'r, vindictive actions were his aim,
And patriots perish'd by th' ungenerous flames.
If the best cause he in the senate chose,
Ev'n right in him, from some wrong motive rose.
The bad he loth'd, and would the weak despise;
Yet courted for dark ends, and fear'd the wise.

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When ill his purpose, eloquent his strain;
His malice had a look and voice humane.
His smile, the signal of some vile intent,
A private poniard, or empoison'd scent;
Proud, yet to popular applause a slave;
No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.
His boons unfrequent, or unjust to need;
The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed:
But if they chance'd on learned worth to fall,
Bounty in him was ostentation all.
No true benevolence his thought sublimes,
His noblest actions are illustrious crimes.
Fine parts, which virtue might have rank'd with fame,
Enhance his guilt, and magnify his shame.
When parts and probity in man combine,
In wisdom's eye, how charming must he shine?
Let him, less happy, truth at least impart,
And what he wants in genius beat in heart.

Cosmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That storm of passion, which his nature feels:
He feels much fear, more anger, and most pride;
But pride and anger make all fear subside,
Dauntless he meets at length untimely fate;
A desp'rate spirit! rather fierce than great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary coast,
A sullen, wand'ring, self-tormenting ghost.

Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in sculpture rising round,
Just where a crossing, lengthening aisle we find,
Full east; Whence God returns to judge mankind,
Once-lov'd Horatio sleeps, a mind elate!
Lamented shade, ambition was thy fate.
Ev'n angels, wond'ring, on his worth survey'd;
Behold a man, like one of us! they said.
Straight heard the furies, and with envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd.

First Av'rice came. In vain Self-love she press'd;
The poor he pity'd still, and still redress'd:
Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend.
Next came Revenge: but her essay how vain!
Not hate, nor envy, in his heart remain,
No previous malice could his mind engage,
Malice, the mother of vindictive rage.
No—from his life his foes might learn to live;
He held it still a triumph to forgive.
At length Ambition urg'd his country's weal,
Assuming the fair look of Public Zeal;
Still in his breast so gen'rous glow'd the flame,
The vice, when there, a virtue half became.
His pitying eye saw millions in distress,
He deem'd it god-like to have pow'r to bless:
Thus, when unguarded, Treason stain'd him o'er,
And Virtue, and Content were then no more.
But when to death by rig'rous justice doom'd,
His genuine spirits saint-like state resum'd,
Oft from soft penitence distill'd a tear;
Oft hope in heav'nly mercy lighten'd fear;
Oft wou'd a drop from struggling nature fall,
And then a smile of patience brighten all.
He seeks in heav'n a friend, nor seeks in vain:
His guardian angel swift descends again;
And resolution thus bespeaks a mind,
Not scorning life, yet all to death resign'd;
—Ye chains, fit only to restrain the will
Of common, desp'rate veterans in ill,
Tho' rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
Did e'er my rising soul your pressure wear?
No!—free as liberty, and quick as light,
To worlds remote she takes unbounded flight.
Ye dungeon-glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,
Con'd ye once blot her prospect of the skies?

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No!—from her clearer sight, ye fled away,
Like error, pierc'd by truth's resistless ray.
Ye walls, that witness my repentant moan!
Ye echoes, that to midnight sorrows groan!
Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?
Or once betray fear's most inglorious pain?
No!—Hail, twice hail ignominious death!
Behold how willing glides my parting breath!
Far greater, better far,—ay, far indeed!
Like me, have suffer'd, and like me will bleed.
Apostles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,
Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.
Shall I, whose days, at best, no ill design'd,
Whose virtue shone not, tho' I lov'd mankind,
Shall I, now guilty wretch, shall I repine?
Ah, no! to justice let me life resign!
Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!
He taught me patience, who first taught me woe;
But friends are foes, they render woe severe,
For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
Not those, yet absent, missive griefs controul;
These periods weep, those rave, and these condole.
At entrance shrieks a friend, with pale surprise;
Another panting, prostrate, speechless lies?
One gripes my hand, one sobs upon my breast!
Ah, who can bear?—It shocks, it murders rest!
And is it yours, alas! my friends to feel?
And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal?
Is mine the patience, yours the bosom-strife?
Ah! would rash love lure back my thoughts to life?
Adieu, dear, dang'rous mourners! swift depart!
Ah, fly me! fly—I tear you from my heart.
Ye saints, whom fears of death could ne'er controul,
In my last hour compose, support my soul!
See my blood wash repented sin away!
Receive, receive me to eternal day!

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With words like these the destin'd hero dies,
While angels waft his soul to happier skies.
Distinction now gives way; yet on we talk,
Full darkness deep'ning o'er the formless walk.
Night treads not with light step the dewy gale,
Nor bright-distends her star-embroider'd veil;
Her leaden feet, inclement damps distil,
Clouds shut her face, black winds her vesture fill;
An earth-born meteor lights the sable skies,
Eastward it shoots, and, sunk, forgotten dies.
So pride, that rose from dust to guilty pow'r,
Glares out in vain; so dust shall pride devour.
Fishers, who yonder brink by torches gain,
With teethful tridents strike the scaly train.
Like snakes in eagles' claws, in vain they strive,
When heav'd aloft, and quiv'ring yet alive.
While here, methought, our time in converse pass'd,
The moon clouds muffled, and the night wore fast.
At prowling wolves was heard the mastiff's bay,
And the warn'd master's arms forbad the prey.
Thus treason steals, the patriot thus descries,
Forth springs the monarch, and the mischief flies.
Pale glow-worms glimmer'd thro' the depth of night,
Scatt'ring, like hope thro' fear, a doubtful light.
Lone Philomela tun'd the silent grove,
With pensive pleasure listen'd wakeful love.
Half-dreaming Fancy form'd an angel's tongue,
And Pain forgot to groan, so sweet she sung.
The Night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
Now paus'd, now listen'd, and awhile was charm'd!
But like the man, whose frequent-stubborn will
Resists what kind, seraphic sounds instil,
Her heart the love-inspiring voice repell'd,
Her breast with agitating mischief swell'd;
Which clos'd her ear, and tempted to destroy
The tuneful life, that charms with virtuous joy.

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Now fast we measure back the trackless way;
No friendly stars directive beams display.
But lo!—a thousand lights shoot instant rays;
Yon kindling rock reflects the startling blaze.
I stand astonish'd—thus the hermit cries:
Fear not, but listen with enlarg'd surprise!
Still must these hours our mutual converse claim,
And cease to echo still Olympia's name;
Grots, riv'lets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
Olympia now no sighing winds repeat.
Can I be mortal, and those hours no more,
Those am'rous hours, that plaintive echoes bore?
Am I the same? Ah, no!—Behold a mind,
Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd!
Late months, that made the vernal season gay,
Saw my health languish off in pale decay.
No racking pain yet gave disease a date;
No sad, presageful thought preluded fate:
Yet number'd were my days—My destin'd end
Near, and more near—Nay, ev'ry fear suspend!
I pass'd a weary, ling'ring, sleepless night;
Then rose, to walk in morning's earliest light:
But few my steps—a faint, and cheerless few!
Refreshment from my flagging spirits flew.
When, low, retir'd beneath a cypress shade,
My limbs upon a flow'ry bank I laid,
Soon by soft-creeping, murm'ring winds compos'd,
A slumber press'd my languid eyes—They clos'd:
But clos'd not long—Methought Olympia spoke;
Thrice loud she call'd, and thrice the slumber broke.
I wak'd. Forth gliding from a neighb'ring wood,
Full in my view the shad'wy charmer stood.
Rapt'rous I started up to clasp the shade;
But stagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade:
A mantling chilness o'er my bosom spread,
As if that instant number'd with the dead.

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Her voice now sent a far, imperfect sound,
When in a swimming trace my pangs were drown'd.
Still farther off she call'd—With soft surprise
I turn'd—but void of strength, and aid to rise;
Short, shorter, shorter yet my breath I drew:
Then up my struggling soul unburthen'd flew.
Thus from a state, where sin, and grief abide,
Heav'n summon'd me to mercy—thus I died.

He said. Th' astonishment with which I start,
Like bolted ice runs shiv'ring thro' my heart.
Art thou not mortal then? (I cried) But lo!
His raiment lightens, and his features glow!
In shady ringlets falls a length of hair;
Embloom'd his aspect shines, enlarg'd his air.
Mild from his eyes enliv'ning glories beam;
Mild on his brow sits majesty supreme.
Bright plumes of ev'ry dye, that round him flow,
Vest, robe, and wings, in vary'd lustre show.
He looks, and forward steps with mien divine;
A grace celestial gives him all to shine.
He speaks—Nature is ravish'd at the sound,
The forests move, and streams stand list'ning round!
Thus he. As incorruption I assum'd,
As instant in immortal youth I bloom'd!
Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital springs,
With diff'rent lights discern'd the form of things;
To earth my passions fell like mists away,
And reason open'd in eternal day.
Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
Celestial knowledge shone in ev'ry view.
My food was truth—what transport could I miss?
My prospect, all infinitude of bliss.
Olympia met me first, and, smiling gay,
Onward to mercy led the shining way;
As far transcendent to her wonted air,
As her dear wonted self to many a fair!

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In voice and form, beauty more beauteous shows,
And harmony still more harmonious grows.
She points out souls, who taught me friendship's charms,
They gaze, they glow, they spring into my arms!
Well pleas'd, high ancestors my view command;
Patrons, and patriots all; a glorious band!
Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
Shone out white-rob'd with saints, a spotless mind!
What once, below, ambition made him miss,
Humility here gain'd, a life of bliss!
Tho' late, let sinners then from sin depart!
Heav'n never yet despis'd the contrite heart.
Last shone, with sweet, exalted lustre grac'd,
The SERAPH-BARD, in highest order plac'd!
Seers, lovers, legislators, prelates, kings,
All raptur'd listen, as he raptur'd sings.
Sweetness and strength his look and lays employ,
Greet smiles with smiles, and ev'ry joy with joy:
Charmful he rose; his ever-charmful tongue
Joy to our second hymeneals sung;
Still, as we pass'd, the bright, celestial throng
Hail'd us in social love, and heav'nly song.
Of that no more! my deathless friendship see!
I come an angel to the Muse and thee.
These lights, that vibrate, and promiscuous shine,
Are emanations all of forms divine.
And here the Muse, tho' melted from thy gaze,
Stands among spirits, mingling rays with rays.
If thou wou'dst peace attain, my words attend,
The last, fond words of thy departed friend!
True joy's a seraph, that to heav'n aspires,
Unhurt it triumphs, mid' celestial choirs.
But shou'd no cares a mortal state molest,
Life were a state of ignorance at best.
Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
Those ills solemnity of thought inspire.

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Did not the soul abroad for objects roam,
Whence could she learn to call ideas home?
Justly to know thyself, peruse mankind;
To know thy God, paint nature on thy mind:
Without such science of the worldly scene,
What is retirement?—empty pride or spleen:
But with it—wisdom. There shall cares refine,
Render'd by contemplation half-divine.
Trust not the frantic, or mysterious guide,
Nor stoop a captive to the schoolman's pride.
On nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal!
They dim not reason, when they truth reveal:
So shall religion in thy heart endure,
From all traditionary falshood pure;
So life make death familiar to thy eye,
So shalt thou live, as thou may'st learn to die;
And, tho' thou view'st thy worst oppressor thrive,
From transient woe immortal bliss derive.
Farewel—Nay, stop the parting tear!—I go!
But leave the Muse thy comforter below.
He said. Instant his pinions upward soar,
He less'ning as they rise, till seen no more.
While Contemplation weigh'd the mystic view,
The lights all vanish'd, and the vision flew.

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THE BASTARD:

A POEM.

Inscribed, with all due reverence, to Mrs. Brett, his mother

ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

THE reader will easily perceive these verses were begun, when my heart was gayer than it has been of late; and finished in hours of the deepest melancholy.

I hope the world will do me the justice to believe, that no part of this flows from any real anger against the Lady, to whom it is inscribed. Whatever undeserved severities I may have received at her hands, would she deal so candidly as acknowledge truth, she very well knows, by an experience of many years, that I have ever behaved myself towards her, like one who thought it is duty to support with patience all afflictions from that quarter. Indeed, if I had not been capable of forgiving a Mother, I must have blushed to receive pardon myself at the hands of my sovereign.

Neither, to say the truth, were the manner of my birth all, should I have any reason for complaint—When I am a little disposed to a gay turn of thinking, I consider, as I was a Derelict from my cradle, I have honour of a lawful claim to the best protection in Europe. For being a spot of earth, to which nobody pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the King, as one of the rights of his Royalty.

While I presume to name his Majesty, I look back with confusion, upon the mercy I have lately experienced; because it is impossible to remember it, but with

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so mething I would fain forget, for the sake of my future peace, and alleviation of my past misfortune.

I owe my life to the Royal Pity, if any wretch can, with propriety, be said to live, whose days are fewer than his sorrows: and to whom death had been but a redemption from misery.

But I will suffer my pardon as my punishment, till that life, which has so graciously been given me, shall become considerable enough not to be useless in his service to whom it was forfeited. Under influence of these sentiments, with which His Majesty's great goodness has inspired me, I consider my loss of fortune and dignity as my happiness; to which, as I am born without ambition, I am thrown from them without repining—Possessing those advantages, my care had been, perhaps, but how to enjoy life; by the want of them I am taught this nobler lesson, to study how to deserve it.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

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THE BASTARD.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The muse, exulting, thus her lay began.
Blest be the Bastard's birth! thro' wond'rous ways,
He shines excentric, like a comet's blaze!
No sickly fruit of faint compliance He!
He! stampt in nature's mint of extacy!
He lives to build, not boast a generous race:
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
His daring hope, no sire's example bounds:
His first-born lights, no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame:
He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.
Born to himself, by no possesion led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed,
Nor guides, nor rules, his sov'reign choice controul,
His body independent as his soul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoin'd no aim,
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbias'd, and his mind his own.
O Mother, yet no Mother!—'tis to you,
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
You, unenslav'd to nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral and divine,
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from shore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.

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What had I lost, if conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
And coldly conscious of the husband's right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,
And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state,
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumb'ring in a seat, by chance my own.
Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.
Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
I sung: Gay flutt'ring hope my fancy fir'd;
Inly secure, thro' conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom, how to balance will,
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose, and to act were one;
Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now expos'd, and shrinking from distress,
I fly to shelter, while the tempests press;
My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.
O memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to every blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not;

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While sharp, and numberless my sorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'st, and multipli'st 'em all!
Is chance a guilt? that my distract'rous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin?—Ah, plead no more!
What tho' no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er?
Had heav'n befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou had'st not been provok'd—Or thou had'st died.
Far be the guilt of home-shed blood, from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! thro' Pity's eye condemn'd to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late,
Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day
What rip'ning virtues might have made their way!
He might have liv'd, till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
Both happy, gen'rous, candid, and belov'd.
He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall;
And, I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.
O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest;—No Mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with pray'r:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
Is it not thine to snatch some pow'rful arm,
First to advance, then skreen from future harm?
I am return'd from death, to live in pain!
Or would Imperial Pity save in vain?
Distrust it not—What blame can Mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miscall'd, farewel—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:

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All I was wretched by, to you I ow'd,
Alone from strangers ev'ry comfort flow'd!
Lost to the life you gave, your Son no more,
And now adopted who was doom'd before,
New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
Majestic Mother of a kneeling State!
QUEEN of a People's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

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THE

PROGRESS OF A DIVINE.

A SATIRE.

ALL priests are not the same, be understood!
Priests are, like other folks, some bad, some good.
What's vice or virtue, sure admits no doubt;
Then, clergy, with church mission, or without;
When good, or bad, annex we to your name,
The greater honour, or the greater shame.
Mark how a country Curate once could rise;
Tho' neither learn'd, nor witty, good, nor wise!
Of innkeeper, or butcher, if begot,
At Cam or Isis bred, imports it not.
A Servitor he was—Of hall, or college?
Ask not—to neither credit is his knowledge.
Four years, thro' foggy ale, yet made him see,
Just his neck-verse to read, and take degree.
A gown, with added sleeves, he now may wear;
While his round cap transforms into a square.
Him, quite unsconc'd, the butt'ry book shall own;
At pray'rs, tho' ne'er devout, so constant known.
Let testimonials then his worth disclose!
He gains a cassock, beaver and a rose.
A Curate now, his furniture review!
A few old sermons, and a bottle-screw.
A Curate?—Where? His name (cries one) recite!
Or tell me this—Is pudding his delight?

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Why, our's loves pudding—Does he so?—'tis he!
A Servitor;—Sure Curl will find a key.
His Alma Mater now he quite forsakes;
She gave him one degree, and two he takes.
He now the hood and sleeve of Master wears;
Doctor! (quoth they)—and lo! a scarf he bears!
A swelling, rustling, glossy scarf! yet he,
By peer unqualify'd, as by degree.
This Curate learns church-dues, and law to tease,
When time shall serve, for tithes and surplice-fees;
When 'scapes some portion'd girl from guardian's pow'r,
He the snug licence gets for nuptial hour;
And rend'ring vain her parent's prudent cares,
To sharper weds her, and with sharper snares.
Let babes of poverty convulsive lie;
No bottle warts, the babes unsprinkled die.
Half-office serves the fun'ral, if it bring
No hope of scarf, or hatband, gloves, or ring.
Does any wealthy fair despoiling lie,
With scrup'lous conscience, tho' she knows not why?
Would cordial counsel make the patient well?
Our priest shall raise the vapours, not dispel.
His cant some orphan's piteous case shall bring;
He bids her give the widow's heart to sing:
He pleads for age in want; and while she lingers,
Thus snares her charity with bird-lime fingers.
Now in the patron's mansion see the wight,
Factious for pow'r—a son of Levy right!
Servile to 'squires, to vassals proud his mien,
As Codex to inferior Clergy seem.
He flatters till you blush; but, when withdrawn,
'Tis his to slander, as 'twas his to fawn.
He pumps for secrets, pries o'er servants' ways,
And, like a meddling priest, can mischief raise;
And from such mischief thus can plead desert—
'Tis all my patron's int'rest at my heart.

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Deep in his mind all wrongs from others live;
None more need pardon, and none less forgive.
At what does next his erudition aim?
To kill the footed and the feather'd game:
Then this Apostle, for a dainties dish,
With line or net, shall plot the fate of fish.
In kitchen, whist the cookmaid calls a cot;
In cellar, with the butler, brother sot,
Here too he cooks; in brewhouse hops the beer,
Bright in the hall, his parts at whist appear;
Dext'rous to pack; yet at all cheats exclaiming:
The priest has av'rice, av'rice itch of gaming.
And gaming fraud:—But fair he strikes the ball,
And at the plain of billiard pockets all.
At tables now!—But ok, if gammon'd there,
The startling echoes learn, like him, to swear!
Tho' ne'er at authors in the study seen,
At bowls sagacious master of the green.
A connoisseur, as cunning as a fox,
To bet on racers, or on battling cocks;
To preach o'er beer, in boroughs, to procure
Voters, to make the 'squire's election sure:
For this, where clowns stare, gape, and grin, and howl,
Free to buffoon his function to 'em all.
When the clod justice some horse-laugh wou'd raise
Foremost the dullest of dull jokes to praise;
To say, or unsay, at his patron's nod;
To do the will of all—save that of God.
His interest the most servile part he deems;
Yet much he sways, where much to serve he seems;
He sways his patron, rules the Lady most,
And, as he rules the Lady, rules the roast.
Old tradesmen must give way to new—his aim
Extorted poundage, since the steward's claim.
Tenants are rais'd; or, as his pow'r increases,
Unless they link to him, renew no leases.

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Thus tradesmen, servants, tenants, none are free;
Their loss and murmur are his gain and glee.
Lux'ry he loves; but like a priest of sense,
Ev'u lux'ry loves not at his own expence.
Tho' harlot passions wanton with his will,
Yet av'rice is his wedded passion still.
See him with napkin o'er his band tuck'd in,
While the rich grease hangs glistning on his chin;
Or as the dew from Aaron's beard declines,
Ev'n to his garment hem soft-trickling shines!
He feeds, and feeds, swills soop, and sucks up marrow;
Swills, sucks, and feeds, till leach'rous as a sparrow.
Thy pleasure, Onan, now no more delights,
The lone amusement of his chaster nights.
He boasts—(let Ladies put him to the test!)
Strong back, broad shoulders, and a well-built chest.
With stiff'ning nerves, now steals he sly away;
Alert, warm, chuckling, ripe for am'rous play;
Ripe to caress the lass he once thought meet
At church to chide, when penanc'd in a sheet.
He pants the titillating joy to prove,
The fierce, short sallies of luxurious love.
Not fair Cadiere and Confessor than they,
In straining transports, more lascivious lay.
Conceives her womb, while each so melts and thrills?
He plies her now with love, and now with pills.
No more falls penance cloath'd in shame upon her;
These kill her embryo, and preserve her honour.
Riches, love, pow'r, his passions then we own:
Can he court pow'r, and pant not for renown?
Fool, wise, good, wicked—all desire a name:
Than him, young heroes burn not more for fame.
While about ways of heav'n the schoolmen jar,
(The church re-echoing to the wordy war)
The ways of earth, he (on his horse astride)
Can with big words contest, with blows decide;

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He dares some carrier, charg'd with cumb'rous load,
Disputes, dismounts, and boxes for the road.
Ye hooting boys, Oh, Well-play'd parson, cry!
Oh, Well-play'd parson, hooting vales reply!
Winds waft it to Cathedral Domes around!
Cathedral Domes from inmost choirs resound!
The man has many meritorious ways:
He'll smoak his pipe, and London's prelate praise.
His public pray'rs, his oaths for George declare;
Yet mental reservation may forswear;
For, safe with friends, he now, in loyal stealth,
Hiccups, and, stagg'ring, cries—King Jemmy's health.
God's word he preaches now, and now profanes;
Now swallows camels, and at gnats now strains.
He pities men, who, in unrighteous days,
Read, or, what's worse, write poetry and plays.
He readeth not what any author saith;
The more his merit in implicit faith.
Those, who a jot from mother church recede,
He damns, like any Athanasian creed.
He rails at Hoadley; so can zeal possess him,
He's orthodox, as G-bs-n's self—God bless him.
Satan, whom yet, for once, he pays thanksgiving,
Sweeps off th' incumbent now of fat-goose living.
He seeks his patron's Lady, finds the fair,
And for her int'rest first prefers his prayer—
You pose me not (said she) tho' hard the task;
Tho' husbands seldom give what wives will ask.
My dearee does not yet to think incline,
How oft your nest you feather, priest, from mine.
This pin-money, tho' short, has not betray'd;
Nor jewels pawn'd, nor trademen's bills unpay'd;
Mine is the female, fashionable skill,
To win my wants, by cheating at quadrille.
You bid me, with prim look, the world delude;
Nor sins my priest demurer than his prude.

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Least thinks my Lord, you plant the secret horn,
That yours his hopeful heir, so newly born.
'Tis mine to tease him first with jealous fears,
And thunder all my virtue in his ears:
My virtue rules unquestion'd—Where's the cue
For that which governs him to govern you?
I gave you pow'r the family complain;
I gave you love; but all your love is gain.
My int'rest, wealth—for these alone you burn;
With these you leave me, and with these return:
Then, as no truant wants excuse for play,
'Twas duty—duty call'd you far away;
The sick to visit—some miles off to preach:
—You come not, but to suck one like a leach.

Thus Lady-like, she wanders from the case,
Keeps to no point, but runs a wild-goose chase.
She talks, and talks—to him her words are wind:
For fat-goose living fills alone his mind.

He leaves her, to his patron warm applies:—
But parson, mark the terms! (his patron cries)
Yon door you held for me, and handmaid Nell:
The girl now sickens, and she soon will swell.
My spouse has yet no jealous, odd conjecture:
Oh, shield my morning rest from curtain-lecture:
Parson, take breeding Nelly quick to wife,
And fat-goose living then is yours for life!

Patron and spouse thus mutually beguil'd,
Patron and priest thus own each other's child,
Smock simony agreed—Thus Curate rise;
Tho' neither learn'd, nor witty, good nor wise.

Vicars (poor wights!) for lost impropriation,
Rue, tho' good protestants, the reformation.
Prefer'd from Curate, see our soul's protector
No murm'ring vicar, but rejoicing rector;
Not hir'd by laymen, nor by laymen shown,
Church-lands now theirs, and tithes no more his own!

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His patron can't revoke, but may repent:
To bully now, not please, our parson's bent.
When from dependence freed (such priestly will!)
Priests soon treat all, but first their patrons, ill.
Vestries he rules—Ye lawyers, hither draw!
He snacks—His people deep are plung'd in law!
Now these plague those, this parish now sues that,
For burying, or maintaining foundling brat.
Now with churchwardens cribs the rev'rend thief,
From workhouse-pittance, and collection brief;
Nay, sacramental alms purloins as sure,
And ev'n at altars thus defrauds the poor.
Poor folks he'll shun; but pray by rich, if ill,
And watch, and watch—to slide into their will;
Then pop, perchance, in consecrated wine,
What speeds the soul, he fits for realms divine.
Why cou'd not London this good parson gain?
Before him sepulchres had rent in twain.
Then had he learn'd with sextons to invade,
And strip with sacrilegious hands the dead;
To tear off rings, e'er yet the finger rots;
To part 'em, for the vesture-shroud cast lots;
Had made dead skulls for coin the chymist's share,
The female corpse the surgeon's purchas'd ware;
And peering view'd, when for dissection laid,
That secret place, which love has sacred made.
Grudge heroes not your heads in stills inclos'd!
Grudge not, ye fair, your parts ripp'd up expos'd!
As strikes the choice anatomy our eyes;
As here dead skulls in quick'ning cordials rise;
From Egypt thus a rival traffic springs:
Her vended mummies thus were once her kings;
The line of Ninus now in drugs is roll'd,
And Ptolemy's himself for balsam sold.
Volumes unread his library compose,
Gay shine their gilded backs in letter'd rows,

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Cheap he collects—His friends the dupes are known;
They buy, he borrows, and each book's his own.
Poor neighbours earn his ale, but earn it dear;
His ale he trafficks for a nobler cheer.
For mugs of ale some poach—no game they spare;
Nor pheasant, partridge, woodcock, snipe, nor hare.
Some plunder fishponds; others (ven'son thieves)
The forest ravage, and the priest receives.
Let plenty at his board then lacquey serve!
No—tho' with plenty, penury will starve.
He deals with London fishmongers—His books
Swell in accompts with poult'rers and with cooks.
Wide, and more wide, his swelling fortune flows;
Narrower, and narrower still, his spirit grows.
His servants—Hard has fate their lot decreed;
They toil like horses, like camelions feed.
Sunday, no sabbath, is in labour spent,
And Christmas renders 'em as lean as Lent.
Him long, nor faithful services engage;
See'em dismis'd in sickness or in age!
His wife, poor Nelly, leads a life of dread;
Now beat, now pinch'd on arms, and now in bread.
If decent powder deck th' adjusted hair;
If modish silk, for once, improve her air;
Her with past faults, thus shocks his cruel tone;
(Faults, tho' from thence her dow'ry, now his own)—
Thus shall my purse your carnal joys procure,
All dress is nothing, but a harlot's lure.
Sackcloth alone your sin-shoul'd, penanc'd wear:
Your locks, uncomb'd, with ashes sprinkled stare.
Spare diet thins the blood—if more you crave,
'Tis mine, my viands, and your soul to save.
Blood must be drawn, not swell'd—then strip, and dread
This waving horsewhip circling o'er my head!
Be yours the blubb'ring lip, and whimp'ring eye!
Frequent this lash shall righteous stripes supply.

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What, squall you? Call no kindred to your aid!
You wedded when no widow, yet no maid.
Did * law Mosaic now in force remain,
Say to what father durst you then complain?
What had your virtue witness'd? Well I know,
No bridal sheets could virgin tokens shew;
Elders had sought, but miss'd the signing red,
And law, then harlot, straight had ston'd you dead.
Nor former vice alone her pain insures;
Nelly, for present virtue, much endures;
For lo, she charms some wealthy, am'rous 'squire!
Her spouse would let her, like his mare, for hire.
'Twere thus no sin, shou'd love her limbs employ;
Be his the profit, and be her's the joy!
This, when her chastity, or pride denies;
His words reproach her, and his kicks chastise.
At length, in childbed, she, with broken heart,
Tips off—poor soul!—Let her in peace depart!
He mourns her death, who did her life destroy;
He weeps, and weeps—Oh, how he weeps—for joy!
Then cries, with seeming grief, Is Nelly dead?
No more with woman creak my couch or bed!
'Tis true, he spouse nor doxy more enjoys;
Women farewel! He lusts not—but for boys.
This priest, ye Clergy, not fictitious call;
Think him not form'd to represent ye all.
Should satire quirks of vile attornies draw;
Say, wou'd that mean to ridicule all law?
Describe some murd'ring quack with want of knowledge,
Wou'd true physicians cry—You mean the college?
Blest be your cloth!—But, if in him, 'tis curst,
'Tis as best things, corrupted, are the worst.
But lest with keys the guiltless Curl defame,
Be publish'd here—Melchisedeck his name!

* *For a particular account of this law, we refer to Deuteronomy, chap.* xxii. *ver.* 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21.

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Of Oxford too; but her strict terms have dropp'd him:
And Cambridge, ad eundem, shall adopt him.
Of Arts now Master him the hood confirms;
'Scap'd are his exercises, 'scap'd his terms.
See the degree of Doctor next excite!
The scarf, he once usurp'd, becomes his right.
A Doctor! cou'd he disputants refute?
Not so—first compromis'd was the dispute.
At fat-goose living seldom he resides;
A Curate there, small pittance well provides.
See him at London, studiously profound,
With bags of gold, not books, encompass'd round!
He, from the broker, how to jobb discerns;
He, from the scriv'ner, art of usury learns;
How to let int'rest run on int'rest knows,
And how to draw the mortgage, how foreclose;
Tenants and boroughs bought with monstrous treasure,
Elections turn obedient to his pleasure.
Like St-bb-ng, let him country mobs support,
And then, like St-bb-ng, crave a grace at court!
He sues, he teases, and he perseveres:
Not * blushless Henley less abash'd appears.
His impudence, of proof in ev'ry trial,
Kens no polite, and heeds no plain denial.
A spy, he aims by others' fall to rise;
Vile as Iscariot U—n, betrays, belies;
And say, what better recommends than this?
Lo, Codex greets him with a holy kiss;
Him thus instructs in controversial stuff;
Him, who ne'er argu'd but with kick and cuff!
My Weekly Miscellany be your lore;
Then rise, at once, the champion of church-pow'r!
The trick of jumbling contradictions know;
In church be high, in politics seem low:

* *The worthy Orator.*

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Seek some antagonist, then wound his name;
The better still his life, the more defame;
Quote him unfair; and in expression quaint,
Force him to father meanings never meant!
Learn but mere names, resistless is your page;
For these enchant the vulgar, those enrage.
Name Church, that mystic spell shall mobs command,
Let Heretic each reas'ning Christian brand;
Cry Schismatic, let men of conscience shrink!
Cry Infidel, and who shall dare to think?
Invoke the Civil Pow'r, not Sense, for aid;
Assert, not argue; menace, not persuade;
Shew discord and her fiends would save the nation;
But her call Peace, her fiends a Convocation!
By me, and Webster, finish'd thus at school,
Last for the pulpit, learn this golden rule!
Detach the sense, and pother o'er the text,
And puzzle first yourself, your audience next:
Ne'er let your doctrine ethic truth impart;
Be that as free from morals as your heart!
Say faith, without one virtue, shall do well;
But, without faith, all virtues doom to hell!
What is this faith? Not what (as Scripture shows)
Appeals to reason, when 'twou'd truth disclose;
This, against reason, dare we recommend;
Faith may not be true; yet on truth depend.
'Tis mystic light—a light which shall conceal;
A Revelation, which shall not reveal.
If faith is faith, 'tis orthodox—in brief,
Belief, not orthodox, is not belief;
And who has not belief, pronounce him plain
No Christian—Codex bids you this maintain.
Thus with much wealth, some jargon, and no grace,
To seat episcopal our Doctor trace!
Codex, deceiving the superior ear,
Procures the Congé (much miscall'd D'Elire.)

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(Let this the force of our fine precept tell,
That faith, without one virtue, shall do well.)
The Dean and Chapter, daring not t' enquire,
Elect him—Why?—to shun a Premunire.
Within, without, be tidings roll'd around;
Organs within, and bells without resound.
Lawn-sleev'd, and mitred, stand he now confest:
See Codex consecrate!—A solemn jest!
The wicked's pray'rs prevail not—pardon me,
Who, for your Lordship's blessing, bend—no knee.
Like other priests, when to small fees you send 'em,
Let ours hold fat-goose living in commendam!
An officer, who ne'er his King rever'd;
For trait'rous toasts, and cowardice cashier'd;
A broken 'pothecary, once renown'd
For drugs, that poison'd half the country round;
From whom warm girls, if pregnant ere they marry,
Take physic, and for honour's sake miscarry:
A lawyer, fam'd for length'ning bills of cost,
While much he plagu'd mankind, his clients most,
To lick up ev'ry neighbour's fortune known,
And then let luxury lick up all his own;
A Cambridge Soph, who once for wit was held,
Esteem'd; but vicious, and for vice expell'd;
With parts, his Lordship's lame ones to support,
In well-tim'd sermons fit to cant at court;
Or accurately pen (a talent better!)
His Lordship's senate-speech, and past'ral letter:
These four, to purify from sinful stains
This Bishop first absolves, and then ordains.
His chaplains these! and each of rising knows
Those righteous arts, by which their patron rose.
See him Lord Spiritual, dead-voting seated!
He soon (tho' ne'er to heav'n) shall be translated.
Won'd now the mitre circle Rundle's crest?
See him, with Codex, ready to protest!

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Thus holy, holy, holy Bishop rise;
Tho' neither learn'd, nor witty, good, nor wise!
Think not these lays, ye Clergy, would abuse;
Thus, when these lays commenc'd, premis'd the muse—
All priests are not the same, be understood!
Priests are, like other folks, some bad, some good.
The good no sanction give the wicked's fame;
Nor, with the wicked, share the good in shame.
Then wise free-thinkers cry not smartly thus—
Is the priest work'd?—The poet's one of us.
Free-thinkers, Bigots are alike to me;
For these misdeem half-thinking, thinking free;
Those, speculative without speculation,
Call myst'ry and credulity salvation.
Let us believe with reason, and in chief,
Let our good works demonstrate our belief;
Faith, without virtue, never shall do well;
And never virtue, without faith, excel.

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OF

PUBLIC SPIRIT

IN REGARD TO PUBLIC WORKS.

GREAT Hope of Britain!—Here the Muse essays
A theme, which, to attempt alone, is praise.
Be Her's a zeal of Public Spirit known!
A princely zeal!—a spirit all your own!
Where never science beam'd a friendly ray,
Where one vast blank neglected Nature lay;
From Public Spirit there, by arts employ'd,
Creation, varying, glads the cheerless void.
Hail arts, where safety, treasure and delight,
On land, on wave, in wond'rous works unite!
Those wond'rous works, O Muse, successive raise,
And point their worth, their dignity and praise!
What tho' no streams, magnificently play'd,
Rise a proud column, fall a grand cascade;
Thro' nether pipes, which nobler use renowns,
Lo! ductile riv'lets visit distant towns!
Now vanish fens, whence vapours rise no more,
Whose sueish influence tainted heav'n before.
The solid isthmus sinks a wat'ry space,
And wonders, in new state, at naval grace.
Where the flood, deep'ning, rolls, or wide extends,
From road to road, yon arch, connective, bends.
Where ports were choak'd where mounds, in vain, arose;
There harbours open, and there breaches close;
To keels, obedient, spreads each liquid plain,
And bulwark moles repel the boist'rous main.

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When the sunk sun no homeward sail befriends,
On the rock's brow the light-house kind ascends,
And from the shoaly, o'er the gulfy way,
Points to the pilot's eye the warning ray.
Count still, my Muse (to count what Muse can cease?)
The works of Public Spirit, freedom, peace!
By them shall plants, in forests, reach the skies;
Then lose their leafy pride, and navies rise:
(Navies, which to invasive foes explain,
Heav'n throws not round us rocks and seas in vain,)
The sail of commerce in each sky aspires,
And property assures what toil acquires.
Who digs the mine or quarry, digs with glee;
No slave!—His option and his gain are free:
Him the same laws the same protection yield,
Who plows the furrow, as who owns the field.
Unlike, where tyranny the rod maintains
O'er turfless, leafless, and uncultur'd plains,
Here herbs of food and physic plenty show'rs,
Gives fruits to blush, and colours various flow'rs.
Where sands or stony wilds once starv'd the year,
Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear.
White shine the fleecy race, which fate shall doom
The feats of life, the treasure of the loom.
On plains now bare shall gardens wave their groves,
While settling songsters woo their feather'd loves.
Where pathless woods no grateful openings know,
Walks tempt the step and vistas court the view.
See the parterre confess expansive day;
The grot, elusive of the noon-tide ray.
Up yon green slope a length of terrace lies,
Whence gradual landscapes fade in distant skies.
Now the blue lake reflected heav'n displays;
Now darkens, regularly-wild, the maze.
Urns, obelisks, fanes, statues intervene;
Now centre, now commence or end the scene.

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Lo, proud alcoves! lo, soft sequester'd bow'rs!
Retreats of social, or of studious hours!
Rank above rank here shapely greens ascend;
There others natively-grotesque depend.
The rude, the delicate, immingled tell
How Art wou'd Nature, Nature, Art excel;
And how, while those their rival charms impart,
Art brightens Nature, Nature brightens Art;
Thus in the various, yet harmonious space,
Blend order, symmetry, and force, and grace.
When these from Public Spirit smile, we see
Free-opening gates, and bow'ry pleasures free;
For sure great souls one truth can never miss,
Bliss not communicated is not bliss.
Thus Public Spirit, liberty and peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increase;
From peasant hands imperial works arise,
And British, hence, with Roman grandeur vies;
Not grandeur that in pompous whim appears,
That levels hills, that vales to mountains rears;
That alters nature's regulated grace,
Meaning to deck, but destin'd to deface.
Tho' no proud gates, with China's taught to vie,
Magnificently useless, strike the eye;
(Useless, where rocks a surer barrier lend,
Where seas incircle, and where fleets defend;)
What though no arch of triumph is assign'd
To laurel'd pride, whose sword has thinn'd mankind;
Tho' no vast wall extends from coast to coast,
No pyramid aspires sublimely lost;
Yet the safe road thro' rocks shall winding tend,
And the firm causeway o'er the clays ascend.
Lo! stately streets, lo! ample squares invite
The salutary gale that breathes delight.
Lo! structures mark the charitable seif
For casual ill, maim'd, valour, feeble toil.

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Worn out with care, infirmity and age;
The life here entering, quitting there the stage:
The babe of lawless birth, doom'd else to moan,
To starve or bleed for errors not his own!
Let the frail mother 'scape the fame defil'd,
If from the murd'ring mother 'scape the child!
Oh, guard his youth from sin's allaring voice;
From deeds of dire necessity, not choice!
His grateful hand, thus never harmful known,
Shall on the public welfare build his own.

Thus worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
Give towns their opulence, and courts their pride.
Sacred to pleasure structures rise elate,
To that still worthy of the wise and great.
Sacred to pleasure then shall piles ascend?
They shall—when pleasure and instruction blend.
Let theatres, from Public Spirit shine!
Such theatres, as, Athens, once were thine!
See! the gay Muse, of pointed wit possest,
Who wakes the virtuous laugh, the decent jest:
What tho' she mock, she mocks with honest aim,
And laughs each fav'rite folly into shame.
With liberal light the tragic charms the age;
In solemn-training robes she fills the stage;
There human nature, mark'd in diff'rent lines,
Alive in character, distinctly shines.
Quick passions change alternate on her face;
Her diction music, as her action grace.
Instant we catch her terror-giving cares,
Pathetic sights, and pity-moving tears;
Instant we catch her generous glow of soul,
'Till one great striking moral crowns the whole.

Hence in warm youth, by scenes of virtue taught,
Honour exalts, and love expands the thought;
Hence pity, to peculiar grief assign'd,
Grows wide benevolence to all mankind.

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Where various edifice the land renowns,
There Public Spirit plans, exalts, and crowns.
She cheers the mansion with the spacious hall,
Bids painting live along the storied wall;
Seated, she smiling eyes th' unclosing door,
And much she welcomes all, but most the poor;
She turns the pillar, or the arch she bends,
The choir she lengthens, or the choir extends;
She rears the tow'r, whose height the heav'ns admire;
(She rears, she rounds, she points the less'ning spire;
At her command the college-roofs ascend;
For Public Spirit still is learning's friend.)
Stupendous piles, which useful pomp compleats,
Thus rise Religion's, and thus Learning's seats:
There moral truth and holy science spring,
And give the sage to teach, the bard to sing.
There some draw health from herbs and min'ral veins,
Some search the systems of the heavenly plains;
Some call from history, past times to view,
And others trace old laws, and sketch out new;
Thence saving rights by legislators plann'd,
And guardian patriots thence inspire the land.

Now grant, ye powers, one great, one fond desire,
And, granting, bid a new Whitehall aspire!
Far let it lead, by well-pleas'd Thames survey'd,
The swelling arch, and stately colonnade;
Bid courts of justice, senate-chambers join,
Till various all in one proud work combine!

But now be all the gen'rous Goddess seen,
When most diffus'd she shines, and most benign!
Ye sons of misery attract her view!
Ye sallow, hollow-ey'd, and meagre crew!
Such high perfection have our arts attain'd,
That now few sons of toil our arts demand?
Then to the public, to itself, we fear,
Ev'n willing industry grows useless here. . . .

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Are we too populous at length confess'd,
From confluent strangers refug'd and redress'd?
Has war so long withdrawn his barb'rous train,
That peace o'erstocks us with the sons of men?
So long has plague left pure the ambient air,
That want must prey on those disease would spare?
Hence beauteous wretches (beauty's foul disgrace!)
Tho' born the pride, the shame of human race;
Fair wretches hence, who nightly streets annoy,
Live but themselves and others to destroy.
Hence robbers rise, to theft, to murder prone,
First driv'n by want, from habit desp'rate grown;
Hence, for ow'd trifles, oft our jails contain
(Torn from mankind) a miserable train;
Torn from, in spite of nature's tend'rest cries,
Perental, filial, and connubial ties:
The trader, when on ev'ry side distrest,
Hence flies to what expedient frauds suggest;
To prop his question'd credit's tott'ring state,
Others he first involves to share his fate;
Then for mean refuge must self-exil'd roam,
Never to hope a friend, or find a home.

This Public Spirit sees, she sees and feels!
Her breast the throb, her eye the tear reveals;
(The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows
For others welfare, and for others woes)—
And what can I (she said) to cure their grief?
Shall I or point out death, or point relief?
Forth shall I lead 'em to some happier soil,
To conquest lead 'em, and enrich with spoil?
Bid 'em convulse a world, make Nature groan,
And spill, in shedding others blood, their own?
No, no—such wars do thou, Ambition, wage!
Go sterilize the fertile with thy rage!
Whole nations to depopulate is thine;
To people, culture, and protect, be mine!

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Then range the world, Discov'ry !—Straight he goes
O'er seas, o'er Lybia's sands, and Zembla's snows;
He settles where kind rays till now have smil'd
(Vain smile !) on some luxuriant houseless wild.
How many sons of want might hence enjoy
What Nature gives for age but to destroy ?
Blush, blush, O man (she cries) here vainly found,
To rise, to set, to roll the seasons round !
Shall heav'n distil in dews, descend in rain,
From earth gush fountains, rivers flow—in vain ?
There shall the wat'ry lives in myriads stray,
And be, to be alone each other's prey ?
Unsought shall here the teeming quarries own
The various species of mechanic stone ?
From structure this, from sculpture that confine ?
Shall rocks forbid the latent gem to shine ?
Shall mines obedient, aid no artist's care,
Nor give the martial sword and peaceful share ?
Ah ! shall they never precious ore unfold,
To smile in silver, or to flame in gold ?
Shall here the vegetable world alone,
For joys, for various virtues, rest unknown ?
While food and physic, plants and herbs supply,
Here must they shoot alone to bloom and die ?
Shall fruits, which none but brutal eyes survey,
Untouch'd grow ripe, untasted drop away ?
See here th' irrational, the savage kind,
Lord it o'er stores by heav'n for man design'd,
And trample what mild suns benignly raise,
While man must lose the use, and heav'n the praise;
Shall it then be ?—Indignant here she rose,
(Indignant, yet humane, her bosom glows)—
No ! By each honour'd Grecian, Roman name,
By men for virtue deified by fame,
Who peopled lands, who modell'd infant state,
And then bade empire be maturely great;

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By these I swear (be witness earth and skies!)
Fair Order here shall from Confusion rise.
Rapt, I a future colony survey!
Come then, ye sons of Mis'ry! come away!
Let those, whose sorrows from neglect are known,
(Here taught, compell'd, empower'd) neglect atone;
Let those enjoy, who never merit woes,
In youth th' industrious wish, in age repose!
Allotted acres (no reluctant soil)
Shall prompt their industry, and pay their toil.
Let families, long strangers to delight,
Whom wayward fate dispers'd, by me unite;
Here live enjoying life; see plenty, peace;
Their lands increasing as their sons increase.
As nature yet is found, in leafy glades,
To intermix the walks with lights and shades;
Or as with good and ill, in chequer'd strife,
Various the goddess colours human life;
So, in this fertile clime, if yet are seen
Moors, marshes, cliffs, by turns to intervene;
Where cliffs, moors, marshes desolate the view,
Where haunts the bittern, and where screams the mew;
Where prowls the wolf, where roll'd the serpent lies,
Shall solemn fanes and halls of justice rise,
And towns shall open (all of structure fair!)
To bright'ning prospects, and to purest air;
Frequented ports, and vineyards green succeed,
And flocks increasing whiten all the mead.
On science, science, arts on arts refine;
On these, from high, all heav'n shall smiling shine,
And Public Spirit here a people show,
Free, num'rous, pleas'd, and busy all below.
Learn, future natives of this promis'd land,
What your forefathers owe'd my saving hand!
Learn, when Despair such sudden bliss shall see,
Such bliss must shine from Oglethorpe on me!

Do you the neighb'ring blameless Indian aid,
Culture what he neglects, not his invade;
Dare not, Oh dare not, with ambitious view,
Force or demand subjection never due.
Let, by my specious name, no tyrants rise,
And cry, while they enslave, they civilize!
Know, Liberty and I are still the same,
Congenial!—ever mingling flame with flame!
Why must I Afric's sable children see
Vended for slaves, tho' form'd by nature free,
The nameless tortures cruel minds invent,
Those to subject, whom nature equal meant?
If these you dare (albeit unjust success
Empow'rs you now unpunish'd to oppress)
Revolving empire you and yours may doom,
(Rome all subdu'd, yet Vandals vanquish'd Rome,)
Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day,
And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay.
  Thus (ah! how far unequall'd by my lays,
Unskill'd the heart to melt or mind to raise,)
Sublime, benevolent, deep, sweetly-clear,
Worthy a Thomson's Muse, a FRED'RICK's ear,
Thus spoke the Goddess. Thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd works heav'n gives her to excel.
But who her sons, that, to her int'rest true,
Conversant lead her to a prince like you?
These, Sir, salute you from life's middle state,
Rich without gold, and without titles great:
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accomplish'd, tho' in wiles untaught,
Careless of whispers meant to wound their name,
Nor sneer'd nor brib'd from virtue into shame;
In letters elegant, in honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect delight.
  Mixing with these a few of rank are found,
For councils, embassies, and camps renown'd.

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Vers'd in gay life, in honest maxims read,
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head.
From these the circling glass gives wit to shine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev'n courts refine;
From these so gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, soft'ning into ease polite.
Happy the men, who such a prince can please!
Happy the prince rever'd by men like these!
His condescensions dignity display,
Grave with the wise, and with the witty gay;
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise;
Ever shall Public Spirit beam his praise,
And the Muse swell it in immortal lays.

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THE

POET'S DEPENDANCE

ON A STATESMAN.

SOME seem to hint, and others proof will bring,
That, from neglect, my num'rous hardships spring.
Seek the great man! they cry—'tis then decreed,
In him if I court fortune, I succeed.
What friends to second? who for me should sue,
Have int'rests, partial to themselves, in view.
They own my matchless fate compassion draws;
They all wish well, lament, but drop my cause.
There are who ask no pension, want no place,
No title wish, and would accept no grace.
Can I entreat, they should for me obtain
The least, who greatest for themselves disdain?
A statesman, knowing this, unkind, will cry,
Those love him: let those serve him!—why should I?
Say, shall I turn where lucre points my views;
At first desert my friends, at length abuse?
But, on less terms, in promise he complies:
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes arise;
I trust, am trusted on my fairy gain;
And woes on woes attend, an endless train.
Be posts dispos'd at will!—I have, for these,
No gold to plead, no impudence to tease.
All secret service from my soul I hate;
All dark intrigues of pleasure, or of state;

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I have no pow'r, election-votes to gain;
No will to hackney out polemic strain;
To shape, as time shall serve, my verse, or prose,
To flatter thence, nor slur a courtier's foes;
Nor him to daub with praise, if I prevail;
Nor shock'd by him, with libels to assail.
Where these are not, what claim to me belongs?
Tho' mine the muse and virtue, birth and wrongs.

Where lives the statesman, so in honour clear,
To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?
No!—there to seek, is but to find fresh pain:
The promise broke, renew'd, and broke again;
To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd;
By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd;
To lose that time, which worthier thoughts require;
To lose the health, which shou'd those thoughts inspire;
To starve on hope; or, like camelions, fare
On ministerial faith, which means but air.

But still, undrooping, I the crew disdain,
Who, or by jobs, or libels, wealth obtain.
Ne'er let me be, thro' those, from want exempt;
In one man's favour, in the world's contempt;
Worse in my own!—thro' those, to posts who rise,
Themselves, in secret, must themselves despise;
Vile, and more vile, till they, at length, disclaim
Not sense alone of glory, but of shame.

What tho' I hourly see the servile herd,
For meanness honour'd, and for guilt prefer'd;
See selfish passion, public virtue seem;
And public virtue an enthusiast dream;
See favour'd falshood, innocence belied,
Meekness depress'd, and pow'r-elated pride;
A scene will shew, all-righteous vision haste!
The meek exalted, and the proud debas'd!—
Oh, to be there!—to tread that friendly shore,
Where falshood, pride, and statesmen are no more!

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But ere indulg'd—ere fate my breath shall claim,
A poet still is anxious after fame.
What future fame would my ambition crave?
This were my wish, cou'd ought my mem'ry save,
Say, when in death my sorrows lie repos'd,
That my past life, no venal view disclos'd;
Say, I well knew, while in a state obscure,
Without the being base, the being poor;
Say I had parts, too mod'rate to transcend;
Yet sense to mean, and virtue not t' offend;
My heart supplying what my head denied,
Say that, by Pope, esteem'd I liv'd and died;
Whose writings the best rules to write could give;
Whose life the nobler science how to live.

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THE

GENTLEMAN.

ADDRESSED TO

JOHN JOLIFFE, Esq.

A DECENT mien, an elegance of dress,
Words, which, at ease each winning grace express;
A life, where love, by wisdom polish'd, shines,
Where wisdom's self again, by love, refines;
Where we to chance for friendship never trust,
Nor ever dread from sudden whim disgust;
The social manners and the heart humane;
A nature ever great and never vain;
A wit, that no licentious pertness knows;
The sense, that unassuming candour shows:
Reason, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no sect;
Knowledge of various life, of learning too;
Thence taste; thence truth, which will from taste ensue:
Unwilling censure, tho' a judgment clear;
A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere;
An humble, tho' an elevated mind;
A pride, its pleasure but to serve mankind:
If these esteem and admiration raise;
Give true delight, and gain unfatt'ring praise,
In one wish'd view, th' accomplish'd man we see;
These graces all are thine, and thou art he.

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THE

GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

A POEM.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEPARTURE OF

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

MILD rose the morn; the face of nature bright
Wore one extensive smile of calm and light;
Wide, o'er the land, did hov'ring silence reign,
Wide o'er the blue diffusion of the main,
When lo! before me, on the southern shore,
Stood forth the pow'r, whom Albion's sons adore;
Blest Liberty! whose charge is Albion's isle;
Whom Reason gives to bloom, and Truth to smile;
Gives peace to gladden, shelt'ring Law to spread,
Learning to lift aloft her laurel'd head,
Rich industry to view, with pleasing eyes,
Her fleets, her cities, and her harvests rise.
In curious emblems, ev'ry art, exprest,
Glow'd from the loom, and brighten'd on his vest.
Science in various lights attention won,
Wav'd on his robe, and glitter'd in the sun.
My words, he cry'd, my words observance claim:
Resound, ye Muses, and receive 'em, Fame!
Here was my station, when, o'er ocean wide,
The great, third William stretch'd his naval pride:

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I, with my sacred influence swell'd his soul;
Th' enslav'd to free, th' enslaver to controul.
In vain did waves disperse, and winds detain:
He came, he sav'd; in his was seen my reign.
How just, how great, the plan his soul design'd,
To humble tyrants, and secure mankind!
Next Marlb'ro' in his steps successful trod:
This godlike plann'd; that, finish'd like a god!
And while Oppression fled to realms unknown,
Europe was free, and Britain glorious shone.

Where Nassau's race extensive growth display'd,
There Freedom ever found a shelt'ring shade.
Still heav'n is kind?—See, from the princely root,
Millions to bless, the branch auspicious shoot!
He lives, he flourishes, his honour spread:
Fair virtues blooming on his youthful head;
Nurse him, ye heav'nly dews, ye sunny rays,
Into firm health, fair fame, and length of days!
He paus'd, and casting o'er the deep his eye,
Where the last billow swells into the sky,
Where, in gay vision, round th'.horizon's line,
The moving clouds with various beauty shine;
As dropping from their bosom, ting'd with gold,
Shoots forth a sail, amusive to behold!
Lo! while its light the glowing wave returns,
Broad like a sun the bark approaching burns.
Near, and more near, great Nassau soon he spy'd,
And beauteous Anna, Britain's eldest pride!
Thus spoke the Genius, as advanc'd the sail—
Hail, blooming hero! high-born princess, hail!
Thy charms thy mother's love of truth display,
Her light of virtue, and her beauty's ray;
Her dignity; which, copying the divine,
Soften'd, thro' condescension, learns to shine.
Greatness of thought, with prudence for its guide;
Knowledge, from nature and from art supply'd;

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To noblest objects pointed various ways;
Pointed by judgment's clear, unerring rays.
What manly virtues in her mind excel!
Yet on her heart what tender passions dwell!
For ah! what pangs did late her peace destroy,
To part with thee, so wont to give her joy!
How heav'd her breast! how sadden'd was her mien!
All in the mother then was lost the queen.
The swelling tear then dimm'd her parting view,
The struggling sigh stopp'd short her last adieu:
E'en now thy fancied perils fill her mind;
The secret rock, rough wave, and rising wind;
The sheal, so treach'rous, near the tempting land;
Th' ingulfing whirlpool, and the swallowing sand;
These fancied perils all, by day, by night,
In thoughts alarm her, and in dreams affright!
For thee her heart unceasing love declares,
In doubts, in hopes, in wishes, and in pray'rs!
Her pray'rs are heard!—For me, 'tis thine to brave
The sand, the sheal, rock, whirlpool, wind, and wave:
Kind Safety waits, to waft thee gently o'er,
And Joy, to greet thee on the Belgic shore.
May future times, when their fond praise would tell
How most their fav'rite characters excel;
How blest! how great!—then may their songs declare,
So great! so blest!—such Anne and Nassau were.

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THE

ANIMALCULE.

A TALE.

OCCASIONED BY

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S

RECEIVING THE SMALL-POX BY INOCULATION.

I.

IN Animalcules, muse, display
Spirits, of name unknown in song!
Reader, a kind attention pay,
Nor think an useful comment long.

II.

Far less than mites, on mites they prey;
Minutest things may swarms contain:
When o'er your iv'ry teeth they stray,
Then throb your little nerves with pain.

III.

Fluids, in drops, minutely swell;
These subtil beings each contains;
In the small sanguine globes they dwell,
Roll from the heart, and trace the veins.

IV.

Thro' ev'ry tender tube they rove,
In finer spirits strike the brain;
Wind quick thro' ev'ry fibrous grove,
And seek, thro' pores, the heart again.

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V.

If they with purer drops dilate,
And lodge where entity began,
They actuate with a genial heat,
And kindle into future man.

VI.

But when our lives are Nature's due,
Air, seas, nor fire, their frames dissolve;
They matter, thro' all forms pursue,
And oft to genial heats revolve.

VII.

Thus once an Animalcule prov'd,
When Man, a patron to the bays;
This patron was in Greece belov'd;
Yet fame was faithless to his praise.

VIII.

In Rome, this Animalcule grew
Mæcenas, whom the classics rate!
Among the Gauls, it prov'd Richleu,
In learning, pow'r, and bounty great.

IX.

In Britian, Halifax it rose;
(By Halifax, bloom'd Congreve's strains)
And now it re-diminish'd glows,
To glide thro' godlike Rutland's veins.

X.

A plague there is, too many know;
Too seldom perfect cures befal it:
The muse may term it beauty's foe;
In physic, the Small-pox we call it.

XI.

From Turks we learn this plague t'assuage,
They, by admitting turn its course:

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Their kiss will tame the tumor's rage;
By yielding, they o'ercome the force.

XII.

Thus Rutland did its touch invite,
While, watchful in the ambient air,
This little guardian, subtil spright,
Did with the poison in repair.

XIII.

Th' infection from the heart it clears;
Th' infection, now dilated thin,
In pearly pimples but appears,
Expell'd upon the surface skin.

XIV.

And now, it mould'ring, wastes away:
'Tis gone!—doom'd to return no more!
Our Animalcule keeps its stay,
And must new labyrinths explore.

XV.

And now the Noble's thoughts are seen,
Unmark'd, it views his heart's desires!
It now reflects what it has been,
And rapt'rous, at his change admires!

XVI.

Its pristine virtues, kept, combine,
To be again in Rutland known;
But they, immers'd, no longer shine,
Nor equal, nor increase his own.

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THE

EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY.

A POEM.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES.

A YOUNG WIDOW LADY

OF

Llanelly Carmarthenshire.

ONCE Beauty, wishing fond desire to move,
Contriv'd to catch the heart of wand'ring Love.
Come purest atoms! Beauty aid implores;
For new soft texture leave etherial stores.
They come, they crowd, they shining hues unfold,
Be theirs a form which Beauty's self shall mould!
To mould my charmer's form she all apply'd—
Whence Cambria boasts the birth of Nature's pride.
She calls the Graces—Such is Beauty's state,
Prompt, at her call, th' obedient Graces wait.
First your fair feet they shape, and shape to please;
Each stands design'd for dignity and ease.
Firm, on these curious pedestals, depend
Two polish'd pillars; which, as fair, ascend;
From well-wrought knees, more fair, more large they rise;
Seen by the muse, tho' hid from mortal eyes.
More polish'd yet, your fabric each sustains;
That purest temple where perfection reigns.
A small, sweet circle forms your faultless waist,
By Beauty shap'd, to be by Love embrac'd.

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Beyond that less'ning waist two orbs devise,
What swelling charms, in fair proportion, rise!
Fresh-peeping there, two blushing buds are found,
Each like a rose, which lilies white surround.
There feeling sense, let pitying sighs inspire,
Till panting pity swells to warm desire:
Desire, tho' warm, is chaste; each warmest kiss,
All rapture chaste, when Hymen bids the bliss.
Rounding and soft, two taper arms descend;
Two snow-white hands, in taper fingers, end.
Lo! cunning Beauty, on each palm, designs
Love's fortune and your own, in mystic lines;
And lovely whiteness, either arm contains,
Diversified with azure-wand'ring veins;
The wand'ring veins conceal a gen'rous flood,
The purple treasure of celestial blood.
Rounding and white your neck, as curious, rears
O'er all a face, where Beauty's self appears.
Her soft attendants smooth the spotless skin,
And, smoothly-oval, turn the shapely chin;
The shapely chin, to Beauty's rising face,
Shall, doubling gently, give a double grace,
And soon sweet-opening, rosy lips disclose
The well-rang'd teeth in lily-whitening rows;
Here life is breath'd, and florid life assumes
A breath, whose fragrance vies with vernal blooms
And two fair cheeks give modesty to raise
A beauteous blush at praise, tho' just the praise.
And nature now, from each kind ray, supplies
Soft, clement smiles, and love-inspiring eyes;
New Graces, to those eyes, mild shades allow;
Fringe their fair lids, and pencil either brow.
While sense of vision lights up orbs so rare,
May none, but pleasing, objects, visit there!
Two little porches, (which, one sense empow'rs,
To draw rich scent from aromatic flow'rs)

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In structure neat, and deck'd with polish'd grace,
Shall equal first, then heighten beauty's face.
To smelling sense, Oh, may the flow'ry year,
Its first, last, choicest incense offer here.
Transparent next, two curious crescents bound
The two-fold entrance of inspiring sound,
And, granting a new power of sense to hear,
New finer organs from each curious ear;
Form to imbibe what most the soul can move,
Music and Reason, Poesy and Love.
Next, on an open front, is pleasing wrought
A pensive sweetness, born of patient thought:
Above your lucid shoulders locks display'd,
Prone to descend, shall soften light with shade.
All, with a nameless air and mien unite,
And, as you move, each movement is delight.
Tun'd is your melting tongue, and equal mind,
At once by knowledge heighten'd and refin'd.

The Virtues next to Beauty's nod incline;
For, where they lend not light, she cannot shine;
Let these, the temp'rate sense of taste reveal,
And give, while nature spreads the simple meal,
The palate pure, to relish health design'd,
From luxury as taintless as your mind.
The Virtues, Chastity and Truth impart,
And mould to sweet benevolence your heart.

Thus Beauty finish'd—Thus she gains the sway,
And Love still follows where she leads the way.
From ev'ry gift of heav'n, to charm is thine;
To love, to praise, and to adore, be mine.

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And could she frown on him—Ah, wherefore, tell!
On him, whose only crime was loving well?
Thus may thy son, his pangs with mine compare;
Then wish his mother had been kind as fair.
For him may Love the myrtle wreath entwine;
Tho' the sad willow suits a woe like mine!
Ne'er may the filial hope, like me, complain!
Ah! never sigh and bleed, like me, in vain!
When death affords that peace which love denies,
Ah, no!—far other scenes my fate supplies;
When earth to earth my lifeless corse is laid,
And o'er it hangs the yew or cypress shade:
When pale I flit along the dreary coast,
An hapless lover's pining plaintive ghost;
Here annual on this dear returning day,
While feather'd choirs renew the melting lay;
May you, my fair, when you these strains shall see,
Just spare one sigh, one tear to love and me,
Me, who, in absence or in death, adore
Those heavenly charms I must behold no more.

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LONDON & BRISTOL

DELINEATED.*

TWO sea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,
And these from commerce different honours claim.
What different honours shall the muses pay,
While one inspires and one untunes the lay?
No silver Isis bright'ning flows along,
Echoing from Oxford shore each classic song,
Then weds with Thame; and these, O London, see
Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
Wide, deep, unsullied Thames, meand'ring glides,
And bears thy wealth on mild majestic tides.
Thy ships, with gilded palaces that vie,
In glitt'ring pomp, strike wond'ring China's eye;
And thence returning bear, in splendid state,
To Britain's merchants, India's eastern freight.
India, her treasures from the western shores,
Due at thy feet, a willing tribute pours;
Thy warring navies distant nations awe,
And bid the world obey thy righteous law.
Thus shine thy manly sons of lib'ral mind;
Thy change deep-busied, yet as courts refin'd;
Councils, like senates, that enforce debate
With fluent eloquence and reason's weight.
Whose patriot virtue, lawless pow'r controuls;
Their British, emulating Roman souls.
Of these the worthiest still selected stand,
Still lead the senate, and still save the land:

* *The author preferred this title to that of* LONDON AND BRISTOL COMPARED; *which when he began the piece, he intended to prefix to it.*

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Social, not selfish, here, O Learning, trace
Thy friends, the lovers of all human race!
In a dark bottom sunk, O Bristol, now,
With native malice, lift thy low'ring brow!
Then as some hell-born sprite, in mortal guise,
Borrows the shape of goodness and belies,
All fair, all smug, to yond proud hall invite,
To feast all strangers, ape an air polite!
From Cambria drain'd, or England's western coast,
Not elegant, yet costly banquets boast!
Revere, or seem the stranger to revere;
Praise, fawn, profess, be all things, but sincere;
Insidious now, our bosom-secrets steal,
And these with sly, sarcastic sneer reveal.
Present we meet thy sneaking treach'rous smiles;
The harmless absent still thy sneer reviles;
Such as in thee all parts superior find,
The sneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd;
When melting pity would afford relief,
The ruthless sneer that insult adds to grief.
What friendship canst thou boast, what honours claim?
To thee each stranger owes an injur'd name.
What smiles thy sons must in their foes excite?
Thy sons, to whom all discord is delight:
From whom eternal mutual railing flows;
Who in each others crimes, their own expose:
Thy sons, tho' crafty, deaf to wisdom's call;
Despising all men, and despis'd by all.
Sons, while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves,
Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves,
Of thoughts as narrow as of words immense,
As full of turbulence as void of sense:
Thee, thee, what senatorial souls adorn?
Thy natives sure would prove a senate's scorn.
Do strangers deign to serve thee; what their praise?
Their gen'rous services thy murmurs raise.

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What fiend malign, that o'er thy air presides,
Around from breast to breast inherent glides,
And, as he glides, there scatters, in a trice,
The lurking seeds of ev'ry rank device?
Let foreign youths thy indentures run!
Each, each will prove, in thy adopted son,
Proud, pert and dull—tho' brilliant once from schools,
Will scorn all learning's, as all virtue's rules;
And, tho', by nature friendly, honest, brave,
Turn a sly, selfish, simp'ring, sharping knave.
Boast petty-courts, where 'stead of fluent ease,
Of cited precedents and learned pleas;
'Stead of sage counsel in the dubious cause,
Attornies chatt'ring wild, burlesque the laws—
(So shameless quacks, who doctors rights invade,
Of jargon and of poison form a trade.
So canting cobblers, while from tubs they teach,
Buffoon the Gospel they pretend to preach.)
Boast petty courts, whence rules new rigor draw,
Unknown to Nature's and to Statute-law;
Quirks that explain all saving rights away,
To give th' attorney and the catch-poll prey.
Is there where law too rig'rous may descend,
Or charity her kindly hand extend?
Thy courts, that shut when pity wou'd redress;
Spontaneous open to inflict distress.
Try misdemeanors!—All thy wiles employ,
Not to chastise the offender, but destroy;
Bid the large lawless fine his fate foretel;
Bid it beyond his crime and fortune swell;
Cut off from service due to kindred blood,
To private welfare and to public good,
Pitied by all, but thee, his sentenc'd lies;
Imprison'd languishes, imprison'd dies.

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Boast swarming vessels, whose plebeian state
Owes not to merchants but mechanics freight.
Boast nought but pedlar-fleets—in war's alarms,
Unknown to glory, as unknown to arms.
Boast not thy base * Tolsey, and thy turn-spit dogs,
Thy † Halliers' horses, and thy human hogs;
Upstarts and mushrooms, proud, relentless hearts;
Thou blank of sciences! thou dearth of arts!
Such foes as learning once was doom'd to see;
Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but types of thee.
Proceed, great Bristol, in all-righteous ways,
And let one Justice heighten yet thy praise;
Still spare the catamite and swinge the whore,
And be, whate'er Gomorrha was before.

* *A place where the merchants used to meet to transact their affairs before the exchange was erected. See Gentleman's Magazine. Vol. XIII. p. 496.*

† *Halliers are the persons who drive or own the sledges, which are here used instead of carts.*

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ON

FALSE HISTORIANS.

A SATIRE.

SURE of all plagues with which dull prose is curst,
Scandals, from false historians, spot the worst.
In quest of these the muse shall first advance,
Bold, to explore the regions of romance;
Romance, call'd Hist'ry—Lo! at once she skims
The visionary world of monkish whims;
Where fallacy, in legends, wildly shines,
And vengeance glares from violated shrines;
Where saints perform all tricks, and startle thought
With many a miracle that ne'er was wrought;
Saints that ne'er liv'd, or such as justice paints,
Jugglers on superstition palm'd for saints.
Here, canoniz'd, let creed-mongers be shown,
Red-letter'd saints, and red assassins known;
While those they martyr'd, such as angels rose!
All black enroll'd among religion's foes,
Snatch'd by Sulphureous clouds, a LYE proclaims
Number'd with fiends, and plung'd in endless flames.
Hist'ry, from air or deep draws many a spright,
Such as, from nurse or priest, might boys affright;
Or such as but o'er fev'rish slumbers fly,
And fix in melancholy frenzy's eye.
Now meteors make enthusiast-wonder stare,
And image wild portentous wars in air!
Seers fall intranc'd! some wizard's lawless skill
Now whirls, now fetters nature's works at will!

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Thus Hist'ry, by machine, mock-epic seems,
Not from poetic, but from monkish dreams.
The dev'l, who priest and sorc'rer must obey,
The sorc'rer us'd to raise, the parson lay.
When Eachard wav'd his pen, the hist'ry shews,
The parson conjur'd, and the fiend uprose.
A camp at distance, and the scene a wood,
Here enter'd Noll, and there old Satan stood:
No tail his rump, his foot no hoof reveal'd;
Like a wise cuckold, with his horns conceal'd:
Not a gay serpent glitt'ring to the eye;
But more than serpent, or than harlot sly:
For, lawyer-like, a fiend no wit can 'scape,
The demon stands confest in proper shape!
Now spreads his parchment, now is sign'd the scroll;
Thus Noll gains empire, and the dev'l has Noll.

Wond'rous historian! thus account for evil,
And thus for its success—'tis all the devil.
Tho' ne'er that devil we saw, yet one we see,
One of an author sure, and—thou art he.

But dusky phantoms, muse no more pursue!
Now clearer objects open—yet untrue.
Awful the genuine historian's name!
False ones—with what materials build they fame;
Fabrics of fame, by dirty means made good,
As nests of martins are compil'd of mud.
Peace be with Curl—with him I wave all strife,
Who pens each felon's, and each actor's life;
Biography that cooks the devil's martyrs,
And lards with luscious rapes the cheats of Chartres.

Materials, which belief in gazettes claim,
Loose-strung, run gingling into hist'ry's name.
Thick as Egyptyian clouds of raining flies;
As thick as worms where man corrupting lies;
As pests obscene that haunt the ruin'd pile;
As monsters flound'ring in the muddy Nile;

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Minutes, Memoirs, Views and Reviews appear,
Where slander darkens each recorded year.
In a past reign is feign'd some am'rous league;
Some ring or letter new reveals th' intrigue:
Queens, with their minions, work unseemly things,
And boys grow dukes, when catamites to kings.
Does a prince die? What poisons they surmise!
No royal mortal sure by nature dies.
Is a prince born? What birth more base believ'd?
Or, what's more strange, his mother ne'er conceiv'd!
Thus slander popular, o'er truth prevails,
And easy minds imbibe romantic tales.
Thus, 'stead of history, such authors raise
Mere crude wild novels of bad hints for plays.
Some usurp names—an English garreteer,
From Minutes forg'd, is Monsieur Menager.*
Some, while on good or ill success they stare,
Give conduct a complexion dark or fair:
Others, as little to enquiry prone,
Account for actions, tho' their spring's unknown.
One statesman vices has, and virtues too;
Hence will contested character ensue.
View but the black, he's fiend; the bright but scan,
He's angel: view him all—he's still a man.
But such historians all accuse, acquit;
No virtue these, and those no vice admit;
For either in a friend no fault will know,
And neither own a virtue in a foe.
Where hear-say knowledge sits on public names,
And bold conjecture or extols or blames,

* The Minutes of Mons. Menager; *a book calculated to vilify the administration in the four last years of queen Anne's reign. The truth is, that this libel was not written by Mons. Menager, neither was any such book ever printed in the French tongue, from which it is impudently said in the title-page to be translated.*

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Spring party libels; from whose ashes dead,
A monster, nimm'd Hist'ry, lifts its head.
Contending factions crowd to hear its roar!
But when once heard, it dies to noise no more.
From these no answer, no applause from those,
O'er half they simper, and o'er half they doze.
So when in senate, with egregious pate,
Perks up Sir ..... in some deep debate;
He hems, looks wise, tunes thin his lab'ring throat,
To prove black white, postpone or palm the vote:
In sly contempt, some, Hear him! Hear him! cry;
Some yawn, some sneer; none second, none reply.
But dare such miscreants now rush abroad,
By blanket, cane, pump, pillory, unaw'd?
Dare they imp falshood thus, and plume her wings,
From present characters, and recent things?
Yes: what untruths! or truths in what disguise!
What Boyers and what Oldmixons arise!
What facts from all but them and slander screen'd?
Here meets a council, no where else conven'd;
There, from originals, come, thick as spawn,
Letters ne'er wrote, memorials never drawn;
To secrets conf'rence never held they yoke,
Treaties ne'er plann'd, and speeches never spoke.
From, Oldmixon, thy brow, too well we know,
Like sin from Satan's, far and wide they go.
In vain may St. John safe in conscience sit;
In vain with truth confute, contemn with wit:
Confute, contemn, amid selected friends;
There sinks the justice, there the satire ends.
Here, tho' a cent'ry scarce such leaves unclose,
From mould and dust the slander sacred grows.
Now none reply where all despise the page;
But will dumb scorn deceive no future age?
Then, should dull periods cloud not seeming fact,
Will no fine pen th' unanswer'd lie extract?

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Well-set in plan, and polish'd into stile,
Fair and more fair may finish'd fraud beguile;
By ev'ry language snatch'd, by time receiv'd,
In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry age believ'd:
How vain to virtue trust the great their name,
When such their lot for infamy or fame?

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ON THE

RECOVERY OF

A LADY OF QUALITY

FROM THE SMALL-POX.

LONG a lov'd fair had bless'd her consort's sight,
With am'rous pride, and undisturb'd delight;
Till Death grown envious, with repugnant aim,
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
He summons each disease!—the noxious crew,
Writhing, in dire distortions, strike his view;
From various plagues, which various nature know,
Forth rushes beauty's fear'd, and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair, the missile mischief flies,
The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise!
It drives, ignipotent, thro' ev'ry vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain!
Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims!
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims!
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inspire,
Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimm'ring fire.
Here stands her consort, sore, with anguish prest,
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breast.
The Paphian graces, smit with anxious care,
In silent sorrow weep the waining fair.
Eight suns successive, roll their fire away,
And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay.
While these revolve, tho' mute each muse appears,
Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears.

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On the ninth noon, great Phœbus, list'ning, bends!
On the ninth noon, each voice in pray'r ascends!—
Great God of light, of song, and physic's art,
Restore the languid fair, new soul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue, claim thy care,
And thy own beauty's almost rival'd there.
Each paus'd. The God assents. Would Death advance?
Phœbus, unseen, arrests the threat'ning lance!
Down from his orb a vivid influ'nce streams,
And quick'ning earth imbibes salubrious beams;
Each balmy plant, increase of virtue knows,
And art, inspir'd, with all her patron glows.
The charmer's opening eye, kind hope, reveals,
Kind hope, her consort's breast enliv'ning feels,
Each grace revives, each muse resumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with re-kindl'd fire.
As Health's auspicious pow'rs, gay life display,
Death, sullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

VERSES

ON THE RECOVERY OF THE LADY

VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Augusta's charms,
And either India pours into her arms;
Where Liberty bids honest arts abound,
And pleasures dance in one eternal round;
High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame,
Goddess of mirth, Euphrosyne her name.
Her smile more cheerful than a vernal morn;
All life! all bloom! of Youth and Fancy born.
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her submit!
She looks her Sire, and speaks her Mother's wit.
O'er the gay world the sweet inspirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and Elegance her pomp sustains.
Thee, goddess! thee! the fair and young obey;
Wealth, Wit, Love, Music, all confess thy sway.
In the blake wild even Want by thee is bless'd,
And pamper'd Pride without thee pines for rest.
The rich grow richer, while in thee they find
The matchless treasure of a smiling mind.
Science by thee flows soft in social ease,
And Virtue, loosing rigor, learns to please.
The goddess summons each illustrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amusive game.
She, whose fair throne is fix'd in human souls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.

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But where (she cry'd) is she, my fav'rite! she,
Of all my race, the dearest far to me!
Whose life's the life of each refin'd delight?
She said—But no Tyrconnel glads her sight.
Swift sunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
Swift rose the swelling sigh, and trembling tear.
In kind, low murmurs all the loss deplore;
Tyrconnel droops, and pleasure is no more.

The goddess, silent, paus'd in museful air;
But mirth, like Virtue, cannot long despair.
Celestial-hinted thoughts gay hope inspir'd,
Smiling she rose, and all with hope were fir'd.
Where Bath's ascending turrets meet her eyes;
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze she flies,
She flies, her eldest sister Health to find;
She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.
Around her birds in earliest consort sing;
Her cheek the semblance of the kindling spring;
Fresh-tinctur'd, like a summer-evening sky,
And a mild sun sits smiling in her eye.
Loose to the wind her verdant vestments flow;
Her limbs yet-recent from the springs below;
There oft she bathes, then peaceful sits secure,
Where every gale is fragrant, fresh, and pure;
Where flow'rs and herbs their cordial odours blend,
And all their balmy virtues fast ascend.

Hail, sister, hail! (the kindred goddess cries)
No common suppliant stands before your eyes.
You, with whose living breath the morn is fraught,
Flush the fair cheek, and point the cheerful thought!
Strength, vigor, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline!
Each finer sense, that forms delight, is thine!
Bright suns by thee diffuse a brighter blaze,
And the fresh green a fresher green displays!
Without thee pleasures die, or dully cloy,
And life with thee, howe'er depress'd, is joy.

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Such thy vast pow'r;—(the Deity replies)
Mirth never asks a boon, which health denies.
Our mingled gifts transcend imperial wealth;
Health strengthens Mirth, and Mirth inspirits Health.
These gales, yon springs, herbs, flow'rs, and sun are mine;
Thine is their smile! be all their influence thine.
Euphrosynè rejoins—Thy friendship prove!
See the dear, sickening object of my love!
Shall that warm heart, so cheerful ev'n in pain,
So form'd to please, unpleas'd itself remain?
Sister, in her my smile anew display,
And all the social world shall bless thy sway.
Swift, as she speaks, Health spreads the purple wing,
Soars in the colour'd clouds, and sheds the spring:
Now bland and sweet she floats along in air
Air feels, and soft'ning owns th' ethereal fair!
In still descent she melts on opening flow'rs,
And deep impregnates plants with genial show'rs,
The genial showers, new-rising to the ray,
Exhale in roseate clouds, and glad the day.
Now in a zephyr's borrow'd voice she sings,
Sweeps the fresh dews, and shakes them from her wings,
Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiss,
Breathes the sure earnest of awaking bliss.
Saphira feels it with a soft surprise,
Glide thro' her veins, and quicken in her eyes!
Instant in her own form the goddess glows,
Where, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;
Then plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;
Steeps ev'ry charm; and as she bathes, it lives!
As from her locks she sheds the vital show'r,
'Tis done! (she cries) these springs possess my pow'r!
Let these immediate to thy darling roll
Health, vigour, life, and gay-returning soul.
Thou smil'st, Euphrosynè; and conscience see,
Prompt to thy smile, how Nature joys with thee.

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All is green life! all beauty rosy-bright;
Full Harmony, young Love, and dear Delight!
See vernal Hours lead circling joys along!
All sun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all song!
Receive thy care! Now Mirth and Health combine.
Each heart shall gladden, and each virtue shine.
Quick to Augusta bear the prize away;
There let her smile, and bid a world be gay.

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VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY READING

MR. AARON HILL'S POEM,

CALLED

GIDEON.

*** *The lines marked thus ' ' are taken from* GIDEON.

I.

LET other poets poorly sing
Their flatt'ries to the vulgar great!
Her airy flight let wand'ring Fancy wing,
And rival nature's most luxuriant store,
To swell some monster's pride who shames a state,
Or form a wreath to crown tyrannic pow'r!
Thou, who inform'd'st this clay with active fire!
Do thou, Supreme of pow'rs! my thoughts refine,
And with thy purest heat my soul inspire,
That with Hillarius' worth my verse may shine!
As thy lov'd Gideon once set Israel free,
So he with sweet, seraphic lays
'Redeems the use of captive poetry,'
Which first was form'd to speak thy glorious praise!

II.

Moses with an enchanting tongue,
Pharaoh's just overthrow sublimely sung!

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When Saul and Jonathan in death were laid,
Surviving David felt the soft'ning fire!
And by the Great Almighty's tuneful aid,
Wak'd into endless life his mournful lyre.
Their diff'rent thoughts, met in Hillarius' song,
Roll in one channel more divinely strong!
With Pindar's fire his verse's spirit flies,
'Wafted in charmful music through the air!'
Unstop'd by clouds, it reaches to the skies,
And joins with angels' hallelujahs there,
Flows mix'd, and sweetly strikes th' Almighty's ear!

III.

Rebels should blush when they his Gideon see!
That Gideon, born to set his country free.
O, that such heroes in each age might rise,
Bright'ning thro' vapours like the morning-star,
Gen'rous in triumph, and in council wise!
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!

IV.

When Gideon, Oreb, Hyram, Shimron, shine
Fierce in the blaze of war as they engage!
Great bard! What energy, but thine,
Cou'd reach the vast description of their rage?
Or, when to cruel foes betray'd,
Sareph and Hama call for aid,
Lost and bewilder'd in despair,
How piercing are the hapless lover's cries?
What tender strokes in melting accents rise?
Oh, what a master-piece of pity's there?
Nor goodly Joash shews thy sweetness less,
When, like kind heav'n, he frees 'em from distress!

V.

Hail thou, whose verse, a living image shines,
In Gideon's character your own you drew!
As there the graceful patriot shines,
We in that image, bright Hillarius view!

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Let the low crowd who love unwholesome fare,
When in thy words the breath of angels flows,
Like gross-fed spirits sick in purer air,
Their earthly souls by their dull taste disclose!
Thy dazzling genius shines too bright!
And they, like spectres, shun the streams of light.
But while in shades of ignorance they stray,
Round thee rays of knowledge play,
'And shew thee glitt'ring in abstracted day.'

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VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY

THE VICE-PRINCIPAL

OF ST. MARY-HALL, OXFORD,

BEING PRESENTED BY

THE HON. MRS. KNIGHT,

TO THE LIVING OF GOSFIELD

IN ESSEX.

WHILE by mean arts, and meaner patrons rise
Priests, whom the learned and the good despise;
This sees fair Knight, in whose transcendant mind,
Are wisdom, purity, and truth enshrin'd.
A modest merit now she plans to lift,
Thy living, Gosfield, falls her instant gift.
Let me (she said) reward alone the wise,
And make the church-revenue virtue's prize.
She sought the man of honest, candid breast,
In faith, in works of goodness, full exprest;
The' young, yet tut'ring academic youth
To science moral, and religious truth.
She sought where the disinterested friend,
The scholar, sage, and free companion blend;
The pleasing poet, and the deep divine,
She sought, she found, and, Hart! the prize was thine.

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AN

APOLOGY TO BRILLANTE,

FOR HAVING

LONG OMITTED WRITING IN VERSE.

IN IMITATION OF A CERTAIN

MIMIC OF ANACREON.

CAN I matchless charms recite?
Source of ever-springing light!
Cou'd I count the vernal flow'rs,
Count in endless time the hours;
Count the countless stars above,
Count the captive hearts of Love;
Paint the torture of his fire,
Paint the pangs those eyes inspire!
(Pleasing torture, thus to shine,
Purify'd by fires like thine!)
Then I'd strike the sounding string!
Then I'd thy perfection sing.
Mystic world!—Thou something more!
Wonder of the Almighty's store!
Nature's depths we oft descry,
Oft they're pierc'd by learning's eye;
Thou, if thought on thee would gain,
Prov'st (like heav'n) enquiry vain.
Charms unequall'd we pursue!
Charms in shining throngs we view!
Number'd then cou'd nature's be,
Nature's self were poor to thee.

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FULVIA.

A POEM.

LET Fulvia's wisdom be a slave to will,
Her darling passions, scandal and quadrille;
On friends and foes her tongue a satire known,
Her deeds a satire on herself alone.
On her poor kindred deigns she word or look?
'Tis cold respect, or 'tis unjust rebuke;
Worse when good-natur'd than when most severe;
The jest impure then pains the modest ear.
How just the sceptic? the divine how odd?
What turns of wit play smartly on her God?
The fates, my nearest kindred, foes decree:
Fulvia, when piqu'd at them, straight pities me.
She, like benevolence, a smile bestows,
Favours to me indulge her spleen to those.
The banquet serv'd, with peeresses I sit:
She tells my story, and repeats my wit.
With mouth distorted, thro' a sounding nose
It comes, now homeliness more homely grows.
With see-saw sounds and nonsense not my own,
She screws her features, and she cracks her tone.
How fine your Bastard? why so soft a strain?
What such a mother? Satirize again!
Oft I object—but fix'd is Fulvia's will—
Ah! tho' unkind, she is my mother still!
The verse now flows, the manuscript she claims.
'Tis fam'd—The fame each curious fair enflames:
The wild-fire runs; from copy, copy grows:
The Brets, alarm'd, a sep'rate peace propose.

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'Tis ratified—How alter'd Fulvia's look!
My wit's degraded, and my cause forsook.
Thus she: What's poetry, but to amuse?
Might I advise—there are more solid views.
With a cool air she adds: This tale is old:
Were it my case, it should no more be told.
Complaints—had I been worthy to advise—
You know—But when are wits, like women, wise?
True, it may take, but think whate'er you list,
All love the satire, none the satirist.
I start, I stare, stand fix'd, then pause awhile;
Then hesitate, then ponder well, then smile.
Madam—a pension lost—and where's amends?
Sir (she replies) indeed you'll lose your friends.
Why did I start? 'twas but a change of wind—
Or the same thing—the lady chang'd her mind.
I bow, depart, despise, discern her all:
Nanny revisits, and disgrac'd I fall.
Let Fulvia's friendship whirl with ev'ry whim!
A reed, a weather-cock, a shade, a dream:
No more the friendship shall be now display'd
By weather-cock, or reed, or dream, or shade;
To Nanny fix'd unvarying shall it tend,
For souls, by form'd alike, were form'd to blend.

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A CHARACTER.

FAIR Truth, in courts whose justice should preside,
Alike the Judge and Advocate would guide;
And these would vie each dubious point to clear,
To stop the widow's and the orphan's tear;
Were all, like York, of delicate address,
Strength to discern, and sweetness to express,
Learn'd, just, polite, born ev'ry heart to gain,
Like Cummins mild; like * Fortescue humane,
All-eloquent of truth, divinely known,
So deep, so clear, all Science is his own.
Of heart impure, and impotent of head,
In hist'ry, rhet'ric, ethics, law unread;
How far unlike such worthies, once a drudge,
From flound'ring in low cases, rose a Judge.
Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonsense thunders,
And, on low juries, breathes contagious blunders.
His brothers blush, because no blush he knows,
Nor e'er † 'one uncorrupted finger shows.'
See, drunk with pow'r, the circuit-lord exprest!
Full, in his eye, his betters stand confest;
Whose wealth, birth, virtue, from a tongue so loose,
'Scape not provincial, vile buffoon abuse.
Still to what circuit is assign'd his name,
There, swift before him, flies the warner—Fame.
Contest stops short, Consent yields ev'ry cause
To cost; Delay, endures 'em, and withdraws.

* *The honourable William Fortescue, Esq. one of the justices of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas.*

† *When Page one uncorrupted finger shows.*

D. of WHARTON.

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But how 'scape pris'ners? To their trial chain'd,
All, all shall stand condemn'd, who stand arraign'd.
Dire guilt, which else would detestation cause,
Prejudg'd with insult, wond'rous pity draws.
But 'scapes e'en Innocence his harsh harangue?
Alas!—e'en Innocence itself must hang;
Must hang to please him, when of spleen possest;
Must hang to bring forth an abortive jest.
Why liv'd he not ere Star-chambers had fall'd,
When fine, tax, censure, all but law prevail'd;
Or law, subservient to some murd'rous will,
Became a precedent to murder still?
Yet e'en when patriots did for traitors bleed,
Was e'er the job to such a slave decreed,
Whose savage mind wants sophist-art to draw,
O'er murder'd virtue, specious veils of law?
Why, Student, when the bench your youth admits;
Where, tho' the worst, with the best rank he sits;
Where sound opinions you attentive write,
As once a Raymond, now a Lee to cite.
Why pause you scornful when he dins the court?
Note well his cruel quirks and well report.
Let his own words against himself point clear
Satire more sharp than verse when most severe.

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CHARACTER

OF THE

REV. JAMES FOSTER.

FROM Codex hear, ye ecclesiastic men,
This, past'ral charge to W-bs-r, St-bb-ng, V—n;
Attend ye emblems of your P——'s mind!
Mark Faith, mark Hope, mark Charity, defin'd;
On terms, whence no ideas ye can draw
Pin well your faith, and then pronounce it law;
First wealth, a crosier next, your hope-enflame;
And next church-power—a pow'r o'er conscience, claim;
In modes of worship right of choice deny;
Say, to convert, all means are fair—add, why?
'Tis Charitable—let your power decree,
That Persecution then is Charity;
Call reason error; forms, net things, display,
Let moral doctrine to abstruse give way;
Sink demonstration; myst'ry preach alone;
Be thus Religion's friend, and thus your own.
But Foster well this honest truth extends—
Where Mystery begins, Religion ends.
In him, great modern miracle! we see
A priest from av'rice and ambition free;
One, whom no persecuting spirit fires;
Whose heart and tongue benevolence inspires:
Learn'd, not assuming; eloquent, yet plain;
Meek, tho' not tim'rous; conscious, tho' not vain;
Without craft, rev'rend; holy, without cant;
Zealous for truth, without enthusiast rant.
His faith, where no credulity is seen,
'Twixt infidel and bigot, marks the mean;

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His hope, no mitre militant on earth,
'Tis that bright crown which heav'n reserves for worth,
A priest, in charity with all mankind,
His love to virtue, not to sect confin'd:
Truth his delight; from him it flames abroad,
From him, who fears no being, but his God:
In him from christian moral light can shine;
Not mad with myst'ry but a sound divine;
He wins the wise and good, with reason's lore;
Then strikes their passions with pathetic pow'r;
Where vice erects her head, rebukes the page;
Mix'd with rebuke, persuasive charms engage;
Charms, which the unthinking must to thought excite;
Lo! vice less vicious, virtue more upright:
Him copy, Codex, that the good and wise,
Who so abhor thy heart, and head despise,
May see thee now, tho' late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.
But should some churchman, apeing wit severe,
The poet's sure turn'd Baptist—say, and sneer;
Shame on that narrow mind so often known,
Which in one mode of faith owns worth alone.
Sneer on, rail, wrangle! nought this truth repels—
Virtue is virtue, whereso'er she dwells;
And sure, where learning gives her light to shine,
Hers is all praise—if hers, 'tis, Foster, thine.
Thee boast dissenters; we with pride may own
Our Tillotson; and Rome her Fenelon.*

* In this character of the Rev. James Foster, truth guided the pen of the muse. Mr. Pope paid a tribute to the modest worth of this excellent man: little did he imagine his Rev. Annotator would endeavour to convert his praise into abuse. The character and writings of Foster will be admired and read, when the works of the bitter Controversialist are forgotten.

E.

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E GRÆCO RUF.

QUI TE VIDET BEATUS EST,
BEATIOR QUI TE AUDIET,
QUI BASIAT SEMIDEUS EST,
QUI TE POTITUR EST DEUS.

BUCHANAN.

THE FOREGOING LINES PARAPHRASED.

I.

HAPPY the man, who in thy sparkling eyes,
His am'rous wishes sees, reflecting, play;
Sees little laughing Cupids, glancing, rise,
And, in soft-swimming languor, die away.

II.

Still happier he! to whom thy meanings roll
In sounds, which love, harmonious love, inspire;
On his charm'd ear sits, rapt, his list'ning soul,
'Till admiration form intense desire.

III.

Half-deity is he who warm may press
Thy lip, soft-swelling to the kindling kiss;
And may that lip assentive warmth express,
'Till love draw willing love to ardent bliss!

IV.

Circling thy waist, and circled in thy arms,
Who, melting on thy mutual-melting breasts,
Entranc'd enjoys love's whole luxurious charms,
Is all a God!—is of all heav'n possest.

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PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE REVIVAL OF

SHAKESPEAR'S KING HENRY VI.

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

PRINTED BEFORE THE PLAY, FROM

A SPURIOUS COPY.

To-night a patient ear, ye Britons, lend,
And to your great forefathers' deeds attend.
Here cheaply warn'd, ye blest descendants, view
What ills on England, Civil discord drew.
To wound the heart, the martial muse prepares;
While the red scene with raging slaughter glares.
Here, while a monarch's suff'rings we relate,
Let gen'rous grief his ruin'd grandeur wait.
While Second Richard's blood for vengeance calls,
Doom'd for his grandsire's guilt, poor Henry falls.
In civil jars avenging judgment blows,
And royal wrongs entail a people's woes.
Henry, unvers'd in wiles, more good than great,
Drew on by meekness his disastrous fate.
Thus when you see this land by faction tost,
Her nobles slain, her laws, her freedom lost;
Let this reflection from the action flow,
We ne'er from foreign foes could ruin know.
Oh, let us then intestine discord shun,
We ne'er can be, but by ourselves, undone.

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EPITAPH

ON

A YOUNG LADY.

CLOS'D are those eyes, that beam'd seraphic fire;
Cold is that breast, which gave the world desire;
Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd,
And lively wit, which decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.
Cou'd modest knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
Persuasive reason, and endearing truth,
Cou'd honour, shewn in friendships most refin'd,
And sense, that shields th' attempted virtuous mind,
The social temper never known to strife,
The height'ning graces that embellish life;
Cou'd these have e'er the darts of death defied,
Never, ah! never had Melinda died;
Nor can she die—e'en now survives her name,
Immortaliz'd by friendship, love, and fame.

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EPITAPH

ON MRS. JONES,

GRANDMOTHER

TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

OF

Llanelly in Carmarthenshire.

IN her, whose relicks mark this sacred earth,
Shone all domestic and all social worth:
First, heav'n her hope with early offspring crown'd;
And thence a second race rose num'rous round.
Heav'n to industrious virtue blessing lent,
And all was competence, and all content.
Tho' frugal care, in Wisdom's eye admir'd,
Knew to preserve what industry acquir'd;
Yet, at her board, with decent plenty blest,
The journeying stranger sat a welcome guest.
Prest on all sides, did trading neighbours fear
Ruin, which hung o'er exigence severe?
Farewel the friend, who spar'd th' assistant loan—
A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.
Did piteous lazars oft attend her door?
She gave—farewel, the parent of the poor.
Youth, age, and want, once cheer'd, now sighing swell,
Bless her lov'd name, and weep a last farewel.

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AN

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

STILL let low wits who sense nor honour prize
Sneer at all gratitude, all truth disguise;
At living worth, because alive, exclaim,
Insult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
Such paint what pity veils in private woes,
And what we see with grief, with mirth expose;
Studious to urge—(whom will mean authors spare?)
The child's, the parent's, and the consort's tear:
Unconscious of what pangs the heart may read,
To lose what they have never deserv'd—a friend.
Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate,
Expos'd persist, and answer'd still debate;
Such, but by foils, the clearest lustre see,
And deem aspersing others praising thee.
Far from these tracks my honest lays aspire,
And greet a gen'rous heart with gen'rous fire.
Truth be my guide! Truth, which thy virtue claims!
This, nor the poet, nor the patron shames!
When party-minds shall lose contracted views,
And hist'ry question the recording Muse;
'Tis this alone to after-times must shine,
And stamp the poet and his theme divine.
Long has my Muse, from many a mournful cause,
Sung with small pow'r, nor sought sublime applause;
From that great point she now shall urge her scope;
On that fair promise rest her future hope;

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Where policy, from state-illusion clear,
Can through an open aspect shine sincere;
Where Science, Law, and Liberty depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend;
(That breast to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That smile to cherish, and that hand to raise!)
Whose best of hearts her best of thoughts inflame,
Whose joy is bounty, and whose gift is fame.

Where, for relief, flees innocence distress'd?
To you, who chase oppression from th' oppress'd:
Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own, tho' not a peoples wrongs:
Who still make public property your care,
And thence bid private griefs no more despair.

Ask they what state your shelt'ring care shall own?
'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne:
Nor can the prison 'scape your searching eye,
'Your ear still opening to the captive's cry.
Nor less was promis'd from thy early skill,
Ere power enforc'd benevolence of will!
To friends refin'd, thy private life adher'd
By thee improving, ere by thee prefer'd.
Well hadst thou weigh'd what truth such friends afford,
With thee resigning, and with thee restor'd.
Thou taught'st them all extensive love to bear,
And now mankind with thee their friendship share.

As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
And show'rs down plenty thick on sundry lands,
Thy spreading worth in various bounty fell,
Made genius flourish, and made art excel.

How many, yet deceiv'd, all pow'r oppose?
Their fears increasing, as decrease their woes;
Jealous of bondage, while they freedom gain,
And most obliged, most eager to complain.

But well we count our bliss, if well we view,
When pow'r oppression, not protection grew;

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View present ills that punish distant climes;
Or bleed in mem'ry here from ancient times.
Mark first the robe abus'd Religion wore,
Story'd with griefs, and stain'd with human gore?
What various tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
Study'd, empower'd, and sanctify'd by zeal?
Stop here, my Muse!—Peculiar woes descry!
Bid 'em in sad succession strike thy eye!
Lo, to her eye the sad succession springs!
She looks, she weeps, and, as she weeps, she sings.
See the doom'd Hebrew of his stores bereft!
See holy murder justify the theft!
His ravag'd gold some useless shrine shall raise,
His gems on superstitious idols blaze,
His wife, his babe, deny'd their little home,
Strip'd, starv'd, unfriended, and unpity'd roam.
Lo, the priest's hand the Wafer-God supplies!—
A king by consecrated poison dies!
See learning range yon broad ethereal plain,
From world to world, and god-like Science gain!
Ah! what avails the curious search sustain'd,
The finish'd toil, the god-like Science gain'd?
Sentenc'd to flames th' expensive wisdom fell,
And truth from heav'n was sorcery from hell.
See Reason bid each mystic wile retire,
Strike out new light! and mark!—the wise admire!
Zeal shall such heresy, like Learning, hate;
The same their glory, and the same their fate.
Lo, from sought mercy, one his life receives!
Life, worse than death, that cruel mercy gives:
The man, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,
Slaves in the mine, or ceaseless strains the oar.
So doom'd are these, and such perhaps, our doom,
Own'd we a Prince, avert it heaven! from Rome.
Nor private worth alone false Zeal assails;
Whole nations bleed when bigotry prevails.

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What are sworn friendships? What are kindred ties?
What's faith with heresy? (the zealot cries.)
See, when war sinks the thund'ring cannon's roar;
When wounds, and death, and discord are no more;
When music bids undreading joys advance,
Swell the soft hour, and turn the swimming dance:
When to crown these, the social sparkling bowl
Lifts the cheer'd sense, and pours out all the soul;
Sudden he sends red massacre abroad;
Faithless to man, to prove his faith to God.
What pure persuasive eloquence denies,
All-drunk with blood, the arguing sword supplies:
The sword, which to th' assassin's hand is given!
Th' assassin's hand!—pronounc'd the hand of heaven!
Sex bleeds with sex, and infancy with age;
No rank, no place, no virtue stops his rage.
Shall sword, and flame, and devastation cease,
To please with zeal, wild zeal! the God of Peace?

Nor less abuse has scourg'd the civil state,
When a King's will became a nation's fate.
Enormous pow'r! Nor noble, nor serene;
Now fierce and cruel; now but wild and mean.
See titles sold, to raise th' unjust supply!
Compell'd the purchase! or be fin'd, or buy!
No public spirit, guarded well by laws,
Uncensur'd, censures in his country's cause.
See from the merchant forc'd th' unwilling loan!
Who dares deny, or deem his wealth his own?
Denying, see! where dungeon-damps arise,
Diseas'd he pines, and unassisted dies.
Far more than massacre that fate accurst!
As of all deaths the ling'ring is the worst.

New courts of censure griev'd with new offence,
Tax'd without power, and fin'd without pretence,
Explain'd, at will, each statue's wrested aim,
'Till marks of merit were the marks of shame;

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So monstrous!—Life was the severest grief,
And the worst death seem'd welcome for reli
In vain the subject sought redress from law
No senate liv'd the partial judge to awe:
Senates were void, and senators confin'd,
For the great cause of Nature and Mankind;
Who Kings superior to the people own;
Yet prove the law superior to the throne.
Who can review, without a gen'rous tear,
A Church, a State, so impious, so severe;
A land uncultur'd thro' polemic jars,
Rich!—but with carnage from intestine wars;
The hand of Industry employ'd no more,
And Commerce flying to some safer shore;
All property reduc'd, to Pow'r a prey,
And Sense and Learning chas'd by Zeal away?
Who honours not each dear departed ghost,
That strove for Liberty so won, so lost:
So well regain'd when god-like William rose,
And first entail'd the blessing George bestows?
May Walpole still the growing triumph raise,
And bid these emulate Eliza's days;
Til serve a Prince, who o'er his people great,
s far transcends in virtue, as in state!
The Muse pursues thee to thy rural seat;
n there shall Liberty inspire retreat.
en solemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
sportive chat and social laughs go round:
then, when pausing mirth begins to fail,
onverse varies to the serious tale.
le pathetic speaks some wretch that owes
e deficient law reliefless woes.
stant pity warms the gen'rous breast?
he legislator stands confess'd!
gs the hint! 'tis now improv'd to thought!
and now to public welfare brought!

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New bills, which regulating means bestow,
Justice preserve, yet soft'ning mercy know:
Justice shall low vexatious wiles decline,
And still thrive most, when lawyers most repine.
Justice from jargon shall refin'd appear,
To knowledge thro' our native language clear.
Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
Whence wealth and life their best assurance draw.
The freed farmer, with industrious hand,
Strives yet to satisfy the just demand:
Thus ruthless men, who wou'd his pow'rs restrain,
Oft what severity would lose, obtain.
These, and a thousand gifts, thy thought acquires,
Which Liberty benevolent inspires.
From Liberty the fruits of law increase,
Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
Abroad the merchant, while the tempests rave,
Advent'rous sails, nor fears the wind and wave;
At home untir'd we find th' auspicious hand
With flocks, and herds, and harvests, bless the land:
While there, the peasant glads the grateful soil,
Here mark the shipwright, there the mason toil,
Hew, square, and rear magnificent the stone,
And give our oaks a glory not their own!
What life demands, by this obeys her call,
And added elegance consummates all.
Thus stately cities statelier navies rise,
And spread our grandeur under distant skies,
From Liberty each nobler Science sprung,
A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spenser sung:
A Clarke and Locke new tracts of truth explore,
And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.
What Trade sees Property that wealth main-
Which industry no longer dreads to gain;
What tender conscience kneels with fears re-
Enjoys her worship, and avows her mind;

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What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
And to safe Science ev'ry thought sublimes;
What Royal Pow'r, from his superior state,
Sees public happiness his own create;
But kéns those patriot-souls, to which he owes
Of old each source, whence now each blessing flows;
And if such spirits from their heav'n descend,
And blended flame, to point one glorious end;
Flame from one breast, and thence on Britain shine,
What love, what praise, O Walpole, then is thine?

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TO

MR. JOHN DYER,

A PAINTER, ADVISING HIM TO DRAW A CERTAIN NOBLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSON;

OCCASIONED BY SEEING HIS PICTURE OF

THE CELEBRATED CLIO.

FORGIVE an artless, an officious friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind fortune rais'd,
Depress'd, obscur'd, unpity'd, and unprais'd;
Yet, when these well-known features I peruse,
Some warmth awakes—some embers of a Muse.
Ye Muses, Graces, and ye Loves appear!
Your Queen, your Venus, and your Clio's here!
In such pure fires her rising thoughts refine!
Her eyes with such commanding sweetness shine:
Such vivid tinctures sure thro' ether glow,
Stain summer clouds, or gild the wat'ry bow:
If life Pygmalion's iv'ry fav'rite fir'd,
Sure some enamour'd God this draught inspir'd!
Or, if you rashly caught Promethean flame,
Shade the sweet theft, and mar the beauteous frame!
Yet if those cheering lights the prospect fly,
Ah!—let no pleasing view the loss supply.
Some dreary den, some desart waste prepare,
Wild as my thoughts, or dark as my despair.
But still, my friend, still the sweet object stays,
Still stream your colours rich with Clio's rays!
Sure at each kindling touch your canvass glows!
Sure the full form, instinct with spirit, grows!
Let the dull artist puzzling rules explore,
Dwell on the face, and gaze the features o'er;

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You eye the soul—there genuine nature find,
You, thro' the meaning muscles, strike the mind.
Nor can one view such boundless pow'r confine,
All Nature opens to an art like thine!
Now rural scenes in simple grandeur rise!
Vales, hills, lawns, lakes, and vineyards feast our eyes,
Now halcyon Peace a smiling aspect wears!
Now the red scene with war and ruin glares!
Here Britain's fleets o'er Europe's seas preside!
There long-lost cities rear their ancient pride!
You from the grave can half redeem the slain,
And bid great Julius charm the world again:
Mark out Pharsalia's, mark out Munda's fray,
And image all the horrors of the day.
But if new glories most our warmth excite;
If toils untry'd to noblest aims invite;
Would you in envy'd pomp unrivall'd reign,
Oh, let Horatius grace the canvass plain!
His form might ev'n idolatry create,
In lineage, titles, wealth and worth elate!
Empires to him might virgin honours owe,
From him arts, arms, and laws new influence know.
For him kind suns no fruits and grain shall shine,
And future gold lie rip'ning in the mine:
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise.
Thro' those bright features Cæsar's spirit trace,
Each conqu'ring sweetness, each imperial grace,
All that is soft or eminently great,
In love, in war, in knowledge, or in state.
Thus shall your colours, like his worth amaze!
Thus shall you charm, enrich'd with Clio's praise!
Clear, and more clear, your golden genius shines,
While my dim lamp of life obscure declines:
Dull'd in damp shades it wastes, unseen, away,
While yours, triumphant, glows one blaze of day.

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AN

EPISTLE TO

MR. JOHN DYER,

AUTHOR OF GRONGAR-HILL,

IN ANSWER TO HIS FROM

THE COUNTRY.

NOW various birds in melting concert sing,
And hail the beauty of the opening spring;
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful strains;
Wakes, in thy verse and friendship ever kind,
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.
Oh, could my soul thro' depths of knowledge see,
Cou'd I read nature and mankind like thee,
I should o'ercome, or bear the rocks of fate,
And draw e'en envy to the humblest state.
Thou canst raise honour from each ill event,
From shocks gain vigour, and from want content.
Think not light poetry my life's chief care!
The muse's mansion is, at best, but air;
But, if more solid works my meaning forms,
Th' unfinish'd structures fall by fortune's storms.
Oft have I said we falsly those accuse,
Whose godlike souls life's middle state refuse.
Self-love, I cry'd, there seeks ignoble rest;
Care sleeps not calm, when millions wake unblest;
Mean let me shrink, or spread sweet shade o'er all,
Low as the shrub, or as the cedar tall!—

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'Twas vain! 'twas wild!—I sought the middle state,
And found the good, and found the truly great.
Tho' verse can never give my soul her aim;
Tho' action only claims substantial fame;
Tho' fate denies what my proud wants require,
Yet grant me, heav'n, by knowledge to aspire:
Thus to enquiry let me prompt the mind;
Thus clear dimm'd truth, and bid her bless mankind;
From the pierc'd orphan thus draw shafts of grief,
Arm want with patience, and teach wealth relief!
To serve lov'd liberty inspire my breath!
Or, if my life be useless, grant me death;
For he, who useless is in life survey'd,
Burthens that world, his duty bids him aid.
Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
Which he gains most, who least has serv'd mankind?
Titles, when worn by fools I dare despise;
Yet they claim homage, when they crown the wise.
When high distinction marks deserving heirs,
Desert still dignifies the mark it wears.
But, who to birth alone wou'd honours owe?
Honours, if true, from seeds of merit grow.
Those trees, with sweetest charms, invite our eyes,
Which, from our own engraftment, fruitful rise.
Still we love best what we with labour gain,
As the child's dearer for the mother's pain.
The Great I wou'd not envy nor deride;
Nor stoop to swell a vain Superior's pride;
Nor view an Equal's hope with jealous eyes;
Nor crush the wretch beneath, who wailing lies.
My sympathizing breast his grief can feel,
And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
Ne'er among friendships let me sow debate,
Nor by another's fall advance my state;
Nor misuse wit against an absent friend:
Let me the virtues of a foe defend!

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In wealth and want true minds preserve their weight;
Meek, tho' exalted; tho' disgrac'd elate;
Gen'rous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd, they live;
Grateful to serve, and gen'rous to forgive.
This may they learn, who close thy life attend;
Which, dear in mem'ry, still instructs thy friend.
Tho' cruel distance bars my grosser eye,
My soul clear-sighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
Thro' her deep woe that quick'ning comfort gleams,
And lights up Fortitude with Friendship's beams.

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VERSES

SENT

TO MR. AARON HILL, Esq.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY,

EXPECTING

HIM TO CORRECT IT.

I.

As the soul, stript of mortal clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundless roves the milky way,
And views sweet prospects there,

II.

This hero, clogg'd with drossy lines,
By thee new vigour tries;
As thy correcting hand refines,
Bright scenes around him rise.

III.

Thy touch brings the wish'd stone to pass;
So sought, so long foretold;
It turns polluted lead, or brass,
At once to purest gold.

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THE

FRIEND.

AN EPISTLE

TO AARON HILL, Esq.

O MY lov'd Hill, O thou by heav'n design'd
To charm, to mend, and to adorn mankind!
To thee my hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows tend,
Thou brother, father, nearer yet!—thou friend!
If worldly friendships of cement, divide,
As interests vary, or as whims preside;
If leagues of lux'ry borrow friendship's light,
Or leagues subversive of all social right:
O say, my Hill, in what propitious sphere,
Gain we the friend, pure, knowing, and sincere?
'Tis where the worthy and the wise retire;
There wealth may learn its use, may love inspire;
There may young worth the noblest end obtain,
In want may friends, in friends may knowledge gain:
In knowledge bliss; for wisdom virtue finds,
And brightens mortal to immortal minds.
Kind then, my wrongs, if love, like yours, succeed!
For you, like virtue, are a friend indeed.
Oft when you saw my youth wild error know,
Reproof, soft-hinted, taught the blush to glow.
Young and unform'd, you first my genius rais'd,
Just smil'd when faulty, and when mod'rate prais'd.
Me shun'd, me ruin'd, such a mother's rage!
You sung, till pity wept o'er ev'ry page.
You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame;
Yet, yet, th' obdurate mother felt no shame.

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Pierc'd as I was! your counsel soften'd care,
To ease turn'd anguish, and to hope despair.
The man who never wound afflictive feels,
He never felt the balmy worth that heals.
Welcome the wound, when blest with such relief!
For deep is felt the friend, when felt in grief.

From you shall never, but with life, remove
Aspiring genius, condescending love.
When some, with cold, superior looks, redress,
Relief seems insult, and confirms distress:
You, when you view the man with wrongs besieg'd,
While warm you act th' obliger, seem th' oblig'd.
All winning mild to each of lowly state:
To equals free, unservile to the great;
Greatness you honour, when by worth acquir'd;
Worth is by worth in ev'ry rank admir'd.
Greatness you scorn, when titles insult speak;
Proud to vain pride, to honour'd meekness meek.
That worthless bliss, which others court, you fly;
That worthy woe, they shun, attracts your eye.

But shall the muse resound alone your praise?
No—let the public friend exalt her lays!
O trace that friend with me!—he's yours!—he's mine!—
The world's!—beneficent behold him shine!

Is wealth his sphere? If riches, like a tide,
From either India pour their golden pride;
Rich in good works, him other wants employ;
He gives the widow's heart to sing for joy.
To orphans, prisoners, shall his bounty flow;
The weeping family of want and woe.

Is knowledge his? Benevolently great,
In leisure active, and in care sedate;
What aid, his little wealth, perchance, denies;
In each hard instance, his advice supplies.
With modest truth he sets the wand'ring right,
And gives religion pure, primeval light;

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In love diffusive, as in light refin'd,
The lib'ral emblem of his Maker's mind.
Is pow'r his orb ? He then, like pow'r divine,
On all, tho' with a varied ray, will shine.
Ere pow'r was his, the man, he once caress'd,
Meets the same faithful smile, and mutual breast:
But asks his friend some dignity of state;
His friend, unequal to th' incumbent weight ?
Asks it a stranger, one whom parts inspire
With all a people's welfare would require ?
His choice admits no pause; his gift will prove,
All private, well absorb'd in public love.
He shields his country, when for aid she calls;
Or shou'd she fall, with her he greatly falls:
But, as proud Rome, with guilty conquest crown'd,
Spread slav'ry, death, and desolation round,
Shou'd e'er his country, for dominion's prize,
Against the sons of men a faction rise,
Glory, in hers, is in his eye disgrace;
The friend of truth, the friend of human race.
Thus to no one, no sect, no clime confin'd,
His boundless love embraces all mankind;
And all their virtues in his life are known;
And all their joys and sorrows are his own.
These are the lights, where stands that friend confest;
This, this the spirit, which informs thy breast.
Thro' fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can shine;
What wouldst thou not, were wealth and greatness thine ?

X.

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TO

THE EXCELLENT

MIRANDA,

CONSORT OF AARON HILL, Esq.

ON READING HER POEMS.

EACH soft'ning charm of Clio's smiling song,
Montague's soul, which shines divinely strong,
These blend, with graceful ease, to form thy rhyme,
Tender, yet chaste; sweet-sounding, yet sublime;
Wisdom and wit have made thy works their care,
Each passion glows, refin'd by precept, there:
To fair Miranda's form each grace is kind;
The muses and the virtues tune thy mind.

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TO

MRS. ELIZA HAYWOOD,

ON HER NOVEL, CALLED,

THE RASH RESOLVE.

DOOM'D to a fate which damps the poet's flame,
A muse, unfriended, greets thy rising name!
Unvers'd in envy's, or in flatt'ry's phrase,
Greatness she flies, yet merit claims her praise;
Nor will she, at her with'ring wreath, repine,
But smile, if fame and fortune cherish thine.
The sciences in thy sweet genius charm,
And, with their strength, thy sex's softness arm.
In thy full figures, painting's force we find,
As music fires, thy language lifts the mind.
Thy pow'r gives form, and touches into life
The passions imag'd in their bleeding strife:
Contrasted strokes, true art and fancy show,
And lights and shades in lively mixture flow.
Hope attacks Fear and Reason, Love's controul,
Jealousy wounds, and Friendship heals the soul:
Black Falshood wears bright Gallantry's disguise,
And the gilt cloud enchants the fair-one's eyes.
Thy dames, in grief and frailties lovely shine,
And when most mortal half appear divine.
If, when some godlike, fav'rite passion sways,
The willing heart too fatally obeys,
Great minds lament what cruel censure blames,
And ruin'd Virtue gen'rous pity claims.
Eliza, still impaint Love's pow'rful Queen!
Let Love, soft Love! exalt each swelling scene.

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Arm'd with keen wit, in fame's wide lists advance!
Spain yields in fiction, in politeness, France.
Such orient light, as the first poets knew,
Flames from thy thought, and brightens ev'ry view!
A strong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,
Which warms cold wisdom into wild desire!
Thy Fable glows so rich thro' ev'ry page,
What moral's force can the fierce heat assuage?
And yet—but say, if ever doom'd to prove
The sad, the dear perplexities of love!
Where seeming transport softens ev'ry pain,
Where fancy'd freedom waits the winning chain!
Varying from pangs to visionary joys,
Sweet is the fate, and charms as it destroys!
Say then—if love to sudden rage gives way,
Will the soft passion not resume its sway?
Charming and charm'd, can Love from Love retire?
Can a cold convent quench th' unwilling fire?
Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine,
More we admire! but cannot prove divine.

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AN EPISTLE

TO

MRS. OLDFIELD,

OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL.

—◁○▷—

WHILE to your charms unequal verse I raise,
Aw'd I admire, and tremble as I praise:
Here art and Genius new refinement need,
List'ning, they gaze, and, as they gaze, recede!
Can art, or genius, or their pow'rs combin'd,
But from corporeal organs sketch the mind?
When sound embody'd can with shape surprise,
The muse may emulate your voice and eyes.
Mark rival arts perfection's point pursue!
Each rivals each, but to excel in you!
The bust and medal bear the meaning face,
And the proud statue adds the posture's grace!
Imag'd at length, the bury'd heroine, known,
Still seems to wound, to smile, or frown in stone!
As art wou'd art, or metal stone surpass,
Her soul strikes, gleaming, thro' Corinthian brass!
Serene, the saint in smiling silver shines,
And cherubs weep in gold o'er sainted shrines!
If long-lost forms from Raphael's pencil glow,
Wond'rous in warmth the mimic colours flow!
Each look, each attitude, new grace displays;
Your voice and motion life and music raise.
Thus Cleopatra in your charms refines;
She lives, she speaks, with force improv'd she shines!
Fair, and more fair, you ev'ry grace transmit;
Love, learning, beauty, elegance, and wit.

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Cæsar, the world's unrivall'd master fir'd,
In her imperial soul, his own admir'd!
Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
And felt not empire's loss in beauty's gain.
Cou'd the pale heroes your bright influence know,
Or catch the silver accents as they flow,
Drawn from dark rest by your enchanting strain,
Each shade were lur'd to life and love again.

Say, sweet inspirer! were each annal known,
What living greatness shines there not your own!
If the griev'd muse by some lov'd empress rose,
New strength, new grace it to your influence owes!
If pow'r by war distinguish'd height reveals,
Your nobler pride the wounds of fortune heals!
Then cou'd an empire's cause demand your care,
The soul, that justly thinks, wou'd greatly dare.

Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the muse's praise,
You dart, divine Ophelia! genuine rays!
Warm through those eyes enliv'ning raptures roll!
Sweet thro' each striking feature streams your soul!
The soul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires:
Your looks, your thoughts, your deeds, each grace inspires!

Know then, if rank'd with monarchs, here you stand,
What fate declines, you from the muse demand!
Each grace that shone of old in each fam'd fair,
Or may in modern dames refinement wear;
Whate'er just, emulative thoughts pursue,
Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd in you!
If god-like bosoms pant for pow'r to bless,
If 'tis a monarch's glory to redress;
In conscious majesty you shine serene,
In thought a heroine, and in act a queen.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

BESSY, COUNTESS OF ROCHFORD,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS,

WHEN WITH CHILD.

As when the sun walks forth in flaming gold,
Mean plants may smile, and humble flow'rs unfold,
The low-laid lark the distant ether wings,
And, as she soars, her daring anthem sings;
So, when thy charms celestial views create,
My smiling song surmounts my gloomy fate.
Thy angel-embryo prompts my tow'ring lays,
Claims my fond wish, and fires my future praise:
May it, if male, its grandsire's image wear;
Or in its mother's charms confess the fair;
At the kind birth may each mild planet wait;
Soft be the pain, but prove the blessing great.
Hail Rivers! hallow'd shade! descend from rest!
Descend and smile, to see thy Rochford blest:
Weep not the scenes thro' which my life must run,
Tho' fate, fleet-footed, scents thy languid son.
The bar that, dark'ning cross'd my crested claim,
Yields at her charms, and brightens in their flame:
That blood, which, honour'd, in thy Rochford reigns,
In cold, unwilling wand'rings trac'd my veins.
Want's wint'ry realm froze hard around my view;
And scorn's keen blasts a cutting anguish blew.
To such sad weight my gath'ring griefs were wrought,
Life seem'd not life, but when convuls'd with thought!

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Decreed beneath a mother's frown to pine,
Madness were ease, to mis'ry form'd like mine!
Yet my muse waits thee thro' the realms of day,
Where lambent lightnings round thy temples play.
Sure my fierce woes, will, like those fires, refine,
Thus lose their torture, and thus glorious shine!
And now the muse heaven's milky path surveys,
With thee, 'twixt pendant worlds, it wond'ring strays.
Worlds which, unnumber'd as thy virtues, roll
Round suns—fix'd, radiant emblems of thy soul!
Hence lights refracted ran thro' distant skies,
Changeful on azure plains in quiv'ring dyes!
So thy mind darted thro' its earthy frame,
A wide, a various, and a glitt'ring flame.
Now a new scene enormous lustre brings,
Now seraphs shade thee round with silver wings;
In angel-forms thou see'st thy Rochford shine;
In each sweet form is trac'd her beauteous line
Such was her soul, ere this selected mould
Sprung at thy wish, the sparkling life t' infold!
So amidst cherubs shone her son refin'd,
Ere infant-flesh the new-form'd soul enshrin'd!
So shall a frequent race from Rochford rise,
The world's fair pride—Descendants of the skies.

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VERSES

TO

A YOUNG LADY.

POLLY, from me, tho' now a love-sick youth,
Nay, tho' a poet, hear the voice of truth!
Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty;
So grave, yet gay; so silly, yet so witty;
A heart of softness, yet a tongue of satire;
You've cruelty, yet, e'en with that, good-nature;
Now you are free, and reserv'd awhile;
Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing smile.
Reproach'd for absence, yet your sight deny'd;
My tongue you silence, yet my silence chide.
How would you praise me, shou'd your sex defame!
Yet, shou'd they praise, grow jealous, and exclaim.
If I despair, with some kind look you bless;
But if I hope, at once all hope suppress.
You scorn; yet shou'd my passion change or fail,
Too late you'd whimper out a softer tale.
You love; yet from your lover's wish retire;
Doubt, yet discern; deny, and yet desire.
Such, Polly, are your sex—part truth, part fiction,
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

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AN

EPISTLE

TO DAMON AND DELIA.

HEAR, Damon, Delia hear, in candid lays,
Truth without anger, without flatt'ry, praise!
A bookish mind, with pedantry unfraught,
Oft a sedate yet never gloomy thought:
Prompt to rejoice when others pleasure know,
And prompt to feel the pang for others woe;
To soften faults, to which a foe is prone,
And, in a friend's perfection, praise your own;
A will sincere, unknown to selfish views;
A heart of love, of gallantry a muse;
A delicate, yet not a jealous mind;
A passion ever fond, yet never blind,
Glowing, with am'rous, yet with guiltless fires,
In ever-eager, never gross desires;
A modest honour, sacred to contain
From tattling vanity, when smiles you gain;
Constant most pleas'd when beauty most you please:
Damon! your picture's shown in tints like these.
Say, Delia, must I chide you or commend?
Say, must I be your flatt'rer or your friend?
To praise no graces in a rival fair,
Nor your own foibles in a sister spare;
Each lover's billet, bant'ring to reveal,
And never known one secret to conceal;
Young, fickle, fair, a levity inborn,
To treat all sighing slaves with flippant scorn;
An eye, expressive of a wand'ring mind;
Nor this to read, nor that to think inclin'd;

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Or, when a book or thought from whim retards,
Intent on songs or novels, dress or cards;
Choice to select the party of delight,
To kill time, thought, and fame in frolic flight;
To flutter here, to flurry there on wing;
To talk, to tease, to simper, or to sing;
To prude it, to coquet it—him to trust,
Whose vain, loose life, should caution or disgust;
Him to dislike, whose modest worth shou'd please.—
Say, is your picture shown in tints like these?
Yours—you deny it—Hear the point then tried,
Let judgment, truth, the muse, and love decide.
What yours!—Nay, fairest trifler frown not so;
Is it? the muse with doubt—Love answers no:
You smile—Is't not? Again the question try!—
Yes, judgment thinks, and truth will yes, reply.

TO

MISS M . . . H . . . ,

SENT WITH

MR. POPE'S WORKS.

SEE female vice and female folly here,
Rallied with wit polite, or lash severe:
Let Pope present such objects to our view;
Such are, my fair, the full reverse of you.
Rapt when, to Loddon's stream * from Windsor's shades,
He sings the modest charms of sylvan maids;
Dear Burford's hills in mem'ry's eye appear,
And Luddal's spring † still murmurs in my ear:
But when you cease to bless my longing eyes,
Dumb is the spring, the joyless prospect dies:
Come then, my charmer, come! here transport reigns!
New health, new youth inspirits all my veins.
Each hour let intercourse of hearts employ,
Thou life of loveliness! thou soul of joy!
Love wakes the birds—Oh, hear each melting lay!
Love warms the world—come, charmer, come away!
But hark!—immortal Pope resumes the lyre!
Diviner airs, diviner flights, inspire:
Hark where an angel's language tunes the line!
See where the thoughts and looks of angels shine!
Here he pour'd all the music of your tongue,
And all your looks and thoughts, unconscious sung.

* *Alluding to the beautiful Episode of Loddona in Windsor Forest.*

† *A spring near Burford.*

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VERSES

SENT TO

MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

WITH

THE WANDERER, A POEM:

ALLUDING TO AN EPISODE,

Where a young man turns hermit for the loss of his wife Olympia.

WHEN with delight fond Love on Beauty dwelt,
While this the youth, and that the fair express't,
Faint was his joy compar'd to what I felt,
When in my angel Biddy's presence blest.

Tell her, my muse, in soft, sad, sighing breath,
If she his piercing grief can pitying see,
Worse than to him was his Olympia's death,
From her each moment's absence is to me.

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TO

JOHN POWELL, Esq.

BARRISTER AT LAW.

IN me, long absent, long with anguish fraught,
In me, tho' silence long has deaden'd thought,
Yet mem'ry lives, and calls the muse's aid,
To snatch our friendship from oblivion's shade.
As soon the sun shall cease the world to warm,
As soon Llanelly's * fair that world to charm,
As grateful sense of goodness, true like thine,
shall e'er desert a breast so warm as mine.
When imag'd Cambria strikes my mem'ry's eye,
(Cambria, my darling scene!) I, sighing, cry
Where is my Powell? dear associate!—where?
To him I would unbosom ev'ry care;
To him, who early felt, from beauty, pain;
Gall'd in a plighted, faithless virgin's chain.
At length, from her ungen'rous fetters freed,
Again he loves! he woos! his hopes succeed!
But the gay bridegroom, still by fortune crost,
Is, instant, in the weeping wid'wer lost.
Her, his sole joy! her from his bosom torn,
What feeling heart, but learns, like his, to mourn?
Can nature then, such sudden shocks sustain?
Nature thus struck, all reason pleads in vain!
Tho' late, from reason yet he draws relief,
Dwells on her mem'ry; but dispels his grief.
Love, wealth and fame (tyrannic passions all!)
No more enflame him, and no more enthral.

* *Mrs. Bridget Jones.*

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He seeks no more, in Rufus' hall, renown;
Nor envies Pelf the jargon of the gown;
But pleas'd with competence, on rural plains,
His wisdom courts that ease his worth obtains.
Would private jars, which sudden rise, encrease?
His candour smiles all discord into peace.
To party storms is public weal resign'd?
Each steady, patriot-virtue steers his mind.
Calm, on the beach, while madd'ning billows rave,
He gains philosophy from ev'ry wave;
Science, from ev'ry object round, he draws;
From various nature and from nature's laws.
He lives o'er ev'ry past historic age;
He calls forth ethics from the fabled page.
Him evangelic truth, to thought excites;
And him, by turns, each classic muse delights.
With wit well-natur'd; wit, that would disdain
A pleasure rising from another's pain;
Social to all, and most of bliss possest;
When most he renders all, around him, blest:
To unread squires, illiterally gay;
Among the learn'd, as learned full as they;
With the polite, all, all-accomplish'd ease,
By nature form'd, without deceit, to please.
Thus shines thy youth; and thus, my friend, elate
In bliss as well as worth, is truly great.
Me still should ruthless fate, unjust, expose
Beneath those clouds, that rain unnumber'd woes;
Me, to some nobler sphere, should fortune raise,
To wealth conspicuous, and to laurel'd praise:
Unalter'd yet be love and friendship mine;
I still am Chloe's, and I still am thine.

FINIS.

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